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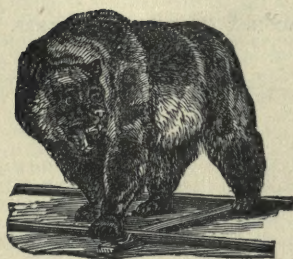




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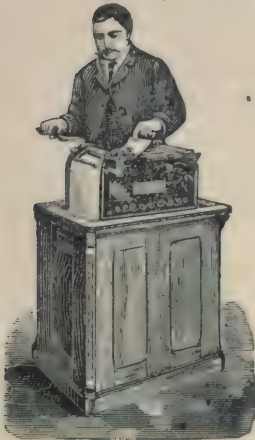
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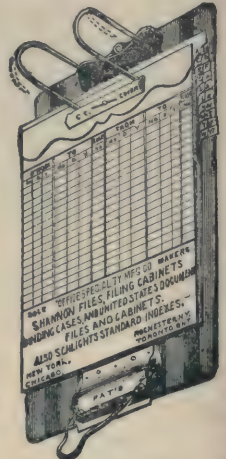
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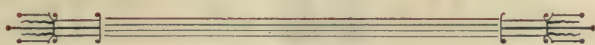
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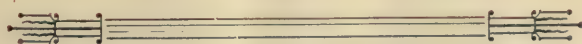


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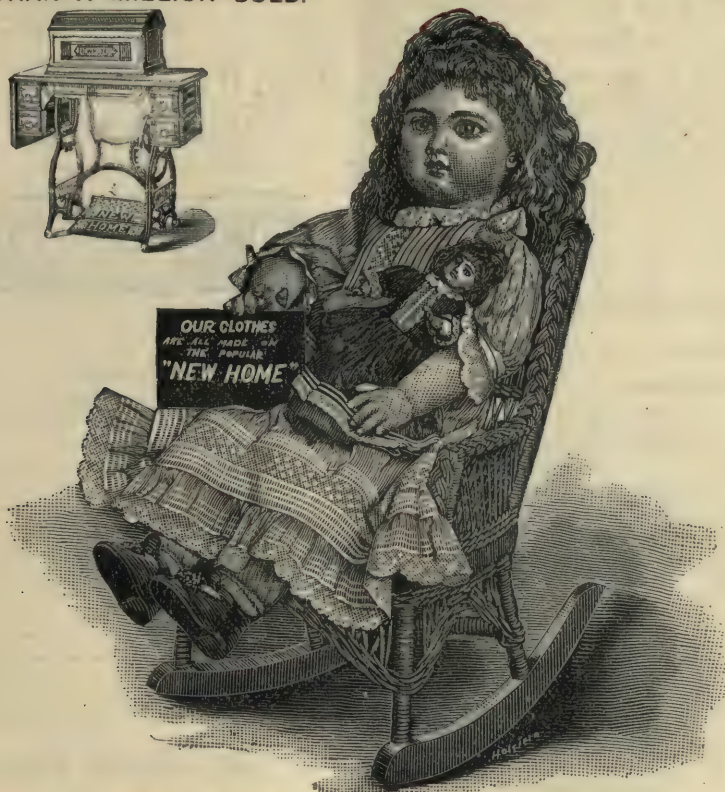
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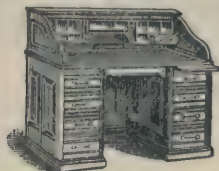
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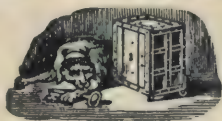
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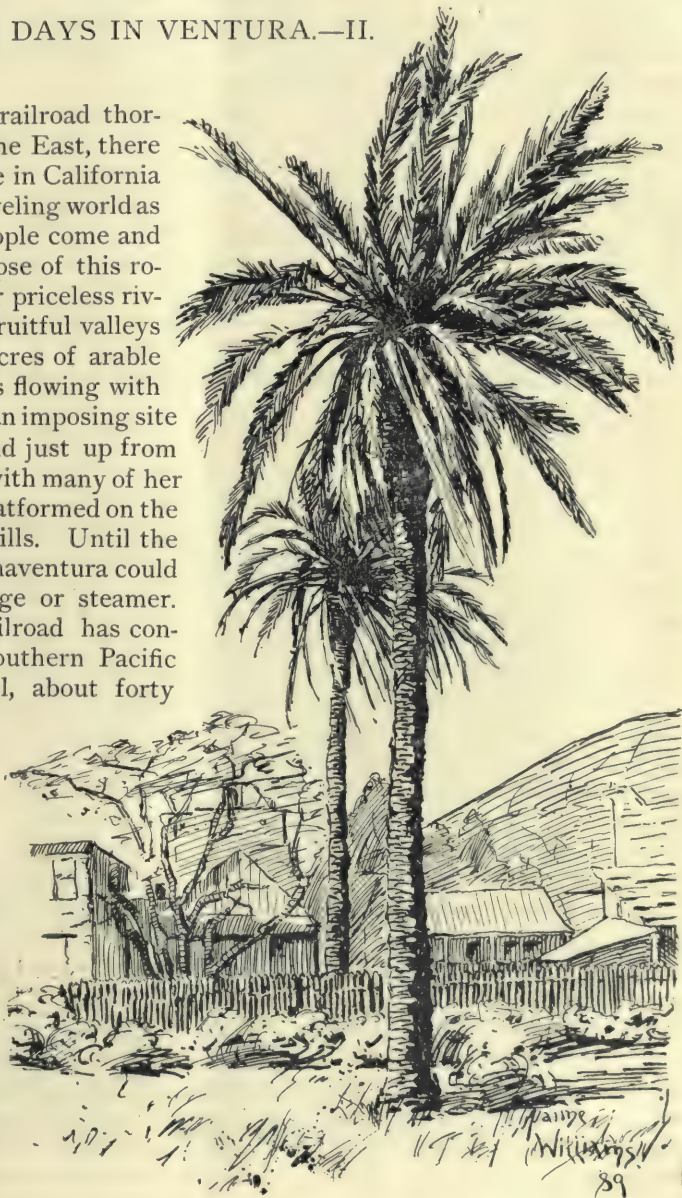


# OVERLAND MONTHLY.

VOL. XV. (SECOND SERIES.)—JANUARY, 1890.—No. 85.

## AUTUMN DAYS IN VENTURA.—II.

LYING off the great railroad thoroughfares to and from the East, there is no other city of its size in California so little known to the traveling world as San Buenaventura. People come and go without even a glimpse of this romantic seaport, with her priceless rivers on either hand, her fruitful valleys covering thousands of acres of arable land, and her mountains flowing with oil and honey. She has an imposing site on a noble rise of ground just up from the wash of the waves, with many of her garden-girdled homes platformed on the sides of her northern hills. Until the spring of 1887, San Buenaventura could be reached only by stage or steamer. Since then a branch railroad has connected her with the Southern Pacific main line near Newhall, about forty miles to the east, and with Santa Barbara, three-fourths that distance up the coast. With this improved means of transportation, the little city awoke from her lotus dreams and fell to work in earnest, broadening and developing her resources, founding new industries, erecting costly buildings in the place of tottering adobe ones, until hardly a vestige of the



Spanish look remains, apart from the old Mission church, fronting East Main Street.

Margaret and I found ceaseless entertainment in the landscape pictures before our open windows. Under the softest of skies, beyond the wide streets, abruptly ending at the water's curved rim, the great mirror of the Pacific took on infinite shades of blue that whitened along the horizon. South of the vaporous islands off the coast, Point Magu rushes headlong into the sea. On to the left the hazy summits of the Guadalupe range run smoothly toward Los Angeles. The eastern suburbs of the town already extend out several miles into the Santa Clara valley. On the other hand the pastoral hills of San Miguelito roll backward from the Santa Barbara Channel, the wealth of greenery at their base hiding the river as it steals to the arms of the sea.

We haunted the beach at all hours: in the glow and melody of the morning, the sparkle and sheen of noonday, and the subdued harmonies of evening time. Sometimes we bathed in the long, warm swells of breakers, or reposed felicitously on the yellow sands, our senses in exquisite attune with the rhythm of the waves, and conscious only of the desultory movement of thin clouds fanned apart by soundless winds. But oftenest we lazily paced a twilight-shaded strand under the pale, fine fire of a marvelously tinted sky.

One day we visited the venerable church that was founded in 1782 by Junipero Serra, the renowned President of all the California missions. It is a massive structure with quaint Moorish tower, stone foundations, and adobe walls six feet in thickness. The old cracked bells in the lower arches of the tower are strapped to the cross-beams with pieces of frayed rawhide and rope. The immense timbers that support the roof were hauled from the pine mountains, fifty miles away. All the dim traditions

of the past cling to these crumbling walls, mysterious with the stains of ages. One realizes for the first time how mighty were the undertaking and the achievement of those Franciscan monks. Under their wise and humane policy, numberless tribes of degraded Indians were led to adopt methods and habits of civilization. With their practical knowledge of the valuation of lands, and the advantages to accrue from an unrivaled climate, these friars utilized the surrounding valleys for grain and corn, or pastures for innumerable cattle, horses, and sheep. They called their new settlement "Saint Good Venture," the luxuriance of the Mission gardens fully warranting this title. For generations the fruit trees of this garden were mute yet eloquent reminders of the horticultural capabilities of this sunny clime. With such monitors the only wonder is that Ventura waited more than a century, before she won a gold medal at the State fair for the best green and dried fruits produced in California.

Two stately date palms, said to be the largest on the coast, and a few gnarled olive trees, are the only survivors of the goodly orchards of the padres.

The earthquake of 1857 so damaged the tile roof of the church that it was replaced by one of shingles. Inside there are evidences of more recent repairs, of which Margaret bitterly complained:

"I wished you to see it as it was years ago—so deliciously unmodern! In place of that vulgar lead-colored ceiling was one of brown beams, with somber shadows lurking between. This hideous innovation of a floor conceals a pavement worn smooth by the knees of humble worshipers. Contrast those pews painted a glaring white, and defaced by dirt and pencil markings, with the seamed and frescoed walls, the faded pictures in their moldy frames, the strange figures bending from the curves of their niches, and the dingy light struggling through the narrow windows! The charm of the



place is destroyed for me. I no longer feel the presence of holy Fathers, censor-swinging priests, and multitudes of kneeling converts on the earthy floor! Instead of *incense*, the air is full of scents of paint and pine."

Margaret's distress had only a sentimental basis, but nevertheless it is to be regretted that the subtle workings of a hundred years, their rich and mellow coloring and delicate tracery, should be roughly displaced by bald patches of garish new material, that are a monstrous shock to artistic sensibilities.

The central altar remained unchanged, the melancholy gloom of its recess lit by a single taper that shed a spectral light on the wan, blood-stained face of the crucified Christ. There was an aw-

ful naturalness about this life-size statue, with its look of unutterable bodily anguish, that showed it to be the work of some master hand.

The *plazita* of the church includes a neat parsonage, and a small, high-walled garden stiffly set out to stunted flowers and vegetables. Several scrawny cats sprawled about the shadowless beds, dragging themselves a little to one side as we brushed by them. The old out-buildings, where the Indian women were taught to spin, sew, and cook, and the mills where the men worked, are things of the past.

The present padre, Father Cyprian Rubio, is a man of august presence, polished and handsome to an unpriestly degree. By a special dispensation of the



MISSION SAN BUENAVENTURA.

Pope, he is allowed to wear his beautiful beard flowing at will over his well-fitting cassock. His shapely head is partially hidden by a fine cloth *birrette*, and a pair of expressive Spanish eyes gaze at you searchingly from under spacious brows. When we entered his study, the padre politely removed his fragrant Havana, and addressed us in grave and courteous English, with just the faintest elision of jarring consonants that touched the ear most musically. Barring slight peculiarities of dress, one would never think of Father Rubio as other than a cultivated man of the world, to whom it would be natural to make some passing inquiry of his wife and children.

At our request the Father kindly showed us three musty volumes of manuscript, that contain the entire records of the San Buenaventura Mission. Under date of March 31st, 1782, is a full page document written in the elegant chirography, and finished with the intricate *rubrica*, of Junipero Serra himself. Following this interesting transcript is the entry of the first marriage solemnized at the new settlement, the names of the contracting parties being Alexander de la Cruz y Soto, and Maria de la Concepcion Montiel, both of Mexico.

Our visit to the old church and Father Rubio on-

ly whetted our relish for bizarre research, and the Judge, willing to humor us, led us down a side street, to a small brick building in a secluded garden inclosure. As we approached the open door, we saw within a middle-aged gentleman bending in deep absorption over closely written manuscript on the table before him. His momentary look of blank introversion was an unconscious rebuke to us, and I remorsefully wondered if our coming had sent some travail-born thought forever adrift on a shoreless sea. If such were the case, his immediate forgiveness was assured in the friendly pressure of his hand, and the unaffected pleasure he evinced in showing us his treasures. A comprehensive library of scientific works covered one side of the room, and a heterogeneous mass of

valuable and curious objects were heaped about the walls and shelves, or carefully arranged and classified in the drawers and the cabinets. There were queer things from land and sea: ornamental woods, antique coins and implements, grinning skulls and ghastly human skeletons; beautiful specimens of agate, opal, calcite and natrolite from the bituminous cavities of rocks near Mount Pinos; bits of selenite and alabaster picked up on the



FATHER RUBIO.



Ojai; rose-colored feldspar from the Matilija; fossil remains of whales and sharks discovered on the Santa Paula Mountains; pliocene fossils from the low hills of Las Posas; Indian jars, mortars, pestles, pipes, *ollas*, arrow and spear points, and war clubs of sandstone, all of which had been dug up from burial mounds and *rancherias* throughout Ventura and the Island of San Nicolas.

The Doctor believed this island to have been once inhabited by Aztecs, whom Cabrillo describes as "comparatively white and of ruddy complexions." Whether the extirpation of these people was due to their massacre by the Aleutians as alleged by certain missionaries, or whether a terrible drouth occurred, as is indicated by the dead roots and stumps of trees, will in all probability never be known. The lost woman on San Nicolas, of whom various writers have given graphic accounts, was said to be quite fair and of pleasant manners.

"How the poor creature could have retained an affectionate and grateful nature after eighteen years of enforced solitude on a deserted island, is a question in anthropology that I am unable to decide!" the Doctor modestly declared, as he drew out a shallow drawer containing a collection of rare algæ.

"These mosses," he continued, "I gathered from the vast beds of sea-flowers on Anacapa. This island is full of wonders for the scientist, besides furnishing the most remunerative hunting and fishing on the coast. You would hardly think that sheep and goats would thrive there, with no other water than is found in the nightly dews on the rank vegetation. The enormous beds of kelp are food and shelter for numerous varieties of fish, and the rocks are clambered over by barking, squirming seals, which are killed in countless numbers for their oil, skins, and bristles. The island has no wood. Scraps of *tried* blubber are used for fuel, and water is brought in

barrels to sustain the party during the hunt, which often lasts two or three months. Besides the old seals, hundreds of pups are slaughtered every winter by the seal hunters. Then for romance hunters," with a pleasant smile at Margaret, "there is the great cavern in the rocks, with the surf thundering up its vaulted passage. We hear stories of sumless treasures being hidden in its recesses by red-handed buccaneers that once infested the place."

The Judge looked up in evident amusement.

"There is probably as much truth in the Anacapa treasure as there is in the mysterious Silver Mine of the friars," he said with a genial glance at his friend.

"Why, I don't know about that," the Doctor replied half seriously. "I am inclined to think that there *is* a rich silver mine in our northern mountains that



THE VENTURA BIG GRAPE VINE



VENTURA HIGH SCHOOL.

was once worked by the Franciscan fathers. There have been found abandoned shafts, smelting furnaces, and piles of refuse ore, which are convincing proofs of old mining in this region. Thirty years ago there were Indians living in Ventura who insisted that they had helped to run a tunnel and bring out ore. These natives were sworn to secrecy by the priests, and no amount of bribery could make them disclose the place. I have made geological investigations of all the San Emidio uplift, and am confident that at no distant day the gold and silver in those ledges will be extensively mined. Fortunately, water is abundant in the cañons for running stamp mills, and for other mining purposes. Here, I can show you nuggets of the precious metals from the Piru District where gold was first discovered in California. The principal lode in this district, the Fraser

mine, gave a return of \$1,000,000 in the eight years it was worked with a ten stamp mill. There are positive indications of true fissure veins of gold and silver quartz all through this section. Now, here is rich ore from the Guadalupe range that has never yet been mined! Probably, however, *this* will more nearly concern the ladies," holding up a whitish substance that lay beside the quartz. "You may have heard of the mineral soap that made so big a bubble here a few years ago. There is an endless supply some six miles out of town. It is composed of nearly pure silica, which has detergent qualities that make it an excellent substitute for soap. Now, don't suppose that I recommend it in place of 'Wild-Rose Bloom' or the 'Balm of Gilead,'" the Doctor laughingly added as we arose to go.

The shadows lengthening on the lawn



warned us of the lateness of the hour. We parted regretfully from the Judge's learned friend, who had a "specimen" to illustrate every one of his interesting stories.

California's pioneer seed-grower is a woman, and her home is in San Buenaventura. The residence is surrounded by nearly two acres of flowers, trees, and greenhouses. Five years ago this garden was a barley-field. Now, from the sale of flower seeds and bulbs to Eastern seedsmen, it brings a yearly income of from \$3,000 to \$5,000. This lady was

imported into the United States from Europe.

One of the pleasantest features of our stay in San Buenaventura was a day spent in this garden. Its presiding genius has a brave, sympathetic nature, with a loving interest in all the world and especially in women and children. Her habits of close observation, systematic industry, and independent thought and action, have left their impress on her sons and daughters, to whom "mother" is the synonym of all that is wise and adorable. In parting from this



THRESHING BEANS AT SATICOY.

compelled to adopt an outdoor life by her failing health. She is an enthusiast over her work, declaring with Emerson, "I have no hurt my garden spade cannot heal." She was encouraged in her undertaking by a letter from a veteran seedsmen in the East, in which he expressed his belief that "fifty years hence California will grow seeds for the world, as she has all the requisites of soil and climate."

There is little danger of exhausting the market, if the *American Florist* is right in its statement that in 1886 there were \$4,000,000 worth of flower seeds

charming family we were given perfect suns of blossoms from a phenomenal cactus — the *Cereus triangularis* — that had climbed to the roof of the second story. These bewildering flowers were from ten to twelve inches in length, with fragrant white and yellow corollas, and central filaments like bundles of shining floss.

A tourist in this little southern city wonders to see such palatial hotels and school buildings where the inhabitants do not number more than three thousand. The new high school is a particularly beautiful structure. As we drove slowly

by it, De Forest made a few strokes in his note-book, tearing out the leaf afterwards and passing it to us with the remark :

"That is the kind of school that rebuked my ignorance on my first visit here. Its predecessor was reigned over by an eccentric Chilian, who taught his pupils, none of whom could read, that the greatest river in the world was the one beside his home in Chili, which, he declared was '*poco mas grande*' than the Ventura River."

One balmy afternoon we made a merry party back to Saticoy, past rural homesteads, with tower-like windmills whirling their gaily painted fans. Everywhere were orchards of prunes, walnuts, and apricots, and seemingly limitless stretches of beans. The apricot trees in Ventura are astonishing bearers. It is estimated that forty carloads of this fruit the past season were shipped from Saticoy to Newhall to be dried in the sun. Owing to the warm, high altitude and absence of fogs, the business of drying fruits is carried on extensively at Newhall and on the Mojave desert.

It is not generally known that the apricot thrives in but few localities, and nowhere so well as in certain parts of California. It has only recently come into extensive cultivation, and is the principal fruit raised in the Santa Clara valley of the South. An average annual yield of apricots to a tree is two hundred and fifty pounds. They ripen early in the summer, and do not last more than a couple of months.

Occasionally we crossed deep barrancas on strong bridges, which De Forest facetiously observed "were put in just the right places to help us over." The banks of these watercourses often present sheer walls of stratified earth from eighty to one hundred feet in height. We no longer marveled at the fertility of such apparently bottomless soil.

As we neared Saticoy, we drove off the road to have a closer view of the

threshers hard at work in a bean field. Sunbrowned men were pitching the little heaps of dried vines into header-wagons, or feeding them to the yawning mouth of the machine, while others sewed up the filled sacks, or stacked the bean-straw to be utilized as fodder for cattle and sheep. There was a long, house-shaped tent on one side, from whose roof a pipe smoked, which showed the "gang" carried their own cook and supplies. Farther on we came to another field where men were cutting beans and raking them into rows after the manner of hay-makers. From this statement the reader will infer that the vines run on the ground and not on poles, as do the Eastern Limas. The present bean-cutter is an outgrowth of primitive methods of cutting the vines ; such as severing the stalk by a sharp blade on the end of a stick, or running a plowshare close to the roots of the vines. It is a simple machine, consisting of a V-shaped knife, the blades of which are from five to six feet long, and attached on each side of a wooden sled about eight feet in length. Three horses draw the cutter, which severs two rows at once. Four hands are thus kept busy in raking up the loosened vines. In this manner these Ventura farmers cut their bean crop at an expense of fifty cents an acre, and thresh them several weeks later at an average cost of fifteen cents per one hundred pounds. The usual yield of Lima beans is eighteen hundred pounds to an acre, and they bring a return to the producer of from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 cents a pound.

Many of the smaller fields of beans are tramped out on a "bean floor" by horses hitched to light wagons or disk cultivators. These are kept continually going round in a circle, the vines being thrown in their road. In the middle of the floor the beans are piled like so much sand ; afterwards they are cleaned by running them through a fanning mill.

It was the warmest day we had yet



experienced, and as De Forest ruefully noted our dusty garments he exclaimed, "What a pity you did not come in the winter or spring!"

My answer was unexpected, and for a moment he let his eyes rest critically on my flushed and grimy face.

"I am thoroughly satisfied with the originality of having seen California in the brown season which you all persist in ignoring. We Easterners hear only of green hills and blossoming plains in California, and really I think there must be less monotony in this autumnal landscape. Now, what could be a more delightful contrast than the filmy drab of those wintry walnuts against the vivacity of color in those pepper hedges! or the solid greens of yonder orange trees backed by those bronzed and pearl-gray mountains!"

While I spoke, a low-flying hawk

swooped over the tawny foothills, its shadow moving as distinctly along the ground. In the vivid flash of open air colors, the shade of every bush and rock was black as pool or pit. Then there was to me a delicious piquancy in the sight of leafless orchard branches against the summer blue of the sky.

In the evening we sat about the center-table in the cool sitting-room, the Judge's massive figure occupying an easy chair on one side, with Dorothy leaning close to his shoulder. I remember on this particular night he was unusually entertaining. Sometimes it was a charming paragraph from a favorite book, a bit of wit or pathos from a paper, or better still, one of his own large, loving thoughts rough-hewn from the crystal and granite of his strong, pure nature. At such times one had the feeling of standing on a mountain top at sunrise,



THE JUDGE AT HOME.

or by a quiet sea — so deeply were you conscious of the grandeur and tranquillity of his character.

We had long planned a trip through the extensive land grants stretching east of the Santa Clara River. One glistening autumn morning found us at last on the road, our luggage consisting of the barest necessities for a four days' absence. The river crossing at Saticoy is accounted the safest along the sixty miles of stream, whose quicksand bottom is dangerous to ford in the rainy season even by one on horseback. It is supposed that here will be the junction of the Southern Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka, & Santa Fé railroads, when the latter shall have carried out its proposed plan of making San Francisco its terminus.

After leaving the river bed we saw directly on our left the Santa Clara del Norte rancho, with its thirteen thousand acres of land, three-fourths of which is excellent for farms and orchards, and the remainder good pasturage for stock.

The broad fields of sky-blue flax flowers here in middle summer make an enchanting picture, if one happens along before the bolls form on the slender stalks. Abundant crops are gathered from these fields, thus proving the great fertility of the soil. There is artesian water here for such fruits as require irrigation. Oranges and lemons do well on this rancho, and its largest vineyard is said to produce ten thousand gallons of wine annually.

This autumnal vineyard was a gladdening sight, with its acres of short, thick stumps, overflowed by graceful vines, whose large leaves half concealed the luscious, purple clusters that caught the sunlight dimpling through the green and painted foliage.

We passed through the town of Springville, located on the old Butternut stage road from San Buenaventura to Los Angeles. De Forest pointed to a small, neat church :

"That church has survived for ten years under the monstrous title of 'Little Flock Congregation of the Baptist Church of Jesus Christ of Springville'!"

When ascending the Las Posas hills, we overlooked a noble sweep of landscape, including the vast slope of La Colonia, the serrated outlines of the Conejo ridge and the nearer view of the Calleguas and Pleasant Valleys, the latter most appropriately named. Las Posas means the "wells," or "springs." This rancho was once the princely property of the De la Guerra family, whose untold herds and flocks supported them in semi-barbaric luxury. There are twenty-six thousand acres in this tract, and grain is still raised here in the munificent manner of those earlier times. As far as eye could trace there were undulating valleys and plateaus covered with wheat and barley stubble. In the cañons through the mountains there are thrifty stock ranchos, orchards, and farms, and hundreds of hives of bees whose delicious stores outrival the far-famed honey of Hymettus.

On some of the Las Posas hills several species of Australian gums have been planted, the trees having already attained a height of six to eight feet, though set out only the preceding March. Elsewhere the ground is covered with russet mats of nutritious seeds and dried grass, through which the white sage points its azure spikes, the wild buckwheat spreads its delicate, pinkish panicles, the morning-glory riots over the blue and purple mints, and the golden-rod sends up its brilliant rocket.

We stopped for a noonday *siesta* at the isolated headquarters of a once famous sheep camp. In its small, decaying dwelling, there lives the agent of the company that owns the length and breadth of these great ranchos. He is a young man of splendid hospitality, possessed of a frank and joyous spirit, and a mind bubbling over with poetic thought and imagery. His general loveliness touched



our warmest sympathies, and we felt a pang of regret when he told us of an incurable affection of the heart from which he had suffered for many years.

"In fact, I never know a week of health away from Las Posas," he affirmed with smiling lips and eyes.

After a delectable lunch, we rode down to the bed of the creek to see the arte-

ifornia, small farms are steadily encroaching on the immense estates that were once held by individuals.

Following up the Las Posas creek we finally emerged upon the bank, and soon after crossed the western line of the Simi rancho. The original grant of this tract is the only one in California that was direct from the crown of Spain. It



BEE RANCH ON LOS POSAS.

sian wells. There are several of them within a few rods of each other. The pipes, which are seven inches in diameter, extend about three feet above the surface, and the water flowing over the rims gives the effect of inverted crystal glasses of mammoth size and exquisite transparency. The company is making arrangements to run an irrigating ditch the entire length of Las Posas valley. This, and the building of the projected railroad from Los Angeles to Hueneme, will undoubtedly bring about the early settlement of these fertile slopes and hills. Here, as in other portions of Cal-

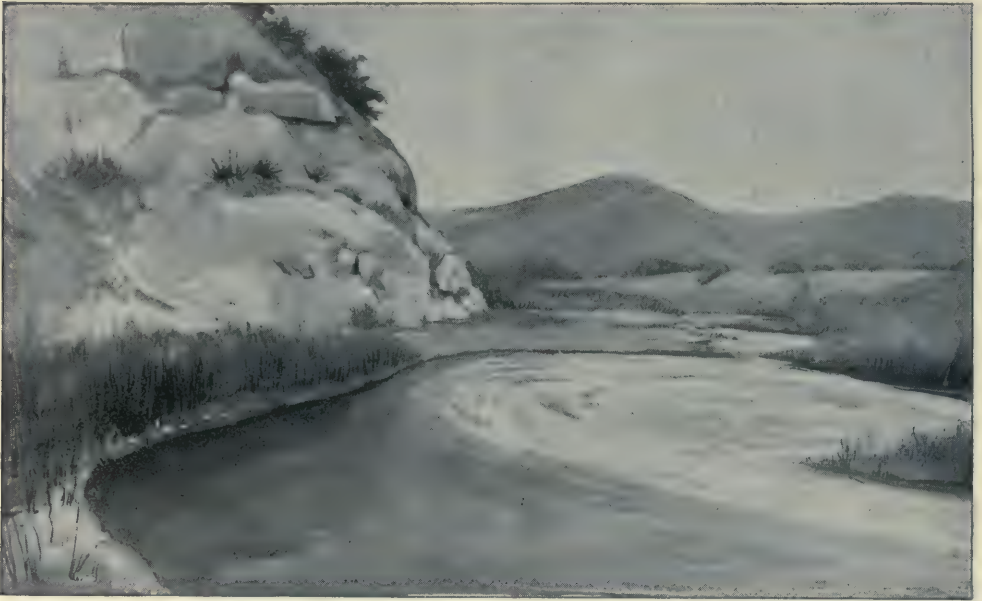
has an area of 96,000 acres, comprising valleys, mesas, and mountains. Along the *Mesa de Queso*—"Table of Cheese"—the soil is red, the same that grows the matchless grapes of Riverside. It is now overspread with lavender tassels of pennyroyal, patches of jimson-weed with their snowy white flowers, silvery strands of bunch-grass, and clumps of cactus, whose broad lobes were gorgeous with wine-colored fruit, and rose-shaped pink and yellow blossoms. On our left was the *Cañada Verde*, where many springs gushed through the emerald mosses and rippled along the ravines,

under fragrant masses of wild clematis and honeysuckle. The grass is thick and green in this cañon from spring to spring, and gave indescribable delight to our sun-wearied eyes.

From our elevation we looked down on the solitary adobe house that had once been the home of the swarthy herders

deserted, but the rest had newly-made flower and grass plats, all watered in common from an artesian well. There was something uncanny about this lonely village, with its mathematical likeness and precision, and its utter absence of suburbs.

"A year ago," the Judge explained,



SIMI CREEK.

and shepherds of the De la Guerras. Beyond this ancient *casa* extend the level plains of the Simi valley, with its magnificent girdle of mountains unclasped at the narrow opening of Las Posas. Descending the ridge, we saw the surveyors of the new railroad working near the base of sandstone cliffs. Turning down a dusty road we passed a salt grass flat, on whose upper border there huddled a singular collection of buildings. They were the exact counterpart of one another, with steep roofs, walls cut up into sections, and doors and windows set with painful lack of individuality. A few of these houses were

"some enterprising citizens of Chicago sent out a representative to locate them homes in California. This gentleman liked the looks of these bright stretches of salt grass, and wrote East that he had secured an earthly paradise. The joyful colonists, wishing to expedite matters, shipped a score of houses in sections and started immediately on their journey. They had chosen the poorest portion of the valley, as you can see by the thick grain stubble on lands hardly half a mile from their 'Simiapolis.' Fortunately they are enthusiastic over their homes, and expect others to join them this fall."

We traveled for miles straight up an



avenue of young eucalypts, through an unbroken expanse of buff and brown, where abundant crops of wheat and barley had recently been harvested. Sometimes in curve or cleft of cañon in the glowing mountains, we had glimpses of verdant trees and gorges black with shade, with hints between of cooling streams. Through sheeny gossamers of willows far to right, the Simi creek showed sparkling threads of blue. The arching sky was like a dome of sapphire in the warm radiance of a sun as soft as that which lights Italian landscapes. We gazed enraptured on the imperishable mountains, splintered into fantastic cones and pinnacles that pierced the proximate heavens. On before us the sun streamed gold and amber up the valley floor, across which flocks of crows made for some distant rookery. Under the unveiled sky, with these lofty spires of mountain ranges and the free sweep of the great, wide plain about us, we felt an infinite exultation that sent the swift blood thrilling through our veins.

"It is the 'Happy Valley' of one's dreams!" Margaret said softly. "I wish it could always be unchanged, but I suppose this beautiful level will soon be cut in pieces like a huge pie, and portioned out to greedy 'children of a larger growth.'"

De Forest answered hesitatingly:

"And yet we would hardly wish to withhold the good things of this world from suffering humanity for no better reason than to preserve, for poets' uses, the ideal freshness of a noble landscape."

The Judge's deep voice interposed:

"The Coming Poet will sing less of Nature and more of Man, his worthier modes of life, his purer laws and common love of good. I think," with a persuasive look at Margaret, who responsively slipped her fingers through his arm, "that even the 'divine ones' will find a grander, deeper meaning in this picture when it includes homes, whose fruitful acres will settle permanently the

question of a living for hundreds of anxious men and women and helpless children."

"But cultivation of the country does not of necessity mean the banishment of romance and artistic contour," De Forest mildly asseverated. "Indeed, it is often quite the contrary. We have an instance right at hand in 'Las Chuparosas,' up that cañon to the left of the walnut orchard. It is a captivating retreat, which is not without its profitable side as well. In every bend and twist of this romantic cañon, Nature has spread her lap to hold luxuriant orchards. To my mind these wholesome improvements but add to the beauty of the natural groves of oak and sycamore. Then for romance, Miss Margaret, 'Las Chuparosas' has one as real as any found in fiction! Fifteen years ago a young nephew of a Massachusetts senator quietly took possession of this lovely spot, and has lived here ever since. He is the 'Simmons' of whom Severance speaks in that seldom-if-ever read novel of 'Hammersmith.' It seems that Severance spent a summer on the Simi a dozen years ago, and speaks of this interesting recluse as a 'magnificent, dashing fellow, who, with all his wild surroundings, is as gentle as a woman.' The author then goes on to hint of a disappointment in love which occasioned the exile of this gentleman, who is companionable with men, but is never known to speak of women."

We had ridden for miles without passing a dwelling. Now we came in sight of a red-roofed villa standing like a modernized castle on a symmetrical knoll. We were told that it was a hotel, though there was nothing in its appearance to suggest a public resort. This building faced the choicest part of the valley, which is all around here studded with umbrageous live-oaks grouped about with the picturesque effect that only these trees can give. Thrown broadcast among them are monstrous boulders, riven from the

adjacent crags by some primordial convulsion of nature. The nearest mountains were washed bare of soil in many places, leaving exposed massive spurs of granite, whose rugged edges were softened by thick moss and lichens.

The sun was dropping behind the western horizon, as the avenue made a sharp

clamorous attentions. The addition of so much life and affection to this inviting solitude was the pleasantest possible surprise to us.

The first night on the Simi I was startled from sleep by the unearthly howling of coyotes near my window. I arose and looked out. It was nearly



SIMI VALLEY.

turn up to the hotel. Far away on the yellow flat we had traversed, a horseman cantered toward "Las Chupa-Rosas," leaving in his wake a long line of thinning dust. As we rode up the circling driveway to the front portico, we saw at an open window a bobbing head with pretty wisps of hair. It was "Baby Elizabeth," spending a week on the Simi with all her worshipful retinue from Berylwood. Since I saw her last she had mastered her first step, and the little creature's joy and pride over this achievement provoked universal and

dawn. A few wan stars were sliding behind dun, shifting vapors. Above the vague outlines of mountains there tipped the hollow bowl of a sinking moon, by whose coppery light the landscape had an eerie indistinctness. The snarling yells had ceased, and up the viewless spaces of the air there stole the faint throbbing of the distant sea. Returning to bed I slept heavily until the first bell sounded from the lower halls.

The next three days were devoted to excursions and hunting parties. No one was fortunate enough to bring down a



deer, though numbers were seen grazing in secluded dips of hollows. Quail shooting was a favorite pastime with the gentlemen. From chapparal closes there was heard continuously the whirr of dark gray wings, and the muffled *wook, wook* of tiny bird-throats, as hundreds of jetty plumes danced over the fuzz of parched grasses. At this season the valley quail is seen here in incredible numbers, while in the higher altitudes his larger, juicier brother, the mountain quail, is still found, but with each succeeding year becomes rarer and shyer.

Our evenings were spent in singing and instrumental playing, or romps with the children. All the appurtenances of the hotel were comfortably and even luxuriously ordered. The company built it more for personal accommodation, than with any thought of supplying a summer resort for health and pleasure seekers. A stage from San Fernando makes three trips weekly here.

The latitude and soil of the Simi are similar to the Camulos. Both places are in frostless belts, which makes them eminently fitted for the culture of citrus fruits and olives. Artesian water is obtained here, and springs are plentiful in the cañons.

One morning we took a drive through the oaken glade that skirts the Santa Susanna Pass. Beside a spring in the woods we found a heap of stones that once constituted the fireplace of Lara's Station. The building itself had long since crumbled into ruin. It was once the best known station on the overland route from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara.

Lara was a character that afforded no

little amusement to both driver and passengers. The stage arrived here at night, and he was always on hand, garrulous and helpful.

"I remember," said our host at Berylwood, "that at one time, so desirous was the old man to be extra polite that he pressed me to make use of a superannuated brush and comb, and, what was still more embarrassing, a tooth-brush stained and battered by much service.

"He took childish interest in the trip that Secretary Seward and party made through here in 1872. Tom Scott had given or-



LARA.

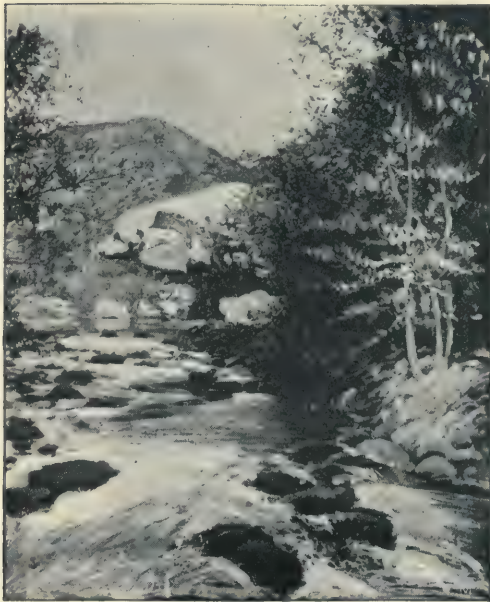


OJAI VALLEY:—NORDHOFF.

ders to take the party from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara by daylight. To make this possible, arrangements had been previously made to have horses standing in readiness before the door of every sta-

tion along the line. When we reached the "Big Mountain," two mounted Mexicans caught on to our carriage pole with their *riatas*, giving a dextrous twist of the ropes around their saddle-bows, ere they put spurs to their powerful mustangs. We made the pull splendidly. Mr. Seward expressed the opinion that Tom Scott was the most remarkable man in the world, as he, or his representative, was on hand in even the remotest parts of the globe. We *did* get through by daylight, but the horses ran all the way from Lara's to the next station, a distance of twelve miles."

These Simi rocks stand out like ancient fortresses, their boldfronts mottled with mosses and splashed with metallic tints of saffron, scarlet, and green. They are often gigantic hives, gorged with honey by the wild bees. To secure these hoards the rocks are blasted with powder, and tubs, barrels, and wash boilers are utilized to hold the enormous quantities of honey. A bee tree is more easily managed. By the light of moon or camp fire it is cut down, and the trunk split away around the comb which literally flows "brooks of honey."



OJAI VALLEY:—HANGING ROCK IN MATILIJIA CANON.



On many of the baldest heights there stood the dead stalks of the yucca, commonly called the "Spanish bayonet." Margaret said they were often from eight to ten feet tall—"a pillar of red-olent blooms of waxy white, with never a touch of color from point to base!"

Going up the pass, De Forest imperceptibly watched the carriage across a rough turn, observing serenely that it was a "good thing these bad places did not affect the rest of the road." We walked the greater distance, and for the time ceased to be vagrant idlers, but toiled like pilgrims to the top, where we arrived breathless but jubilant. A world of mountains lay at our feet, and over and beyond was the vast panorama of the San Fernando plains, clasping the feet of the Los Angeles hills thirty miles away. The picture was a sublime one, and for many moments held our rapt attention.

Another of our trips was to the Tapo rancho, the former homestead of the De la Guerras. Going up the cañon, we sometimes kept the willow-fringed banks, and again the crowding mountains compelled us into the shallow stream. Up and down and everywhere a lavish tangle of clematis linked in inextricable union the *guate mote* and willows bending above untroubled waters. About the canes of wild tobacco the dodder wove its orange threads, and swung its white balls on the loosened strands. Farther up there were oaks and sycamores in the widening cañon; then the rich profusion of a vineyard, and pomegranate trees crimson with fruit. The vines are forty years old, and the Tapo wines and brandies have long been known in the State. The adobe buildings and the venerable orchards of the Tapo are sadly neglected by the present owner. The olive trees, though misshapen and hoary with age, are still prolific bearers.

As we emerged from the Tapo cañon, we were greeted by a chorus of meadow larks skimming the yellow downs of the

high lands. The twilight was far advanced, the bats beating the air above our heads, and yet these gleeful birds poured out an irrepressible flood of music.

The following morning we left the Simi with sincere regret. The last face we saw was Baby Elizabeth's, as she crowded us a farewell from the high outpost of her father's shoulder. The Judge gave a backward nod as he abruptly said:

"Strange that a man like that should once have been the hated victim of a conspiracy to murder! Years ago some of the squatters on La Colonia planned his death, but one of their number threatened to betray them if they did not desist. Today there is n't another man in all Ventura so loved and trusted as he is. A majority of our public schools and churches are largely due to his munificence, while his keen brain and Christian heart have been the propelling force behind our greatest enterprises. I never see him but I recall Emerson's words, 'a friend is a person with whom I may be sincere.'"

We went out of our way to call at two apiaries. The "bee ranch" is an established institution throughout all these mountains. They are generally located on government claims, in some sunny vale whose folded hills are thick with blooms of white, button, and blackball sage, sumac, greasewood, wild buckwheat, and other honey plants. These, and the mustard flowers in spring, are the source of the clearest and best honey in the world. At the first apiary the man told us he shipped annually from twenty to one hundred tons of extracted honey. His Lilliputian village of hives presented an interesting sight, arranged in perfect regularity along the slope.

Nearer Las Posas we lunched at "Happy Camp," where there are thirteen hundred stands of bees. The year before the owner took two carloads of honey to Boston, which was but half the

amount of his crop. The average yearly product from a hive is seventy pounds, though in exceptional seasons it has reached as high as four hundred pounds. These almost incredible statements remind one that in 1844 the report to Congress of California's resources denied the possibility of the honey-bee's existing west of the Sierra Nevadas; yet the present showing of Ventura's apiaries is an aggregate of twenty thousand hives.

Nowhere else is the "busy bee" kept so busy as in Southern California. Their forage is inexhaustible, as no month is wholly devoid of honey flowers. In an outhouse at "Happy Camp" we found the strainer that has been the means of greatly simplifying the process of separating the juice from the comb. A sharp knife, kept hot by frequent immersion in boiling water, is used to shave a thin slice from the comb before the latter is thrust between two sheets of perforated wire in an upright cylinder, which is then swiftly revolved, thus causing the honey to fly out of the cells, and preserving the comb to be used again. The juice filters through a sieve into a large tank, from which it is drawn off into cans weighing sixty pounds each.

From oldest time the honey-bee has been a fascinating study. There is unique diversion in listening to an old bee man descant on their peculiarities. The Italian bee is usually the favorite. He is hardier and better natured than the common varieties, besides being a handsome fellow with his golden-banded jacket and jaunty business air; but with all his importance he cannot always escape the fierce beak of the bee-martin, the lightning dart of the lizard, nor yet the stealthy moth, which will kill hundreds in a single night.

It was a long ride back to the Santa Clara valley, which we entered

"When day with its sounds of joy  
Had westward marched with banners furled  
From the hills of Saticoy."

On leaving this beautiful valley a week later we passed out by Saticoy Springs, which was once the rendezvous of the Indian tribe that gave it its name. Near here is a cross-road, and we saw coming toward us an old-fashioned chaise, that heralded its approach by loud rattlings and creakings. An ancient lady with perturbed countenance stopped us with a motion of the whip, and querulously inquired the road to New Jerusalem.

"Right ahead, madam. Just follow after me and you will be sure to get there." And De Forest politely raised his hat as he gave the reins to the horses.

Margaret looked shocked, and visibly stiffened in the seat.

"Poor thing!" De Forest continued, with a half comic but wholly commiserating glance back at the old lady jogging sociably behind. "I wonder if she is going down to be fleeced by those Jews! The place is given over to Hebrews, and is consequently called New Jerusalem."

This was too much for even Margaret's gravity, and we both laughed outright. We passed through the dusty little town half buried in her dismantled corn-fields. Three miles from Hueneme we came to green pastures of alfalfa, in which were horses feeding. An avenue of bannered gums led up between to a fine residence, with symmetrical gardens falling away on every side. A carriage came down the drive-way drawn by dapple grays. There was something at once so mettlesome yet gentle about these high-bred animals that Margaret gave a cry of delight.

"They are pure-blooded Richmonds," her uncle said, his eyes admiringly turned on the perfectly matched beauties.

We stopped at the stables to see more of the horses, which are the best thorough-bred and trotting stock in all these parts. One of them, a superb chestnut stallion, is his master's special favorite.

"I call him Ulster Wilkes, after his father, Guy Wilkes, who has a record of



2:15 $\frac{1}{4}$ . His first dam was by Ulster Chief, and his grand-dam was the May Queen, with a record of 2:20. He has had little training, but can already show a 2:40 gait on a slow three-quarter track,



"CAN YOU TELL ME THE WAY TO NEW JERUSALEM?"

which isn't at all bad for a two-year-old colt."

During this enumeration of his pedigree, the magnificent brute bent his neck for the loving strokes of his master's hand, his expanding nostrils show-

ing a touch of flame in their lining, and his silken mane all aquiver in the sunshine.

Another Richmond colt, bearing the name of "Steve White," is of faultless build and color, close knit of muscle, with glittering mane and flanks, and graceful, lithe limbs set in hoofs like polished agate.

Altogether there are more than a hundred of these blooded horses on this rancho, all of which are carefully trained by experienced hands.

We took the coast road to San Buenaventura, a six-miles' drive, with a refreshing ocean view the whole distance. It was sunset ere we left the little queen city, and started up the Ventura Avenue on our way to the Ojai. All along this narrow valley of the river are some of the wealthiest homes in the county. The avenue is kept sprinkled, and the rich orchards and gardens behind its colossal peppers are thus kept



STEVE WHITE.

free from dust. Just beyond this beautiful drive is a giant grape-vine, that is akin in size to the famous one at Santa Barbara.

During the day the sky had been full of sudden changes, all of which hinted of rain, and gave a smoky, windy aspect to the landscape. Now the mists were swept aside to make room for the descent of a rosy twilight. Before we had reached the wooded cañon of the San Antonio creek, a full moon gave a magical unreality to our surroundings. The stately trees were roofed with wild grapevines from root to crown. They were sentinel towers along the path, and the argent flash of water here and there among them was the blazoned shield of many a silent guard! A dozen times or more we forded the rushing stream. No painting of day-time views of the Ojai cañon ever equaled the wildly fanciful effects seen here by moonlight. Once a light seen through the trees convinced us we had reached Nordhoff. Upon inquiry, however, we found we had yet a mile to go. De Forest ridiculously declared:

"I should always have thought it might have been the place if we hadn't asked."

Afterwards we rode under enormous live-oaks, and soon through the foliage there gleamed the lights of the "Oak Glen Cottages."

Nordhoff was named after the author of "California," who was the first to call attention to this delightful health resort. It is located on the Ojai rancho, which consists of four leagues of land, much of which is pre-eminently fitted for fruit and raisin growing. Years ago Professor Silliman, in speaking of this grant, said, "As a rancho it is a splendid estate, but its chief value is its almost fabulous wealth in the best of oils." Besides visitors, there are some hundreds of people who have built homes at Nordhoff and in the surrounding valley. The place has an altitude of eight hun-

dred feet above the sea. The climate is unsurpassed for invalids, as it makes a free, outdoor life possible at all seasons. The sea winds blown over the picturesque mountains are so tempered that exercise becomes easy and pleasant. The warm days are followed by delightfully cool nights. People crowd to the Ojai at all times, but especially in the winter, when the local accommodations are taxed to the utmost by those seeking a refuge from harsh winds and drenching fogs. A daily stage arrives at Nordhoff from San Buenaventura, a distance of fifteen miles.

If one desires more excitement than the Cottages afford, there are large hotels with every convenience for tourists and invalids. Horses and equipments are furnished hunters and campers, as the mountains abound in game, from quail and rabbits to grizzly bears and deer.

The oaks on the Ojai have been allowed to stand as Nature planted them. There is a sense of comfort and domesticity about these trees that belongs to no other. They throng up and down the valley, and to right and left on the long smooth slopes, like vast apple orchards. No vestige of brush or briar is between them, only the yellow stubble of wheat or the paler tints of dead foxtail grasses. These Ojai oaks have been the theme of poet and painter, but no picturings of pen or brush have done their majestic beauty justice. Margaret listlessly enjoyed their shade, with De Forest doing his utmost to entertain her. I felt a secret irritation at her persistent coldness to one whose unobtrusive kindness deserved, at least, a grateful recognition.

We visited the Matilija Springs in the San Rafael mountains, five miles from Nordhoff. The curving road to the hills led through a consecution of natural parks on uplands purple and spiced with blooms of pennyroyal. The Matilija cañon presents an interminable study in rocks which are heaped about in magnifi-



cent disorder. Many of them bore an extravagant likeness to monstrous beasts reposing along the gorge in gluttonous content. The perpendicular walls about



GLIMPSE OF NORDHOFF

The most miraculous cures are attributed to the waters of these springs, which number six in all. Their temperature, which never varies with the seasons, ranges all the way from sixty to one hundred degrees. A chemical analysis of the waters discovers various mineral deposits that are specially efficacious in all rheumatic and skin diseases. During the past summer the place has been thronged with visitors. Everywhere people were lounging in chairs and hammocks about the cosy cottages and tents fitted in the niches of the boulders.

After lunch we climbed about the cañon to see its natural curiosities. "Boulder Cave" is formed by a leviathan stone wedged in the great fissure of a rocky



OJAI OAKS AND GRAPEVINES.

wall. One had an uncomfortable sensation when in the cave, that this ponder-



AT THE OAK GLEN COTTAGES.

the creek had irregular stairs that Nature had chiseled in the granite. Some one of the party, I think it was De Forest, observed that "it was no wonder the stream was terribly swollen at times, as it tumbled so violently over the rocks!"

We passed another one of those wee cities of bees, nestled in the warm declivity of a side hill. In the winter and spring the mountains here are aglow with crimson, orange, and purple flowers, where is heard the ceaseless monotone of myriads of bees. We were told that the Matilija poppy, a wonderful blossom, is found only in this cañon.

ous roof, so delicately poised, might at any moment finish its fall to earth. Opposite the cave is the "Devil's Slide," a slippery flume carved down a frightful precipice four hundred feet in height. A few rods farther, over the same cliff, "Crystal Cascade" streams its braided rivulets into a fern-banked pool at the base. In the bottom of the ravine a bronze-cheeked Nimrod was angling for trout in the wide sheet of water under the shelving projection of "Hanging Rock." The creek, coming from the inmost privacy of these mountains, is a succession of unruffled pools connected by chains of foaming currents and rapids. It is full of a species of mountain trout, with olive-green backs and shining sides like speckled mother-of-pearl. This trout is a beamy, springy fish, having the advantage of Eastern varieties in color, vigor, and flavor.

Up the cañon there are other mineral springs in the midst of orange, fig, and peach orchards, while great pines huddle in esoteric groups on the contiguous mountains.

Another morning found us traversing the Upper Ojai, our faces toward the blue cliffs of Topa-topa that were dwarfed by our elevation of fifteen hundred feet. Everywhere were late cut reaches of wheat in which the live-oaks cast a broad circumference of shade. About the hills were tropical vales with fortunate fields and orchards. The latter still bore their pleasant burdens of oranges, apples, and nuts, and the vineyards teemed with purple and amber grapes. Nowhere had we seen such almond orchards. An experienced orchardist here told us he considered almonds more profitable than apricots, prunes, or peaches. He showed us an ingenious huller of his own invention. Where it is warm and dry, like the Ojai climate, the hulls of the nuts are easily removed.

We called at another one of these country homes, and were received with old time courtesy. Our host taught the

first school on the Ojai nearly twenty years ago. At one time his pupils were reduced to his own children. In those days lumber was hauled all the way from Santa Barbara. In spite of the disadvantages incident to pioneer life, this scientific gentleman had found leisure to enrich himself with a large collection of mineral, fossil, and Indian relics with which Ventura abounds. There is a curious fascination in the individuality of articles belonging to an extinct race. Here were dozens of cups, rings, beads, etc., and no two alike. They are a revelation to one accustomed to the exact similarity of the machine products of this age. How much of the history and habits of a people can be gathered from an arrow-head, a basket woven of grass and bark, or a stone button roughly fashioning a pattern worn by Cabrillo's officers in 1542!

When we took our leave, we were loaded with ambrosial Muscat grapes, the sweetest, finest flavored I had ever tasted. The raisins made here are of the choicest quality. All the mesas and low hills of the Ojai are gradually being set out to vines, and raisin-making promises to be the foremost industry of this inland valley.

After we had gained the highest ridge we turned for a farewell look at the romantic glen, with its lovely home among liberal orchards and vineyards, and its mountains clothed in the palest alternations of purple, brown, and gold.

Probably no other pass in California has the diversified picturesqueness of the Casitas, with its labyrinthine windings through the Santa Ynez mountains and its glorious outlook over the Carpinteria and Santa Barbara valleys curving along the dazzling blue of the ocean. We drove over this pass, and up through Carpinteria, on our way to the Montecito Sulphur Springs. We could not have selected a more ideal spot in which to spend our last night together.

"Tomorrow we shall be homeward



bound," I said cheerlessly to De Forest as we stood on the upper balcony in the all-pervading moonlight. How confidently we promise ourselves "tomorrow," which experience teaches us never comes save in the guise of "today!"

Within the lighted parlor Margaret was playing Schumann's *Traumerei*. My companion seemed wholly absorbed in the heart-wrenching strains. When they ceased, he caught his breath as if in bodily or mental pain. Immediately after the Judge and Margaret joined us, and proposed a walk to the cliff that overhangs the valley.

Not a breath of wind stirred leaf or twig. The tranquil mountains gave forth no other sound than the "audible stillness" of crickets hiding in the grass. The circuitous path we followed wound steeply up for more than a mile. Once we stopped to drink at the sweet, cool spring gushing out of a wayside rock. Where the view is finest, seats are placed at irregular intervals up the mountain. When nearly to the summit the Judge and I sat down on one of these rustic benches. He bared his forehead to the night air, and a stray moonbeam fell tenderly across his iron-gray head. We were long silent,

watching the night, rendered strangely beautiful by the impurpled light from the radiant sky. Finally my friend spoke gently:

"I believe I am a little tired, and will not undertake the rest of the climb. You need not mind me, but go on to Margaret, who must be waiting for you."

I then left him and continued the ascent alone. A minute more and the moonlit expanse of the ocean burst upon my sight, beyond the scattering lamps that twinkled like fallen stars about the dusky valley. A heaven of beauty had descended to earth, and in my delirium of joy I could have shouted aloud. Suddenly a voice came down from the point above me, and raising my eyes I saw the black silhouette of two figures against the illumination of the sky.

"Margaret, you must know that I have loved you all these years. You refused me once, but yet I dare to hope that a merciful God will spare me a second blow."

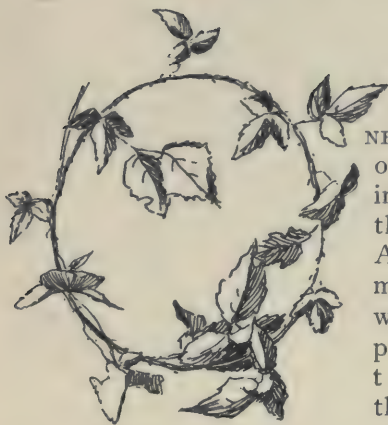
The voice was De Forest's, but so passionate and broken with feeling! And then my astonished eyes saw the slighter figure go straight to the other's open arms.

Ninetta Eames.



## MINERS' STORIES.

## I.—AN ARIZONA GHOST STORY.



NE night  
on com-  
ing up to  
the old  
Apex  
mine, I  
was sur-  
prised  
to find  
that our  
tent had

been removed from the gulch near the water hole to the mesa, — so necessitating a trip up and down the bluff for water. I asked my partner, who had remained in camp, why he had shifted.

"Because that 'ere gulch is haunted," was the reply, "and I want no ghosts around me."

I laughed at the idea of ghosts or haunted gulches, and intimated that we were out of the longitudes that ghosts inhabit, and hinted that he ought to know that the "ould counthry" was all right enough to have such superstitions in, but to import them to the Colorado desert, and locate them more especially around the camp where nobody but ourselves ever lived, not to mind died, was rather incredible.

"Well, if you saw how Tommy, the burro' you left, acted, you would not think so. Why, he jumped into the tent, and I licked him with a pick handle, and still he would not budge until I threw a burning stick at him. Then he ran out, gave a frightful scream, more like a wolf's howl than a bray, and rushed up the bank, and I hain't seen him since. O yes, that burro saw a ghost, sure."

"O pshaw!"

"There's no 'O pshaw' about it. Maybe you don't believe in such things. Well, I did n't once myself; but now I know better, and after supper I'll tell you what I know about ghosts."

After supper, instead of the usual calculations of how many millions of dollars we would get out of the Apex when we struck the "chamber," which we fondly imagined was somewhere about four feet deeper down at the end of each day's work, George Tracy (my partner's *present* name) told me his story:

"I was working on Jim Cassidy's ranch in western Arizona, and you know Drigh, the cattle king around there? — well, one day he asked me to trade my sorrel mare for a buckskin pony he had. I willingly made the trade, as Buck was just the sort of an animal for roughing it, and a first class fellow around cattle. Although he was inferior in size and condition to my mare, I knew I had the best of the trade. Drigh found the same thing out in a few days; and one morning when I was chopping wood in Cassidy's corral, in came Drigh with the mare.

"'George,' said he, 'this mare ain't no use around cattle, and I want my buckskin back.'

"'A trade's a trade,' said I, 'and you keep the mare,—Buck's mine.'

"'You just bring me out Buck,' said Drigh, putting his hand on his gun.

"'Well, all right, but I think it ain't the fair thing,' said I, making a motion to go for the pony. I slipped back of the house, and in the back door, and coming out the front got the drop on Drigh before he saw me. I called out, 'See here, Drigh,' said I, 'that Buck's mine, and you just make one motion to shoot, and I'll fill you with lead.'

"'Well,' said Drigh, with a frightful



oath, 'you've got me now, but if I was to go straight to hell for that pony I'll have him.'

"Then he rode off. Well, you knew him, and that he was as hard a case as any in that section of the country, where all were pretty hard nuts. I knew that my chances were slim if I stayed around there, so next day I got off with Buckskin, and went to Prescott, where I stayed a few months.

"In the meantime old Drigh was carrying on as usual. Johnny Malone, a young fellow who collected a bunch of cattle up in Montana, drove them down to the vicinity of Drigh's range. Well, Johnny disappeared one fine day, and his bunch of cattle were swallowed up in Drigh's. You know that happens often around where fellows like Drigh live.

"Well, Gillespie, a partner of Johnny's, heard of his disappearance, and came down from Montana to investigate. Having his suspicions confirmed, he laid for Drigh one day and plugged him.

"After I had been a few months in Prescott, I thought I would go to the Colorado River, down about Cerbat, and prospect around a little. I bought another horse, and lent 'Buck' to Jim Cassidy to go with me on the trip.

"It was nearly dark when we started from Prescott, and I put a bottle of whisky in my pocket. We intended to make the spring about five miles from town, and camp there that night; but though I knew the trail as well as I know the trail to the railroad from here, I lost it a little after nightfall. Instead of going to the spring I went up another trail—how I could have made such a mistake I cannot imagine. Well, when I got up to the head of the gulch I saw my mistake and turned back, Jim Cassidy riding on Buck behind me.

"We had only gone back in the ravine a few hundred yards when I heard the

most fearful shriek,—one long, awful scream, and then silence,—behind me. I turned back and saw sparks flying from the rocks where Buck was. It was dark as pitch then, but I could make out the pony kicking and rearing; and when I came up Jim was standing, half leaning, against a pine tree. I caught Buck's bridle, and when my horse smelled Buck's nose he jumped, and nearly bucked me off.

"I quieted them and went over to Jim. He said nothing but moaned, 'O George! O George!' in a most pitiful way. Putting my hand to his forehead I found it quite wet with perspiration, yet as cold as ice.

"'What has happened to you, Jim?' I said. 'Here, take a pull at this,' handing him the bottle. He pushed it away, and sank to the ground, still moaning.

"After a while I lifted him up. He was trembling like a scared child, but I managed to bring him to the horses. He positively refused to mount Buck, so I let him ride my horse and he rode ahead of me.

"At the mouth of the gulch I managed by lighting matches to find the right trail to the springs, and reached them about midnight. When we got there I offered Jim a swig at the bottle, but he merely shook his head and turned away. All night long he kept moaning, and I got mad with him and asked him time and again if he was hurt or what in hell was the matter. He never made no answer.

"Next morning, I concluded he was getting crazy, and turned back and went in to Prescott. But as he appeared to improve, we made a break in a few days for Cerbat again.

"We came in two or three days to an old station, where I met an old friend, Jack Ryan, the stage robber. Jack asked us to take a drink and we did not care to refuse the offer. To my surprise, Jim took a snifter too, as he had all along

refused to touch any since that night. He then set 'em up, and in fact we were pretty lively ; that is, Jack Ryan and I were, before we started, but Jim was as gloomy as ever.

"Jim and I started off, but after we had gone a short distance Jim suggested that we had better not travel after dark, and turned right back to the station.

" 'Jim,' said I, 'what is the meaning of all this. You are not the man you were. What in thunder is come over you?'

" 'George,' said he, 'sell that buckskin pony of Drigh's, — sell him for anything you can get, or give him away if you can't sell him. He will be the cause of your death if you don't.'

"I turned around.

'What do you mean, Jim? Why,

he is just as gentle as a lamb,' said I.

" 'George,' said he, 'do you remember that night up the gulch when you lost the trail? Did you not tell me that old Drigh said that he would have that buckskin though he went to hell right off? Well, George, that night some Thing jumped out of the darkness and caught me around the waist ; it squeezed the very life nearly out of me, and when I turned, round I saw 'twas old Drigh. I saw him in the dark as plain as I see you now. George, you had better get rid of Buck, or 't will be worse for you.'

"He spoke in such an earnest way that I could not help believing him, and I sold Buck shortly after ; and Ned, I do believe in ghosts, and I won't sleep in that gulch — never again."

*Ed. Holland.*

## II.—AN EPISODE OF RIVER MINING.

IN this, the year of our Lord, 1889, Jesse Jobson, Esq., of San Francisco, is a citizen of credit and renown. If he has not, like Justice Shaliow, land and beeves, he has their equivalents — merchandise and a bank account.

When Jesse has a bit of leisure he is prone to tell tales of his early experiences in California, and the following brief story is one of his reminiscences :—

Jesse was young in '49, and he arrived in California with a small stock each of money and experience, and a large amount of hope. Yet his expectations were reasonable. \$10,000 was their limit. This amount seemed to him an immense sum, and he had resolved, when leaving his Eastern home, that on securing it he would straight return to his friends and to the dear girl who wept so bitterly at parting.

Jesse was of a practical turn of mind, and upon his arrival in California did

precisely the best thing possible, which was, to lose no time in idle prospecting, but to accept the first employment offered. This employment was found in the service of a packer out of Sacramento. The wages were to be an ounce a day and found. A golden stream flowed into Jesse's pockets, and he was soon able (wagons having succeeded trains) to purchase an eight-mule establishment of his own, whereby his gains were greatly multiplied.

When the hauling season closed with the fall of '50, and the mules were turned out for their regular winter vacation, Jesse knew he had reached his limit — that he was now worth \$10,000. But how small the sum appeared to him, — a trifle, — a mere pittance. His ears were familiar with the report of larger sums, and as he repeated over to himself the words, "ten thousand dollars," they had a slender, feeble sound, — contrasting



painfully with the rotundity of one hundred thousand dollars. He saw some people, — and heard of more, — who by lucky strikes in river mining had secured the larger amount, and he felt he was an ill-used man.

All the previous summer life had been a burden to him, through hearing the oft told tale of big strikes at Long Bar, Jones's Bar, Frenchman's Bar, and other bars too numerous to mention. To all these places he had hauled goods; indeed, he had, again and again, been to the very spots, and had seen, with his own eyes, the places where, in a limited area of the river, — in a riffle, or crevice, or hole, even, — Smith, Brown, Jenks, or some other lucky fellow had taken out a fortune.

To the fact, — as it appeared to Jesse, — that river mining was almost certain to be rewarded by eminent success, was joined the further consideration that but one summer was required to realize the gains, whether great or small. During the dry season, — extending from April to November, — the river must be shut off from a portion of its bed, and the exposed portion worked over by rockers, or long toms; for with the first rains of autumn the turbulent Yuba asserts his ancient rights, and in his course sweeps from his bed man and all his belongings.

Now, in view of all these considerations, Jesse must have been more than human to have resisted the temptation to engage in river mining, and being no better than the rest of mankind, he yielded. Susie's latest letter, counseling moderation, and begging for Jesse's speedy return, was answered by glowing accounts of his prospects, and an assurance that another winter should witness his return, and also the ceremony making her the wife of the richest man of her acquaintance.

In those days, in some instances, the co-operative principle was in full practical operation — being rendered neces-

sary by the scarcity of laborers, and the necessity of interesting all in the work of producing the greatest results during the brief summer season. Jesse found partners, organized a company, and bought a river claim. In April they waded to their armpits in the ice-cold water of Yuba, and began the building of their wing dam.

For the first two months their labor was terribly severe. The streams, fed by the melting snows of the Sierras, continued high and intensely cold. Then a change came; the volume of water in the river decreased, and living and working in its moderate temperature would have been a pleasure but for the scorching heat of a California sun, which burned, broiled, and dried up everything not instinct with life; even living things, struggling for existence awhile, yielded at last. How, then could men work? To hold on to life required the full force of all their vitality; still they toiled on.

Slowly the dam crept out from the shore, and turning the angle, down the center of the stream. How many unfortunate accidents there were, watch as they might, by day and night? A floating log, like a battering ram, would knock a huge hole in the frail structure, which it would take days to repair. Two or three unusually hot days in succession would send a volume of water from the eternal snows of the mountains, and thus undo the labor of a week. Even when the dam was complete in its outline and proportion, it would not keep out the water; the current flowed through the chinks and crannies of the rocks and timbers, carrying with it the earth with which they had sought to bank it. To remedy this they purchased hay, — at \$100 a ton, — and brought it from Marysville to serve as calking.

All this while their spirits were sustained by their glorious hopes, and at meals and bedtime they congratulated each other on their prospective fortune. Jesse found time to write glowing let-

ters to Susie, and read over and over again her answers,—the burdens of which were not exultations at his prosperity but longings for his presence.

The cost of the claim,—the cost of powder for necessary blasting,—of hay,—of lumber for flumes and wind-mills, made fearful inroads into the capital stock of Jobson & Co. Before the dam was completed several of the partners had sold all other properties and called in all their resources, and the very last dollar had been expended.

The work was at last complete. Communication between the waters without and within was severed, and it only remained to pump out that within the enclosure. Huge pumps, the motive powers of which were windmills, had been made ready, and were set in motion by the evening breeze. Monsieur the wind is no eye-servant, and neither needs nor heeds a task master; so Jesse and his partners went to their cabin to sleep and dream of the wealth which a few hours was to reveal to their gaze.

Joys that spring from hope tend to wakefulness, and Jesse could not sleep,—his dreams were too near realization, his happiness was too great, to permit him to waste time in slumber; and, again, like all men of large possessions, he was fearful of being robbed. He heard the wind, and knew that for him and his partners it was doing the work of a faithful servant, and he felt afraid that, the bed of the river being bared before morning, thieves might with lanterns invade the enclosure, and carry away some of the large nuggets which would lie exposed.

With the first ray of light,—leaving his partners asleep,—he stole quietly out of the cabin and down to the claim, to find that the wind had done his work effectually, almost the very last drop of water having been removed.

Jesse stood aghast. The well scrubbed kitchen floor of the tidiest New England housewife is not more innocent of soil than was that portion of

of auriferous gravel. The bed rock, sheer, and without fissure or crevice, glistened in the morning light like the scalp of a bald head.

How much is sometimes revealed by a flash of lightning in the fraction of a second! How much the eye can take in! Objects that escape the attention in the blaze of sunlight are seen clearly, and fix themselves in the mind, never to be forgotten. The revelation of his first glance was like the lightning glare to Jesse. Nor time, nor the full light of day, could show anything to reward a further search.

Without a word, or a glance at the cabin where his partners still lay sleeping, he took his way up the trail that led to the highway, some three miles distant. At the junction stood a liquor saloon, or in country parlance a "dead fall." Jesse did not usually indulge in the vices common to the miner; but at sight of the saloon the desire for a drink came strong upon him. He thrust his hands deep in his pockets, and was as much surprised as pleased to find a coin variously known in the different portions of Uncle Sam's territory as a nine-pence, a shilling, a levy, a real, and a bit. He was surprised, because he had supposed that his earthly possessions consisted of the clothes he had on,—a chip hat,—a wool shirt,—a pair of duck pants,—and some well-worn boots.

Entering the saloon Jesse said, interrogatively, "Drinks are two bits?"

"Yes," said the barkeeper.

"I have but one bit," said Jesse, "but I would like what whisky it will buy."

"Take what you want," answered the barkeeper, setting out a bottle; "liquor's free to them as has no money."

Jesse poured out nearly a full tumbler,—drank it off,—laid down his bit,—passed out of the door and along the dusty road, taking no heed in which direction; for then as now, in California and elsewhere, to the man without a cent in his pocket it matters nothing which way he travels.

*Laura Lyon White.*



## III.—AN EXPERIENCE WITH JUDGE LYNCH.

IN the year 1850, a number of casual acquaintances, who had a friendly feeling for each other, and whose mining claims had given out about the same time, proposed among themselves to go out prospecting for new diggings. Carefully examining the hills, gulches, and little streams of water on their way, they concluded at last to take up claims about three miles distant from the forks of Nevada Creek, at a place that had been overlooked by former searchers for treasure.

Our company was made up of twenty-four members. Net profits were to be divided *pro rata*, and the work was to be done equally by all, with the one exception of the youngest of the party, who it was decided should cut the wood and do the cooking. Every man was to keep his own tin plate, cup, and spoon in order and in place,—as one of the men said, "Every feller expected to black his own boots." As this may possibly be read by some of the company, I give a list of names, as far as memory will allow,—the rest I cannot learn now: Sam Smith, Joe Porter, John French, Charley Draper, Henry Lake, Charles Ward, Albert Breck, Dan Matchet, George Bigelow, Al Bracket, Bill Dana, Tom Winship, Sam Wellington, Bill Hardy, Aleck Benet, Bob Forster, Dan Driggs, Bill Prescott.

The prospect at first was good, but a week's work resulted unsatisfactorily. Many were for abandoning the claim. Some proposed another trial, deeper down. Others said they would do as the majority decided, and would have no voice in the discussion. One somewhat excitedly swore he would not leave until he struck "bed rock or China." He was joined by two of his "chums," and they set to work in good earnest, while the others lay at full length on the ground, or stood lazily looking on, chafing, and trying to reason the hard workers out of their freak. This only raised

higher the stubborn spirit of the Bostonians, who made no replies, but stuck closer to their occupation in sinking deeper, raising the earth by the shovels full higher above their heads,—perhaps now and then with feelings a little streaked, yet in hopes the result would lead to "color," and back their judgment and faith.

At last the bed rock was struck. For a moment or two the three looked at each other and stopped work. The boys gathered about them with questions and sarcasms; they were unmerciful in their banterings. In despair at the looks of the situation, the last chance was taken, and the three pans were filled with the thin streak of gravel and blue clay that covered the bottom of the excavation. Climbing up the steep side of the ditch, they began the "wash out" as soon as they reached the running water. None cared to follow them; their work was unheeded; all believed the mine was "played out." Some began to pack up, a few strolled about, and others amused themselves by singing together negro melodies.

Of a sudden there was an elated shout from the panners. They had reduced the dirt to the half pan, and had reached the dipping rotary process, showing something of the prospect. The tables were now suddenly turned upon the former mockers; they were held in derision; they were chaffed and spared not. The sight of the bottoms of the pans took away all the stings of wit, and erased all thoughts beyond the joy of success. Every one went to work with excitement, vigorous strokes of the pick were given, and the shovel was deftly handled. The three alone considered themselves privileged characters; they looked on, occasionally paying off old scores with attempts at witty remarks.

The camp soon followed the daily routine of a miner's life of the times, with scarce an interruption, until the provis-

ions gave out, and Charlie was sent to go to the "White Canvas Tent," to make the necessary purchases. This tent and store was situated on a small flat at the junction of two cañons about three miles away from us. The store was put up by a trader to supply the scattered gold adventurers near the vicinity, and to serve as a resort for idlers on Sunday.

With two pack mules Charley started on his road, the butt of every one; as he rounded the last point of the hill, the last shot reached his ears, "Don't yer mammy feel afraid ter let yer go alone?" The answer was shouted back, "No, she sent me to buy the little boys some 'lasses candy," and he disappeared from view.

At noon, a man was seen putting for our camp, apparently in a great state of excitement. His arms were swinging about like windmills. He shouted out something that none about could fathom. He was supposed to be drunk or crazy. Once he was near enough to be understood, he finally managed in his exhausted and breathless state to ejaculate, "Judge Lynch — your man — White Tent."

In a moment he was comprehended, and the whole camp was in commotion. Revolvers were buckled on, the bowie knife was placed in its sheath in the belt; then with hurried footsteps the stranger and all left the claim, unheeding the unguarded gold dust left behind. There was but one thought — to save one for whom every one felt that he would fight against all comers.

Charlie was a favorite, the youngest and the weakest, a most useful member; he was a sort of leader in all emergencies, honest beyond a doubt, a nobody when his services were not needed. A nobody? Who was there that did not respect and care for him? His energy was proverbial; his freedom of speech, his easy ways and cordial familiarity made all lose sight of his superior ex-

cellence for the moment; but when differences arose between our comrades, he soon took the bull by the horns and smoothed matters over. He kept our campfire free from disorders and quarrels by the mere force of his understanding of human nature. Often he picked up others' quarrels, getting the parties down upon him for interfering; then with an adroit word or two made the whole affair end in shouts of merriment and a general chase after him, to pay him for his audacity. He was seldom caught, and generally knew how to circumvent his boisterous friends. In difficulties and management he was a born leader amongst men; he seemed to fall easily into place in a natural way. None would have suspected his powers until the occasion came; then it was he became a prime mover and a master spirit.

Charlie reached the trading post, and this was his story:

"You see, boys, after I turned the corner the old mule, Jim, as usual, began to kick up his tricks. Two or three times I had to dismount and arrange the pack saddle; beyond this nothing of consequence happened on the road until I reached the trader's, Old Beeswax, and made my purchases. Then I packed the goods and paid my bill with our gold dust, after which I lolled about a bit and ate my lunch, while the storekeeper disappeared out to the rear of the tent. The only person I saw about the place was a chap fast asleep on a bench outside. When the mules were packed and when I left he was in the same place.

"After traveling slowly a good mile I saw about a dozen men coming over the road shouting. They soon overhauled me and told me I must go back again; so I just said, 'What for? What's up now?'

"One of them said, 'You'll find out soon enough when you get there.' They took my mules by the head and turned them about, marching me off with them.



"When we got pretty close to the tent I saw about twenty men gathered together, and I heard one of them say, 'They've got the feller. I guess he'll repent before he gets through with us.'

"They unpacked my mule, opened my packages and scattered them about, without finding anything; then one big, burly fellow came up to me rather roughly, and ordered me to 'take off that red shirt.' I looked at him all over, and then I said, 'Hold on a moment, will yer, what does all this mean? I don't want no fooling around me, you had better understand that.'

"Taking me unawares, half a dozen of the fellers grabbed me from behind, laid me on my back before I could resist, and then they searched my person. Finding nothing, they looked rather foolish, as I thought. The spectators had now increased somewhat, and I was placed under guard. The crowd began to discuss the affair, and soon I heard voices calling for a Judge Lynch, and twelve jurymen.

"After this I was led into the circle that had been formed and stood before the court. The judge, he looked at me very severely, with his eyebrows lowering. With a bass voice put on for the occasion, he growled out, 'What did you do with the gold dust you stole from the storekeeper?'

"This made me angry, and I replied, 'You or any other man that says I stole is a — liar.'

"'That's enough; we don't want to hear no more from the culprit in the court at present. Fetch along the witnesses.'

"The storekeeper swore he left me alone in the tent, and that when he returned he missed his gold dust; that I had disappeared, and he went out front. Finding a man fast asleep on the bench he awoke him to tell of his loss, and to hunt up some of the nearest miners to help catch the thief. 'I believe that's the chap standing there' (pointing to me).

"The sleepy man testified in corroboration of the facts as stated; then the party who went after me made their statements, slightly exaggerated, unfavorable to me. I tried to get in a word or two in my defense, but was told to hold my tongue.

"Mr. Knight, a towny of mine, rode up on horseback, and spoke a few words in my favor, saying there must be some mistake in the matter, that he had known me for years, and that I was above suspicion. His testimony was valueless, and he was looked upon with doubts as to *his* character. Fortunately for me, he had the good sense to hurry at full speed for Nevada Forks, where I was well known.

"His news spread like wildfire, as I had good friends in those parts. There was soon considerable hustling about, besides tackling on revolvers. Some borrowed without leave twelve mules attached to two big schooners just arrived, and started in a hurry for the tent, while others footed it in hot haste. The whole precinct was aroused. Men left their work, knowing something was up, some with curiosity to see a man hanged, and it was not long before a complete line of men could be seen hurrying towards where I was.

"The judge and jury with the spectators joined in the arguments over my 'crime.' I looked about me, but there was not one friendly face I could recognize. My thoughts were anything but pleasant. The hum of voices gradually ceased as all tried to catch the verdict from the judge's lips, who announced, — 'Gentlemen: — The jury have decided the criminal guilty of theft; but if he will tell where he has hidden the dust the jury agree to let him off by 'kissing the whipping post.' If he will not confess, he must hang.'

"For a moment there was a deep silence, and then came the conviction that my only chance for dear life was in delaying the proceedings, in hopes some

of my friends might arrive in time to interfere for me. I had but faint hopes of it, for at the time I was not aware of the action taken by Mr. Knight.

"I spoke in slow, measured words to the judge and jury; I urged my right to be heard, taking it for granted that I was to speak in my own defense. I talked as I never had talked before, and I don't know how long I should have kept on if I had not been interrupted by a puny, pale-faced, insignificant, mean looking pup, who cried out, 'That's enough,—we don't want to hear any more bosh. String him up, boys; his time's come.'

"In a few moments they had my arms tied behind me, and I was led under a tall pine tree; a rope was thrown over one of its broken, dilapidated branches; the slip noose was made in a bungling fashion, and slipped over my head and around my neck. The judge gave me half an hour to live, to consider over matters, and said 'I could then hang with my eyes wide open and see myself die.'

"As the judge left me with the crowd in circle about me, I noticed the mule riders arrive, hitch their animals, then come towards the pine tree. I recognized their faces as those of my friends. Hope now sprang up in my heart. I saw that one and all had stern looks, and that they were armed. They were so few in the midst of many, I dared not appeal for help; but as Dick Folger, with his big body, paced towards me, I heard him say, as if speaking to the crowd, 'We have come to see justice done.' By his eye I knew he meant it for me to hear, and to encourage me. Soon more friends began to arrive on foot, and I saw Dick talked with the Nevada fellers as they came up, and they all seemed to act in concert with each other, assuming positions in squads.

"The judge and witnesses, together

with the jury, again entered the circle, and gave me to understand, 'The time's up.' As soon as they had pronounced the words, there was a stir in the vicinity; the next moment before I was aware of what was going on, Dick had slipped the noose off my neck, loosened the bonds that tied me, and I was a free man. The Nevada boys and a few others formed about me as a protection, and at the same time surrounded judge and accusers.

"Dick then explained to the outsiders who I was, and demanded a 'new and fair trial.' The end of it was, that when the sleepy witness was searched, nothing could be found on his person, but unluckily for him, as he was putting on his sailor jacket, one of the boys saw a loose string hanging down from his sleeve. For a joke, or from some sudden idea, he pulled it, when forth came an empty buckskin purse. When this was shown to the storekeeper he identified it at once as one of his stolen ones; he knew it by the initials inside. The sleepy man now turned pale, and would have sneaked away had he not been prevented. A search under the bench in front of the seat brought forth the missing gold dust, wrapped up in a handkerchief. A full confession was extracted, and when I left the place he was swinging and turning around, with the twisting of the rope; life had fled.

"The jury who had convicted me were unanimously voted to be clobbered over a barrel, but the sentence was never carried out, as they paid a heavy forfeit in treating the crowd. The storekeeper had to make good my losses, and in the end I got back safely to camp. My comrades arrived too late to see me 'hanged and saved by a miracle,' as they always put it. With my excitement I forgot to bring them the promised 'lasses candy.'"

*C. Ward.*



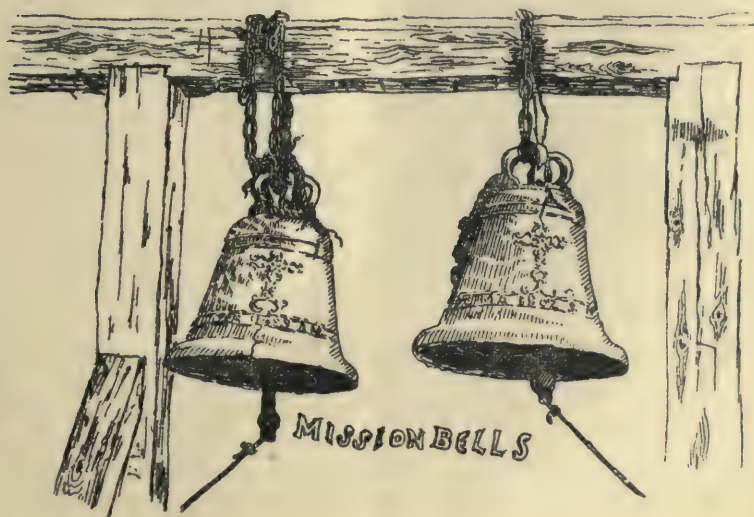
## A THOUGHT FOR CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

In shadowy pool or sullen moat,  
    White-browed, or touched with tint of rose,  
    With sunward face the lotus grows ;  
Above the mire its petals float,  
Like hope above a heart's despair,  
    Stainlessly fair !

And once, above the stream of time,  
    Stainless from out earth's clinging mire,  
    Rose into bloom the world's desire.  
Men saw its mystic blossom climb, —  
A lily starlike thro' their night, —  
    Yet scorned the light.

O Flower of God, in lowly place,  
    Thy fragrance thrilled the murky air  
    Of earthly sin and soul-despair,  
And still its affluence of grace  
Breathes sweetness into life and death, —  
Our spirits leap to feel thy breath,  
And seem to hear an angel say,  
"For *you* the Christ is born this day,  
    All glorious day !"

*Flora B. Harris.*



## AN AMERICAN MINER IN MEXICO. I.



TOM WILDER is one of the famous tribe of Comstock world-rangers; a man who is ready to set out at a day's notice for any

land beneath the shining sun, if assured that it abounds in the precious metals. Tom has prospected and wandered through California, Nevada, Colorado, Arizona, and other Pacific Coast countries,—has been in Australia and Peru, and finally cast his lot in Chihuahua, Mexico, amid the Sierra Madre mountains.

Tom Wilder might well serve a painter or a novelist as a model of his class. He stands about six feet three in his boots, weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds, and though forty years of age, has the unwrinkled brow and ruddy cheeks of youth. He would seem to have found somewhere in his travels something equivalent to Brown-Sequard's elixir. He says, however, that he owes his robust health to the fact that he has always made it a point to freely absorb whatever was salubrious in the air of every land, resolutely bracing his mind and system against all deleterious influences,—that is, as he expresses it, he has "always stubbornly refused to entertain either the insidious bacterium, or the bold, bad bacillus."

Although a native-born American, Tom Wilder has the light hair and blue eyes characteristic of the Scandinavian races,—looks as though he might have in his veins at least "forty drops" of the blood of the old vikings. He says his

parents were both natives of the little city of Alnwick, on the river Alne, Northumberland, England; but this fact does not bar in him the blood of the old Northmen, times the sea-kings made themselves manifest in more ways than one in that same region of Northumberland.

Though naturally one of the quietest and best-tempered of men, Tom is most daring and determined when placed in a situation calling for those qualities. In the language of one of his friends, "Though it may take a prod with a bayonet to stir Ben up, a battery of twelve-pounders is required to cool him down."

As I have said, Tom's latest mining venture is in Mexico, where he is likely to remain to the end of his days, judging from the present favorable condition of his affairs.

Tom did not originally go to Mexico for the purpose of mining. He is by profession an engineer and machinist, and he went into Mexico under an engagement with Chicago, Detroit, and Cleveland, Ohio, parties to put up mining and milling machinery in Chihuahua. At the end of his contract with the Eastern people he struck out on a venture on his own account, the results of which have been such that he will probably settle in Mexico for life. But before his affairs had assumed their present pleasant and promising aspect Tom had some rough experiences, the story of which I am permitted to relate.

I do not see that I can do better than to write out the history of his adventures as he gave it to me—the man who has seen a thing or had an experience is the one who is best qualified to talk about it. His story (and bear in mind that this, is a true history) is as follows:



## I.

WHILE I was engaged in putting up the machinery of the Eastern parties, a Mexican named Manuel, a common laborer about the works, became greatly attached to me. The man liked me for the reason, I suppose, that I treated him as being "half white,"—which, literally speaking, was just his shade.

When we happened to be alone together, Manuel very frequently hinted at something much better for the pair of us than working about the mills. Again and again he would tell me that he had in mind something that, as he said: "Good for you, Señor Wilder, and good for me, too." He would strike his forehead, and tell me he had it there. When I pressed him to explain he would always say: "Wait till job done here, then we two go."

At last all was done at the mills, and I reminded Manuel of his promise.

"Me not forget, me got here," said he, striking his forehead.

The man then led me away from the mill, up a big arroyo and thence to the top of a great *collado* or hill, whence he could survey the country on all sides. During our long tramp my thought was that he was going to lead me to a rich lode that he had discovered in wandering about the country, but I soon found that he had brought me to the bare and solitary hill in order to make sure of privacy before divulging his great secret.

He was in no hurry, even after we were seated on the top of the lone mountain. He rolled and lighted a cigarette and took several whiffs before proceeding to business. At last he began in his own peculiar way, by striking his head and saying, "Me got it here."

His story was that he was not a native of that part of the country. He was born in another place on the west side of the Sierra Madre mountains. In that place there was a mine in which his

father had worked when he was a little boy. It was a very rich mine, but it was a wet one. No great depth had ever been attained, and at last the mine was abandoned on account of water. That was long ago, when he was still a boy, and since then no one had worked the mine, which was rich in both gold and silver.

Manuel then proceeded to make his bargain. He did not ask a share in the mine. What he wanted was to work for me—I was to own the whole mine. He, however, must have big wages—wages that would make him "a rich man."

"Here," said I to myself, "the trouble begins." But I allowed him to proceed, which he did after a few whiffs at his cigarito, to brace himself up to the proper pitch for the utterance of the extravagant proposition he was about to make.

Hardly daring to so much as look at me even out of the corners of his eyes, he said that in consideration of his leading me to the mine I must pay him fifty cents a day, and feed him while we were traveling to the place where the vein was situated. Then, provided I liked the mine and concluded to work it, I was to pay him fifty cents a day, but he would provision himself.

When I instantly assented to everything and shook hands with him to bind the bargain, he was the happiest man I ever saw. He looked upon himself as made for life, and that moment he would not have swapped places with Fair, Mackay, Flood, or any other bonanza king. There was a new fire in his eye, and when he rose to his feet he looked a full inch taller and broader than ever before in his life.

As we moved down the hill toward the big arroyo I began to fear a wild-goose chase, and halting I faced Manuel and said: "What we have talked of is all well and very good, but are you sure you can find the mine?"

"*Sí, señor, por cierto!*" cried he—"I have him here!" striking his head.

I trusted the Indian in him for guiding me to the spot.

On the way back to the mills,—*hacienda de beneficio*,—it was agreed that we should start in search of the old mine as soon as I could purchase a riding horse and some donkeys for use as pack animals. The object of our journey was to be kept secret. It was merely to be said that I was going on a prospecting trip, and that Manuel was going with me to attend to the packing and assist in any digging that was to be done. No one questioned this, as it seemed a very natural arrangement.

Manuel was a study for me during the days we were engaged in collecting our animals, and purchasing arms, tools and supplies. It did my soul good to see his eyes twinkle and his frame expand. He had now gained another inch in height—was fully five feet, and nearly as much in girth. Again and again I blessed myself that I had the power and the will to make a fellow creature so happy. He would have turned his back on Saint Peter, had that guardian of the realms of bliss swung open his golden gate and invited him to enter. Yet he was all this time almost bursting with the importance of his secret. From being one of the most timid men about the *hacienda* he caused all his fellow countrymen to stare with surprise at the frequency and vigor of his “carambas!” and at times he seemed almost on the point of cuffing the ears of some who ventured to handle articles belonging to our outfit.

I found a donkey that was nearly as large as a mule, and purchased the beast for Manuel’s special use. I had at first intended that he should make the journey on foot, driving the pack animals, but viewing and considering his build I felt my heart moved with compassion. A happy man was Manuel when told that the big donkey was his riding animal. After twice walking around the beast, and surveying him from all sides, he swore he was the finest burro in all Mex-

ico. When I made him a present of an old double-barreled shotgun which I had picked up at the hacienda for a trifle, and a knife nearly as long and broad as a machete, the poor man was ready to fall on his knees before me. He assured me that he would soon become the “terror of the mountains.”

## II.

BRIGHT and early one morning we set out on our journey. Many natives had assembled to see us off. Manuel was in all his glory, with his shotgun on his shoulder and his cutlass of a knife in his belt. All his peon friends looked upon him as a made man, and deferred to him as a man of note and ability. His word was law, and he uttered it boldly. From remarks dropped by some of the natives in regard to Manuel’s great good fortune, I perceived that he had so far relieved his swelling soul as to tell them of the astounding wages he was to receive.

Soon after leaving the hacienda, we struck into a mountain trail, and this presently led into a well timbered region. Beside the animals we bestrode we had two good burros that we used as pack animals, and Manuel proudly asserted that a better provisioned and equipped expedition had never been seen in the Sierra Madre mountains.

Although somewhat fat—*obeso*—Manuel was not lazy. He not only looked after all our animals, but also fabricated the tortillas and cooked the frijoles, doing all in the best-natured way imaginable. I never gave a thought to camp duties after the second day out. When we came to where our tent was to be pitched for the night, I at once shouldered my Winchester and struck out in search of game, and very frequently brought into camp a deer or wild turkey, thus “saving our bacon” both literally and metaphorically,—bacon being a very dear article in Mexico.



Manuel was very proud of his gun. He slept with it alongside of his body beneath his blankets, carried it when he went out to bring in our stock, and even when cooking had it within reach, yet he never killed anything with it except an old purblind porcupine. On one occasion, when he happened to be in the lead of our little train, a big grizzly bear dashed across the trail almost under his nose. His burro reared, wheeled, and threw him, then dashed away in one direction through the chaparral, while the bear went another. Manuel rose from the bushes into which he had fallen, and, having through all retained his grasp on his gun, instantly blazed away at his burro, whose back was visible above the brush about three rods away.

With the report of the gun down went Manuel, the unharmed donkey halting and gazing about in astonishment. As Manuel did not reappear, I hastened to the spot, fearing his gun had burst and wounded him, as the report it made was tremendous and peculiar.

Hearing me approach, and thinking the bear was after him, Manuel suddenly rose from the brush—his face covered with blood—and leveling his gun he snapped it at me.

"*Ojo alerta!*" ("Look sharp,") cried I, and much ashamed, my man lowered his gun. His eyes were so filled with blood that he was almost blind, and blood was still streaming from his nose. Not being held properly, his gun had kicked him in the face, cutting his forehead and the bridge of his nose.

Examining his weapon, I found that both barrels were empty. Early in the morning he had fired his gun at a rabbit, and in re-loading he had put two charges of powder and shot into one barrel, and as he always used a handful of both, the result of the explosion was not surprising.

Ever after, when Manuel became boastful of his exploits with his gun, I had but to remind him of the time he

shot at the donkey, and he instantly subsided.

After the adventure of the bear, Manuel relinquished the lead of the *expedition*; he would point out the path and then humbly fall back and bring up the rear, leaving to me the task of clearing the trail of grizzlies and other savage beasts.

On the whole, we had a very pleasant trip through the mountains, the scenery being everywhere either grand or beautiful. Fountains and streams of pure and sparkling water were frequent, wood was plentiful, and game was abundant. Daily I was reminded of the wanderings of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in the Sierra Morena, in old Spain. Manuel, indeed, was in many ways not unlike Sancho. He was a round-faced, good humored, fat fellow of forty years; a big eater and a good sleeper, but withal industrious and faithful. Manuel also had a good deal of courage; even a grizzly bear could not so terrify him as to cause him to demean himself as did Sancho on hearing the thumping of the fulling mills.

### III.

FINALLY one afternoon when we reached the summit of a great ridge on the western flank of the Sierra Madre, Manuel informed me that we were almost at the end of our journey. Far below, and away to the west, he pointed out a big, rugged hill, and told me that behind it lay the village of Guazopares, near to which was the mine of which we had come in search.

It was almost sunset when we reached the valley from the bosom of which rose the hill behind which the little town was hidden. We thought best not to go to the village, but to go out toward the mine,—which lay three miles to the north of the place,—and camp at a small creek known to Manuel.

Manuel was sad that evening. He informed me that Guazopares was his

native village, and that there both his father and mother had died while he was quite young. He was at his old home, but was alone in the world. He once had a little sister, but she died while he was so young that he could not remember how she looked,—could see nothing of her but a little red dress. If he had a relative anywhere in the world it was in Durango, where his parents came from. The poor man's sorrow was deep and sincere, for he was unable to eat. A dozen times he said: "O that they were all alive to see me now!"

Prosperity had come to him, but no soul of his own blood was left to rejoice with him or to share his wealth. He early rolled himself in his serape, and for the first time forgot to take his beloved gun to bed with him; leaving it leaning against a tree a rod away. Other thoughts were in his mind, and as he rolled about on the ground I could hear him murmuring: "*Muerto, muerto—to-do muerto!*" (Dead, dead,—all dead.)

The next morning Manuel was early astir and was again himself. He now feared some one might have re-located the mine, and hurried breakfast that we might go in search of it without delay. After we had traveled a mile or two,—he leading,—he halted, and after hammering at his head for a time struck out and made a bee-line up into some low hills.

At last he wheeled about on his burro and shouted back to me—"It is found!"

I was soon at his side. Before me was an old shaft of large size,—about eight feet square,—with a few decayed timbers scattered about on the surface. The small amount of dirt and waste rock at the top showed that the shaft was shallow; also I could see water at a depth of about twenty feet. It did not look much like a mine—hardly, indeed a good prospect hole, except for its large size. I understood its size, however; it was necessary because zig-zig ladders of notched poles had been used in working in it.

After surveying the surroundings in every direction, Manuel assured me that he had made no mistake; the shaft before us led down into the mine in which his father had worked. Such croppings as were in sight looked well, and I at once wrote out and posted my preliminary notice.

This done, my next care was to look up a good camping place near the mine. This was found in the little valley at the foot of the hill on which the mine was situated. In the valley ran a beautiful *riachuelo*, or rivulet, of bright and pure water, and on the steep hill opposite that on which the mine was situated there was plenty of fuel and good timber.

When our tent had been pitched and the animals turned out to graze in the many small valleys on the creek above us, we began to feel quite at home; for we claimed our little valley as a mill site, and a portion of the timber land on the mountain back of us for fuel and other uses.

We presently found that though we had no very near neighbors there was, about a mile down the little creek a *rancheadero* (a settlement of huts) containing about one hundred souls, all of the poor class. Manuel, who investigated, reported these people friendly. All the men were anxious to work, and they were glad we had taken the old mine. Miguel had reported me as rich, and *un Ingles*.

I called myself English everywhere in Mexico, for the reason that the people of that country perfectly well understand that there will at once be trouble in case they molest an Englishman. They know that the English government protects its subjects wherever they may be, and however humble. They have little fear of serious inquiry where the man concerned is an American. Everywhere I heard the *Americanos* maligned, but I was all right—was *un Ingles*. I thought it right that the mother country should



look out for me, for old acquaintance's sake, for "auld lang syne."

After taking surface possession, I lost no time in securing a good title to my claim. In this I was helped by Don Carlos Valesco, a judge who holds court at Guazopares, but who lives at Bata-shichca, a village at no great distance. Don Carlos proved a true friend then, and afterwards, at a time when without his friendship I should have lost my life. By his help, in 1884, I got a perfect title to my mine, with the signatures of President Diaz and the Secretary of State attached thereto; also to a north extension, taken in Manuel's name. To my mine I gave the name of Eureka, — because I had "found it," — and to please Manuel the extension was called the San Miguel.

By sounding, I found that there was a depth of fourteen feet of water in the old shaft of my mine. My neighbors, the natives who lived in the *rancheadero*, — Brushtown, as I called the village of huts, — were very anxious to have me engage them in the work of bailing. They assured me that the only way of draining the shaft was the good old way: *i. e.*, to put down notched poles and then hire them to carry the water up in rawhide sacks. As this was the means of drainage employed when the mine was flooded, I explained to them that it would not do. They said the men of old times were lazy; besides, they would form in lines from the water to the surface, and pass the buckets from man to man. The whole tribe wanted to get into the shaft and hoist water at thirty cents a day.

As a great deal of ore had been taken out of the mine when it was first worked, I knew there must be long drifts at or about the water level, which must be drained in order to drain the shaft. Not telling the men what I meant to do, I made two chain pumps. One of these was to raise the water from the bottom to a rawhide tank half way down the

shaft, and the other to lift it from the tank to the surface. All the natives predicted a failure — the water could only be hoisted out in buckets.

When my pumps were in place, I selected crews of the stoutest fellows to run them day and night in four-hour shifts. In less than a week I had the mine drained, and was able to get down and examine the vein, the men running the pumps meanwhile at moderate speed.

I found a vein of silver ore — black sulphuret — about five feet in width, with a streak of rich gold quartz on the foot-wall about three inches wide. There were drifts about one hundred feet in length both north and south. The water came in, as I found, at the end of the north drift, which had been run out toward the little brook that at a point below flowed past my hut.

In about three days, with Manuel's help, I extracted and sacked a considerable amount of the richest of the gold quartz, and also enough silver ore from several points on the vein to serve as a good test. When this was brought to the surface, I paid off and discharged my pump men and let the mine again fill up with water.

I found that the silver ore would average about fifty dollars a ton, and the gold quartz was so rich that I needed nothing but a hand mortar to work it. The old shaft proved to be only thirty-six feet deep. The ground below the vein was rather flat, but I found that a tunnel two hundred feet in length would tap the vein at a depth of sixty-five feet, or about thirty feet below the bottom of the old shaft. I did not hesitate. I built a cabin in the little valley, at the point where I had at first pitched my tent, and set to work.

I hired two gangs of peons and pushed work on the tunnel day and night. The rock was not very hard as a rule, but the countless *fiestas* delayed the work, as every man dropped his tools on a feast

day:—even Manuel would then desert me. I had to be up day and night, as I charged every hole and fired every blast. In Mexico a mine owner is held responsible for accidents that occur in his mine, therefore, day and night, the men called me when they had drilled a set of holes, and all took a rest and smoked cigaritos until I had charged and fired them.

#### IV.

IN this way a year passed before I tapped my lode. In the meantime Manuel had left my cabin, though he was still in my employ. Cupid had shot an arrow into his heart. He had married a young girl of sixteen who lived in the *rancheadero*, and had become a citizen of "Brushtown." He explained to me that he was now doing so well that he felt it to be his duty to marry. Never before had he been in a situation to maintain a wife in proper style. I made him cut logs and build a cabin,—all the Brushtowners assisting at the raising,—and Manuel became the proud possessor of the grandest mansion in the place,—a place in which he was already the greatest man.

Manuel's wedding holiday was the grand event of his life, also of that of the *doncelluela* who became his wife. The festival of the Señora de Guadalupe, patron saint of Mexico, is each year held the 12th of December, at Guadalupe Hidalgo, which is the Mecca of the Indians and the peons of half-blood, who flock thither from places distant several hundred miles. The maiden who was to become the wife of Manuel had set her heart upon attending this festival.

On the pilgrimage the common people camp by the way, sleeping on the ground, and cooking their own frijoles and tortillas. The festival continues for more than a week,—alternating with religious shows, dancing, gambling, and many wild and reckless amusements; and the people are long on the way, go-

ing and returning. Considering all these I said to Manuel:

"This is a dangerous trip for a young girl. She is a good, innocent child, and you must not lose her. You are here alone and lonely in your native place; it will be good for you to have a wife, there fore marry at once and let this pilgrimage to Guadalupe Hidalgo be your wedding trip."

Manuel said: "Although I am a *doncel* I have heard of what is done at the great festival. I will do as you say; I will go with her as a husband and protect her."

I took it upon myself to "furnish forth" the bride, and made her dress and outfit all that a middle class position in country society would bear; then I ordered Manuel, who was abundantly able to do so, to dress up to the style of his wife—made him don a silver-trimmed sombrero and all that such a hat calls for,—for in Mexico all else is decided by the style of hat worn.

The wedding took place in Guazopares, and the people of that village stared to see so fine a couple come from the *rancheadero*—Brushtown.

One thing calls for another. Duly considering the situation in which I had placed the newly wedded pair as regarded "style," I felt that my work was not yet done. Had I permitted them to marry in the style of costume that ruled in Brushtown, they might very appropriately have trudged along on foot in company with the other pilgrims from that part of the country; but that would no longer do.

When I told Manuel that he must take my horse for himself, the big burro for his wife, and the two smaller ones to pack their provisions and outfit, he almost wept for joy, and his wife was the proudest woman in the Sierra Madres. Then when I added that they must also take my tent, both were ready to throw themselves at my feet. They saw that it gave them a home, privacy, and independence wherever they went.



All this was settled two days after the wedding, and in two days more my couple were to set out. Judge of my astonishment the morning after the day on which all this was settled, at Manuel's making his appearance and telling me he could not accept my offer. It would not be right, he said, to take my horse, tent, and all my animals, leaving me on foot and alone; they would leave their fine clothes at home and go on foot with the others.

"What does your wife say to this?" I asked.

"She says it is right, but she cries."

"Cries, you *villano!* you *bellaco!*" shouted I, pretending to be in a great rage. "So you are making your wife cry already? When I tell you to do a thing all you have to do is to obey. If you don't take my horse, tent, burros and all as I told you to do, you shall work for me no more—I'll discharge you. Do you suppose I am going to have you tramping about the country half a year on foot, when I need you here every day? Not at all. I give you my horse and all my outfit in order that you may go and return quickly; and here you come back to me telling me you want to go loafing about the country on foot. God knows when I'd see you again—a man who begins by making his wife cry!"

I had given the matter a new turn, and shown the necessity that existed for taking the animals, when viewed in the light of affairs of business. I could see that a great load was lifted from Manuel's heart, when he hastened to assure me that he was ready to obey any order I might give. Fat as he was, he fairly skipped as he took his way homeward down the vale along the green banks of the little brook. He had for his wife the prettiest girl in the *ranchadero*, and he was hastening to her with news that would drive all redness out of her eyes. They would visit the City of Mexico and Guadalupe as persons of consequence.

All this was before my tunnel was fin-

ished, and before Manuel's house was built. The trip was a good thing for the pair. Both picked up many new ideas of life, and when they got into their new house they so furnished it as to make it a fit dwelling for human beings. Manuel's wife proved obedient and sensible, and he took to himself great credit for having selected a young girl whose opinions and habits were not yet fixed. "What should I have done," said he, "with a *doncellidueña* (an old maid who marries) in my house?"

## V.

To return to my own affairs. In running my tunnel I not only paid out all the money I had brought with me, but also about \$500 that I had pounded out of the gold quartz taken from the mine at the time I had the shaft drained. When my money was gone I procured supplies of various kinds in Guazopares on credit, promising to pay when I got my mine open—I being then about to tap the vein. I made the same promise to my miners, giving them orders to a store in Guazopares for such things as they were obliged to have, when they seemed really in need.

At first this seemed satisfactory to all concerned, but as I neared the lode the rock proved hard, and after I had reached and passed through the vein the water did not drain out of the old works (thirty feet above) as readily as I had expected. It was necessary to make a raise from my tunnel. When this was up fifteen feet the men became afraid of the water above and refused to go higher. I made them drill a hole as high as possible, and filling it with giant powder cartridges, I fired it, in the hope of so shattering the rock as to start the water. The blast somewhat increased the flow of water from above, but it was still too small to drain the old works. As the men were afraid to work upward, I was obliged to again man the pumps, drain the old

works and sink a winze to meet my raise. By the time I was able to put in a blast and knock a hole through, I was still further in debt, yet the total — only about \$500 — would have been a trifle in any other place.

Where my tunnel cut the vein I found the silver ore richer than above, but the streak of gold-quartz was poorer, though wider than in the upper drifts. I managed to get about \$200 out of this gold quartz, by working it in a mortar (while the miners were at work on the raise and winze), and this I doled out to such of my men as were obliged to have a few dollars in coin. The men saw that I would pay as soon as I had the means, and I heard no complaint from them.

When I had connected my tunnel with the old works, I put in a good American ladder. The men were then able to pass through the tunnel in going to the old works. By putting a line of boxes in the north drift and down the winze to the tunnel, (where I made a covered ditch,) I soon had the whole mine dry.

I then made my men work along the foot wall, where lay the rich streak of gold quartz. Being in haste to get out of debt, I employed every able-bodied man in Brushtown. I put them to drilling in both the north and the south drifts; had a dozen gangs strung along for a distance of two hundred feet. When all the holes were drilled, I sent every man out of the mine and charged and fired them myself.

Manuel and I, and Basilio, whom I had made foreman of the gangs of drillers in the south drift, — Manuel occupying that position in the north, — would then go into the mine and sack up all the gold quartz that had been dislodged, the miners meantime cooking and eating their meal. When they returned, it was their first business to pack all the silver ore into the end of the south drift, which I was gradually filling up in this way.

The sacks of gold ore were lowered to the tunnel and thence carried to my

cabin, in the rear of which I had a building in which to store and work it by pounding it out in a large mortar. In this way I was getting on finely. I sold only sufficient dust to keep my men in good humor, as the only buyer of gold dust in the town of Guazopares was a skinflint, who would not have offered a man more than \$15 for a \$20 piece. It was my intention to take my gold to the private mint of J. M. Ortiz, at Alamos, Sonora, as soon as I had accumulated a sufficient amount to justify such a trip and the hiring of an escort.

But I kept all this to myself, also the amount of gold I was taking out of the quartz I worked. The men could of course see gold in the quartz occasionally, but they did not know what it paid, as every man — Manuel not excepted — was searched by me on leaving the mine. Each man was made to understand that in his case it was a mere matter of form, — that some other person was the one who would bear watching. However, as this custom of searching miners is common in Mexico, no fault was found with me for adopting the precaution; it seemed to be looked upon as a sort of matter-of-course proceeding. Nor could they blame me for putting a huge and strong padlocked door at the mouth of my tunnel, as I told them that their frequent absence at *fiestas* made it necessary.

I think that all my men liked me, (as well as they like anybody,) and had confidence in me, as far as they had confidence in anybody, but in the sequel I found out that I was suspected by the majority of having it in mind in some way to cheat them out of their earnings, only giving them enough to keep them alive and at work. This had no doubt been their usual experience, even among the mine owners of their own race and country.

Whatever the feeling may have been that prevailed among the people of the *ranchadero* in regard to me and my



method of doing business, I do not believe it had anything to do with the tragic affair which I now have to relate: some of the men, no doubt, felt a little uneasy about balances due them, and that was all. Manuel always told me that the people felt well toward me, but when he added, — as he always did, — “And I know you will pay them,” I saw there was some uneasiness among them, and that I must get to Alamos as soon as possible. A Mexican peon likes as well as another to finger his money, and it is precious little he gets hold of.

## VI.

I WAS alone in my cabin after Manuel's marriage, and slept there without much fear of being disturbed, for I was very thoroughly armed, and always kept my door locked of nights, as a man possessing ordinary caution naturally would in a country with such a reputation.

One night, when sleeping soundly, I was awakened by feeling a prick in my breast. In attempting to move my hands, I became conscious that both were held as in a vise. In the east end of my cabin, just at the head of my bed, was a small window. By the light of the moon streaming in at this window I saw that two men had me by the wrists, while a third was holding a big knife at my heart.

“What do you want?” I asked.

“We want your money,” said the man with the knife.

“I have no money,” said I. “Everybody about here knows that I have not money enough to pay my men.”

“*Oro, oro!*” cried the fellow, pricking me confoundedly by pressing his knife to my breast; “we want your gold dust. You got plenty gold dust.”

Great as was the danger, I, for some reason, felt perfectly cool; perhaps because the peril came upon me before I had time to get frightened. I determined to argue the case with the fellow,

and keep my gold if possible. I had recognized Basilio as one of those holding my arms, he happening to move his face into the moonlight. “I own that I have some gold dust,” said I, “but it does not belong to me. I owe all my men, and have been saving the dust to pay them. If you rob me, you rob all the people of the *rancheadero*, all the men, the women, and the little children. You not only rob them of what they have now earned, but you rob them of the means of living in the future; you leave them to starve, for if you take the dust, they will work for me no more — the mine will be shut down. All the people will curse you if you take this dust, for it belongs to them.”

This staggered them, and I felt that I had struck the right vein.

“But you can get more gold,” said the villain with the knife.

“No,” said I, “I shall go away. I'll not ask the people to work for me again.”

Basilio, at this juncture, whispered a few words in the ear of the man with the knife. He made a sign to the third man, and falling back a pace or two they held a long, whispered consultation. At the end of this the fellow with the big knife said:

“We have concluded to divide the gold into four parts, — four equal parts, — one for me, one for you, one for this one, and one for this. We know you will have enough left to pay all your debts. If you do not agree to this, you die and we take all.”

I saw at once that I had received their ultimatum. Nothing more was to be gained by talking. “It is hard,” said I, “but some of your cousins must go with half pay, but you are now those who are determined to have it so. If the thing must be done, let it be done fairly and honestly — let us divide it equally to a grain, since that is your idea of what is right. But we can do nothing without a light. There is some

*allato* (a kind of fat wood there used as a substitute for candles) outside of the house ; get some for a light."

There was some of the wood under my bed that was already split, but it did not suit me to say so.

Basilio went out for the wood, and soon called out that he could find no ax.

I said : "The ax is there in the corner by the door."

The big ruffian with the knife sent the man who had remained with him out with the ax.

He had at first hesitated about letting the man go. I laughed outright, and as heartily as ever in my life. "What are you afraid of?" cried I : "two men outside with an ax and one here with a big knife, while I'm here naked in bed with not so much as a toothpick — ha, ha ! — well that is good !"

The ruffian joined in the laugh, then said : "But you are no infant — you are a big strong fellow."

I said : "A bull is also a strong fellow, but what can he do when you have a lasso round his horns and a ring in his nose?"

The fellow said : "It is rather a bad fix," and laughed quite heartily.

"Yes," said I, "it is a bad fix — it makes me nervous. I feel as if a smoke would do me good. There is tobacco and a pipe in a box by the door ; make a cigarito for yourself — there is paper in the box — and fill and light my pipe ; we will take a smoke while they are getting the *allato* — that is, if you are not afraid to trust me with a pipe in my mouth," and I laughed in a lazy, careless way.

The man looked longingly toward the tobacco box, but said nothing, nor did he stir. If I could only get the cut-throat and his knife away from my bed there would be a chance for me. I had already made up my mind that I would only part with my gold with my life. If I permitted myself to be robbed no one would believe my story. I would be ar-

rested and kept in jail till I rotted, or would be sold as a peon.

"Man alive!" cried I, "what are you afraid of? I am not dressed to entertain visitors, or I would get up myself and get the tobacco."

The man started toward the box, but when half way stopped and looked back.

I could hear the ax going outside, and was expecting every moment that the two men would finish their task and come into the house.

My heart beat rapidly when the villain inside again moved forward and went to the tobacco box. After reaching the box he again turned and faced me ; after taking paper and tobacco for a cigarito, he looked again, and while rolling it he was watching me.

Evidently he feared that I would spring out of the bed and get my Winchester, which was hanging above the door. But all the time I was grasping a self-cocking revolver that was under my pillow.

I wanted to make sure of him, and was waiting for him to again turn toward the box before firing. As I was thus watching my man the strokes of the ax ceased, and I heard the sound of voices. There was no time to lose. The pair outside were coming.

Suddenly rising to a sitting position, and throwing both feet out upon the floor, I fired at the fellow just as he had finished his cigarito and put it into his mouth. He had seen me rise, and grasping his knife was in the act of darting upon me when I fired the shot.

With the report of the pistol he bounded forward with uplifted knife, and fell on his knees beside the bed within a foot of where I was seated. I sprang up, and was about firing again when his head fell forward upon the bed, showing me that he was dead, or at least out of the fight.

I had time no more than to glance at the fallen man before the two who were outside burst in at the door. I fired two



shots at them in quick succession. One uttered a cry of pain, and both retreated,

I ran to the door, and by the light of the moon saw them running away. As I raised my pistol one of them fell. The other ran on down the trail that led in the direction of the *ranchadero*—shanty-town. I sent after him two or three shots, but he ran on.

The man who fell lay beside the trail within twenty yards of the door of my cabin. I went out to him and found him still alive. It was Basilio. I asked him if he was much hurt.

"I am shot in the breast and bowels," said he. "I must die."

Then he began crying: "*Aqua, aqua — me quiere aqua.*"

I went into my cabin and brought out to him an olla of water, and he drank the whole almost at a gulp. Then he said: "You *un amigo*—no *enemigo*."

He then began to complain of feeling cold, and I got a blanket and put it over him, also placed a pillow under his head, he all the time muttering that I was "a friend and no enemy."

"Yes, Basilio, I have always been your good friend, but tonight you was a bad friend to me."

He said he had been led into the trouble by the other men, but had only agreed to join with them after they had sworn not to kill me. He said that what I had said about its being a robbery of all his people had made him wish to pre-

vent anything being done; that the reason they were so long about the splitting of the *allato* was because he was trying to get the other man to agree with him to run to the door and call out that some one was coming, and so prevent the robbery. Again and again he begged my forgiveness, and said that he was sorry.

I told him I was also sorry, and asked him to forgive me for what I had done to him. This quite overcame him, and he grasped my hand and burst into tears.

Again he began to cry, "Water, water—give me water!"

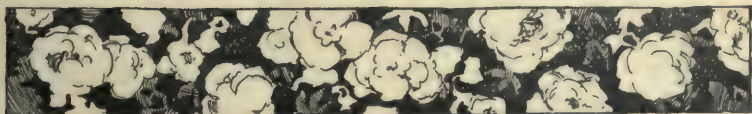
I brought him another olla of water, and gulping it down he fell back upon his pillow, gave a gasp or two, and was dead.

Covering the dead man's face with the blanket I returned to my cabin. The dead robber still remained on his knees with his head resting upon the bed, just as he had fallen.

It appeared strange to me that he should rest so. Lighting a stick of *allato* I found him pinned fast to the bed. When he made his death rush at me he had, in falling, driven his big double-edged knife through his left hand, and deep into the edge of the bed.

On lifting the head I found the face a strange one to me. I left the body as I found it, saying to myself, "Let it give its evidence."

Dan. De Quille.



## FLOTSAM.



ND so my little gal's  
comin' home.  
And comin'  
home to stay.  
To only think of  
her leavin' her  
aunt's fine house  
and fine com-  
pany, jest  
on account  
of her old  
father bein'  
lonesome  
with-  
out her  
on next  
Christ-  
mas

day! Well, well! What do you say to that, Flotsam, my lad?"

"Say? Why, Cap'n, I should say it's just first-rate!"

"And so it is. She's a first-rate one, is my little gal. No fear of *her* gettin' spiled by goin' away. Now jest to think of her consideration for me! *that's* the pint of the matter. There's her aunt done her best to keep her, so she says, for the holidays—wants her to see what Christmas times in New York City looks like—but her old daddy stands first, bless her! Well, well; 't will be a merry Christmas for us this year, sure enough."

Captain Jasper folded his precious letter with careful hands, and stowed it away in the capacious wallet he always carried in his breast pocket; then taking off his silver-rimmed spectacles, wiped them with a red silk handkerchief, smiling happily all the while. The tallow dip in the old-fashioned brass candlestick on the table might have been magically converted into a crystal chandelier,

glittering with a hundred jets, so suddenly and brilliantly had the homely little parlor become illuminated in the eyes of its two occupants by the bare anticipation of the presence that was to grace it soon. For it wanted but one week to Christmas day.

While Captain Jasper sat musing, with his horny finger tips pressed together, and the smile still playing around his benevolent mouth, Flotsam got himself up in a shambling way, and stole out into the balcony that overhung the river in front of the house. Above and beneath him glittered the stars, countless specks of radiance reflected from heaven's vapory dome in the shining water. On the opposite bank glowed another line of lights, guardians of the sleeping town that stretched away into the shelter of the western hills. Chill silence brooded over all; a bell from a church-tower in the town chimed faintly the hour of eleven. Flotsam looked up, and as he lifted his rugged and unlovely face towards the stars, it seemed glorified in their tender light. His heart throbbed with tumultuous joy, a joy that could find no expression save in a sudden intense, yearning thankfulness to the Creator of the beautiful, happy world around him, the world that contained Lilly Jasper, the fairest, to him, of all its creatures,—Lilly, who was coming home.

She had always been so sweet and kind to him, this gentle Lilly. As children they had played together down by the boathouse, sometimes building forts in the sand, sometimes clambering into the light boats that danced at their moorings, and playing that they were going off on a long voyage to some distant fairy shore. She never laughed at



his homely looks and awkward ways, or called him by the nickname he had of late years learned to despise; to her he was always "George." George Mason was his baptismal name; he knew no other, and it was thus he subscribed himself on the rare occasions when his signature was in demand.

Captain Jasper had found him floating in the river, a baby too young to struggle for life, about a mile further down; had rescued him, brought him home, and reared him as a son. Whether he had tumbled in, or had been purposely left there to perish; who were his parents; where they lived, or whether they lived at all,—these were points on which he was profoundly ignorant, and likely to continue so. All his preserver's efforts to clear up the mystery surrounding him had proved futile, and there perforce the matter rested. The Captain, though he chose him a name and had him properly invested with it, called him "Flotsam" in kindly jest, and rather as a term of endearment, for all his benevolent impulses went out to the little forsaken lad; and as Flotsam he was generally known. He had not suffered the persecution at the hands of his companions that his condition seemed likely to draw down upon him, for he was simple and goodnatured and entirely inoffensive; still it was in the nature of things that he should feel himself different from the rest, and the knowledge was not devoid of bitterness.

Lilly had gone the winter before to visit her father's half-sister, a New York merchant's rich widow, who being childless would fain have kept the girl (who was rarely pretty and refined) always with her. But Lilly loved her father and her California home too well for that; and nothing would have induced the Captain to move or to change his mode of life. He was the owner of one of the river steamers, and of most of the pleasure-craft under his charge, which during the summer season were in great de-

mand; and being a man experienced in navigation, and of equal shrewdness and integrity in business matters, was quite an authority in his little world.

Lilly, his only child, was his treasure and his pride; and now she was coming back to brighten the home her absence had made so dull. Great preparations were set on foot to celebrate her return. The old house was scrubbed, and scoured, and whitened, the furniture polished, and the parlor made gay — painfully gay — with a brilliant carpet and rainbow curtains. As to the "little gal's" own sanctum, no pains were spared to transform that into a miracle of brightness and beauty, so that it might not suffer by contrast with the fine surroundings to which she had grown accustomed. And thus in gladsome bustle the intervening time slipped by.

It was late one evening that she came. They had expected her all day, and after three expeditions to the railway station where they were to meet her, had given her up. "She'll be here tomorrow," the Captain said, as he soothed his disappointment with that ever faithful friend and comforter, his pipe; but even as he spoke Flotsam called out joyfully "She's here now, Cap'n!" and both started up to greet the radiant figure in the doorway, shadowed by a taller and darker one that stood behind her.

In the first joy of the welcoming, the presence of an intruder was scarcely heeded, but after that a little chill fell upon at least two of the group. Lilly presented "Aunt's nephew, Doctor Vane," and the Captain promptly tendered him the hospitality of his house; after which Lilly ran up stairs to divest herself of her traveling gear, leaving the visitor to make his own explanations. A fortunate chance, he said, had necessitated his paying a visit to the Pacific Coast at this time, and he esteemed it a privilege to have been Miss Jasper's escort during at least a portion of her journey. There had been an accident

on the road, causing the delay in their arrival, and of this he made an entertaining little history, to which the Captain listened with interest.

He was a slight, fair, rather handsome man of about thirty; his manner in addressing his host was as courteous as if the latter had been a millionaire, and the scene of their interview a brown-stone front on Madison Avenue. Flotsam sat in the background, and inspected him with inexperienced eyes, at once fascinated and offended by the outward details that marked him as a being of an unknown sphere,—the simple, perfectly cut garments, with their indescribable air of adaptation to the wearer, the spotless collar and cuffs, the plain gold studs, and dark seal ring adorning a white and shapely hand; Flotsam's gaze, traveling from this point to the rough brown paws clasped over his own corduroy knees, and thence vibrating uneasily between his big, dusty, clumsily-laced shoes and the feet of the New Yorker in their polished French coverings.

This mental inventory was interrupted by a light touch on his shoulder; a soft voice murmured in his ear, "How nice it is to be at home again, George, and how pretty my room looks! I *know* you fixed it all."

"Do you like it, Lilly?" A warm blush of delight suffused his face, and his heart throbbed as she slid down on the chintz-covered bench beside him. "Yes, I did fix it, mostly; your father helped *some*. But are you truly glad to get home?"

"Why, I should think so! how could I help it? It just seems lovely. And I want you"—she lowered her tone to a whisper—"to help me show Doctor Vane everything, and make him like California; he has never been here before. You'll take us down the river tomorrow, won't you? We'll picnic at the Cedars, and bring home some Christmas berries; I see you have n't got any yet."

"I might have thought of it!" said

Flotsam, conscience stricken.

"O, it's all the better! I like the fun of getting them."

"How long is — *he* — going to stay?"

"A week or two, maybe. You and he will be friends, I know; he's ever so nice. He is Aunt Flora's husband's nephew, you know; so we are sort of cousins, I suppose."

"Well, not exactly," rejoined Flotsam with a touch of resentment. "Have you asked him to stay *here*?"

"Father will, I know. He can have the little south room off the pantry; he isn't a bit fussy. And, George, I have brought you the loveliest Christmas present in my trunk."

"You're always good to me, Lilly," he answered a little wistfully. Her soft hand was touching his, and he longed to clasp it, to hold it passionately against his heart, to tell her something of the wild hopes surging there; but with a little nod and smile she jumped up, and went over to where her father was sitting.

She pressed close to his side, leaning her cheek on his shoulder and fondling his hand in hers, at the same time dipping into the conversation between his guest and himself with some playful remark. Dr. Vane smiled at her and answered in the same strain; there was evidently no formality in their intercourse. The Captain's fine rugged face was illumined with happiness; the three chatted sociably together, and Flotsam finding himself quite outside the circle presently rose and went silently away.

He climbed to his bedroom under the roof, opened the window, and looked out; the stars shone, the water rippled, as on that evening when he had thought about Lilly's coming home. Somehow a blank and a chill had fallen over the familiar scene; the sound of laughter floating up from below jarred on his ears.

"Why did that chap come here?" he muttered to himself. "He ain't *our* kind."



And simultaneously there flashed through his mind the thought,— Was Lilly, with her delicate face and dainty ways, one of *their* kind?

The next day, although Christmas eve, was mild and bright. They went down the river, as Lilly had planned; there was no wind, so Doctor Vane and Flotsam rowed, and the boy noted with surprise the masterly fashion in which the city man handled his oar. Lilly had the tiller; she was in gay spirits, and chattered nonsense all the way. They landed at a grove where the thick greenery was enriched by clusters of vivid scarlet berries; they had brought a basket to carry these home, and were soon busily gathering the spoils. Vane kept at Lilly's side, pulling down branches that were out of her reach, and moving all chance obstacles that she encountered.

"I'm tired," she said at last. "Come with me and I'll show you our house; it's just a little way farther on."

"Our house?" he echoed interrogatively.

"George's and mine. We built it together, when we were little things—O, ever so long ago! At least, he built it and I looked on; and it has been growing and growing ever since, until it has become quite a mansion. You see it is made of trees, with vines for the curtains, and there are windows and a door; it is really quite beautiful inside. See, here it is. Why, George has been working here lately, I do believe, getting it all ready for me! How good of you, George!"

She turned with a glowing face to thank him, but he was not in hearing distance. Doctor Vane walked forward into the trim arbor and looked around.

"Very pretty—very artistic," he remarked. "Your—ah—young friend does not appear to be very sociably inclined."

"He is shy, I suppose," said Lilly rather absently, plucking off a twig.

They lingered a minute or two, then strolled back to the landing. Flotsam was sitting in the boat with the basket of berries between his knees; he looked around unwillingly as Lilly called to him.

"Come, George, we are going to have our lunch; it's time."

"I don't want any, thanks," he answered curtly. "I ain't hungry."

So the Doctor and Lilly shared the repast, and made merry over it; and Flotsam sat in the boat with his back towards them, and nursed a dull pain in his heart.

They rowed homeward more silently than they had come; a gray mist had engulfed the sunshine, and Lilly, drawing her shawl around her, shivered and complained of the cold.

"Cold! after New York!" said Vane jestingly.

"One expects to be cold in New York. Here it is different. Somehow things don't seem to be exactly as they were when I went away," said Lilly, half pettishly.

Doctor Vane smiled at her in a friendly, indulgent way, but she would not meet his eye. Something had gone wrong; what it was she did not know, but the brightness of the day was over.

Christmas passed quietly, then one or two days more, and still the visitor lingered, urged by the Captain, who said "he might as well stop right along; there war n't no hurry so long as his business didn't need him." What the nature of this was nobody inquired; Flotsam surmised that his one object in coming to California was to "fool round Lilly." This youth regarded Vane with a dark jealousy and suspicion of which the others had no inkling; but Lilly noticed his changed demeanor, and felt annoyed that he should behave with such incivility to a guest.

She was sitting with the Doctor one day on the balcony, discussing the feasi-

bility of a sail. The sky was murky and threatened rain, but there was a lovely breeze, and they were unwilling to give up the project.

"I don't know anything about this wonderful climate of yours," said Vane, "so I can't give an opinion. There goes your friend; we'll ask his judgment." And leaning over the rail he called out, "Hallo, Flotsam; will it rain today, do you think?"

Flotsam turned, and looked upward with a scowl. "My name is Mason, Doctor Vane," he said, roughly, "and I want you to remember it. I don't know nothing about the rain, and I don't care."

"Now that's too bad," said Vane, good-naturedly; "I am sure I did not mean any offence. The fact is," he added to Lilly as Flotsam passed on. "I am so used to hearing your father address him by that name, it comes naturally to my lips. I'll go after him and apologize."

"No, pray do not," said Lilly, much vexed; "he had no right to speak to you so rudely. Nearly everybody calls him Flotsam, and I don't see why he should mind *your* doing it, especially."

"I shall be more careful in future," said Vane.

"I can't think," pursued Lilly, "what has come over him lately. He is entirely changed, and seems cross or unhappy, I don't know which, all the time. He used to be such a good-tempered boy!"

"I think," said Vane, with some hesitation, "I can explain the change."

"She looked at him inquiringly; he met her eyes frankly, but she saw his color rise.

"Lilly," he said gently, using her Christian name for the first time, "don't call me presumptuous if I tell you that Flotsam is jealous. He thinks that I have come here to usurp his place in your regard."

"To usurp his place!" she echoed.

"Yes. I have found out that he loves you."

Lilly flushed vividly, and her eyes fell.

"He is — he has been like my brother always," she hurriedly murmured.

"But *I* am not and can never be like your brother," said Vane, "and I have found out that I — also love you."

He put out his hand to touch hers, but at that instant Captain Jasper's cheery voice was heard calling to his "little gal," and with a strong sense of relief Lilly rose and made her escape into the house. Her heart throbbed high, but whether with pain or with triumph she would have found it hard to tell.

Vane sat with folded arms, his eyes fixed on the water; his own feelings were in a whirl. "I might do worse," was the thought that passed through his mind. "She does no discredit to a New York drawing-room, — my mother admires her, and she is by far the most charming girl I know."

The old year passed away in sighs and tears. It was rather dreary inside the old house, but Vane had occupation enough for his eyes and his mind. Now that he had made his plunge, he could permit himself the indulgence of continually seeking and discovering new perfections in Lilly, although she was shy of him, and had given him no further opportunity of speaking. He was not conceited enough to feel sure of her, but he did not in the least regret what he had done.

"We'll have a big bowl of egg-nog, and see the new year in," said the captain. "Do you ever follow that fashion in New York, Doctor?"

"Yes, often; in fact, we have all sorts of jollification," answered Vane, ready to lend himself to any plan for promoting cheerfulness. "I am a capital hand at egg-nog, if Miss Lilly will accept my services."

"Flotsam, lad, you'll bring the heavy bowl from the pantry, and help Lilly with the other things," said the old gentleman. "Now, Doctor, you and me'll clear off the table and make room. You



see I don't stand on ceremony — want you to feel yourself at home."

"For which I am under obligations," rejoined Vane, with his pleasant smile. "I should be very sorry to have you treat me as a stranger."

In perfect silence Lilly and Flotsam went together in quest of the necessary articles; she longed to speak a friendly word to him, but his manner deterred her.

It had grown very cold, and the Captain brought in fresh logs and piled them on the fire; the flames leaped up, illuminating the room with a ruddy glow. Outside, the wind moaned like a forsaken spirit; the tide was rising, and the Captain remarked that "he guessed this was n't the worst of the storm." They gathered round the table, and Vane, laughingly taking an egg from Lilly's hand, was just declaring that he should not permit her to interfere with his business, when a sound like a cry of distress startled them all.

"What's that?" tremulously exclaimed Lilly, and Vane paused to listen.

Again the sound came, far off and indistinct, yet indescribably eerie and thrilling in its seeming plea for help.

"Somebody's in the current at Black Bend," cried Flotsam, and like a flash he was gone.

"Here, let me come with you," said Vane, and snatching up his hat he followed the boy out, but Flotsam was already lost to sight.

Straining his eyes in the darkness, the Doctor presently saw the swiftly moving form leap down a steep embankment to the river's edge, and then run on. Not familiar with this path, but unwilling to lose time in taking a more roundabout course, Vane stumbled along in the thick gloom, managing by instinct rather than the use of his eyes to keep sufficiently away from the bank. The cry was not repeated, and there was no other sound to guide him, but suddenly at an abrupt turn of the stream he came

upon Flotsam, crouching and trying to peer into the water, which at this point swirled and foamed angrily in its deep but narrow bed.

"It must have been here — right here," said Flotsam, speaking to himself. "If I'd only my lantern —"

"Why on earth didn't you bring it?" asked Vane, impelled by excitement to speak more roughly than he was aware of. "We can see nothing without it."

As he spoke, the moon gleamed out faintly from the drifting clouds, casting a pale glow over the wild scene. Close by, in the seething water, rose a glistening black mass of rocks, which caught the current in its impetuous flow, and whirled and dashed it angrily about their jagged sides, then sent it onward with fresh impetus into a deep basin where the waters gathered in a hollow of the shore. It was the one dangerous spot on the river, which, not twenty yards away, resumed its tranquil course, and stretched out in a fair and broad expanse.

Flotsam turned fiercely, springing to his feet, and making a step forward. "Who asked you —" he began, but the words died on his lips. Vane, surprised, started slightly back, lost his footing, and in an instant was over the bank and struggling in the water.

A splendid swimmer by education and practice, he was helpless under the present condition of things, — ignorant of his surroundings, unable to grasp anything, and vainly trying to resist the pressure of the current, which threatened to sweep him against the rocks.

Flotsam stood still, transfixed; his limbs seemed paralyzed, but through all his frame quivered a thrill of guilty joy. "He's gone, damn him," he muttered; then suddenly with a cry of self-loathing, with the word "murderer" shrieked by a thousand fiends of fancy in his ears, he tore off his coat and flung himself after Vane, yet with but a slight chance of regaining safety for

the two of them. The moon had vanished, and darkness again prevailed.

Suddenly the long rays of a lantern flickered along the shore.

"Flotsam!—Doctor! are you there? What's wrong?" cried the Captain's stentorian tones, changing from simple anxiety, to horror and dismay with his next exclamation: "For God's sake, boys, hold on till I come!"

A coil of rope he had brought with him was flung out, and Flotsam managed to seize it and secure it around Vane's body and his own; a minute later, and the iron muscles of the old man were brought successfully into play to land them, but he shook his head when he looked into Vane's unconscious face.

"I'm afraid it's too late," he said. "Flotsam, lad, go you up to the house and get things ready; make up a bed on the sofa in front of the fire; ask Lilly to have hot water and blankets; don't scare her, poor little gal—she thinks a sight of the Doctor."

How much she thought of him, Lilly only found out when she knelt beside his motionless form, and secretly pressed her lips and her wet cheek to his cold hand under the covering. The feeble hand stirred, as if that electric touch had warmed anew its frozen life-current; the closed lids quivered, and

a low, broken sigh told the Captain his vigorous efforts had not been in vain.

And so the Doctor was saved; but what of Flotsam?

Nobody knew where he was. At the first sign of Vane's restoration he slipped away, and was seen no more. The next morning when the Captain, supposing that he had overslept, went to call him, he found that his room had not been occupied in the night. He sought everywhere—in the boathouse, in his favorite haunts along the shore and under the bridge, and even in the green arbor he had built for Lilly, where so many of their childhood's hours had been spent. Long was the search continued, but he was not found. From an unknown source he had come to them, into unknown regions he had vanished, leaving no trace behind.

Peacefully between its green banks the broad river runs; the old boathouse is there, and there the light boats dance at their moorings still. And down at Black Bend the current foams and seethes, and is torn by the cruel edges of the rocks. But is it only in a dream that a white face pillowed on the bed below turns upward to the stars that shine dimly through the turbulent water, like the promises of God upon a troubled heart?

*Fannie M. P. Deas.*







## IF WE COULD KNOW.

FATHER of light, if we could only know  
In surety that the little good we do  
Served in its way to help some other soul;  
And that our piteous habit here below  
Of hoping what our aching hearts want true,  
Would some time bring us to the longed-for goal,—  
Then would our way seem hopeful, clear, and sweet,  
And we should journey on with willing feet.

Is it so much, this guerdon that we ask?  
Now fear as heavy as new-broken wings  
Hangs on us, lest we do unconscious wrong.  
But if upon us groping at 'our tasks  
Came the clear light that this assurance brings,  
There would be comfort for us sweet as song,  
And radiance, and the breath of peace be there,  
Like soft leaf-whisperings echoing everywhere.

*Francis E. Sheldon.*



## A NEW YEAR'S EVE IN NEW MEXICO.



OME years since the danger to wayfarers on the main road leading from southeastern Arizona to New Mexico from renegade Apaches was great. In response to urgent solicitations from the alarm-

ed settlers, the commanding general of the military department of Arizona established a cordon of small picket posts, under trusted non-commissioned officers, at the intersections of the road with the principal Indian trails, which wound in and out along shallow streams and dry gulches, through deep, rugged ravines and steep mountain passes, and traversing the country in all directions.

One of the points selected as requiring special vigilance, as it was situated on one of the principal Apache war trails, was Burro Springs, at the foot of the western spur of the Burro Mountains, some fifty miles from Silver City, New Mexico, on the road between San Simon and Piños Altos, some twelve miles north of the Gila river.

This trail was a favorite one of the marauders, as it made an easily concealed short cut across country in the direction of Chihuahua, almost as far as Sinaloa, — two of Mexico's northern provinces. Leaving the reservation, almost always after drawing their monthly rations, or semi-annual allowance of variegated, shoddy clothing and bright red woolen blankets, they usually crossed the San Carlos river immediately above the agency, ascended the western bank of

the Gila to a point a little below the sub-agency, some twenty miles above the main one, forded the river, and striking northeasterly towards Ash Creek, crossed the Gila range and Peloncillo mountains at Bonita Creek and Rio del Prieto, traversed the *mal pais*, — bad lands, — and the Burros, and descended, through Grant county, New Mexico, into Chihuahua and Sonora, where they harried, plundered, and murdered, at leisure and pleasure, — except when, on rare occasions, they encountered Mexican troops, which they generally whipped.

To the traveler coming from the gradually ascending, uninteresting cactus strewn plains, bordering the Gila thereabouts, the general aspect of the Burro Mountains is most pleasing, as they loom up and close the prospect in the misty blue of far away distance; and as he comes nearer to them their abrupt, wooded sides, and pine and fir-covered dome-like summits, rising like heaps of cloud of light and dark green intermixed from their base of rolling foothills, give them features of distinct individuality in the midst of their surroundings. They seem to rise out of clusters of small orchards, for the mesquites of the plains, — in general form like apple trees, although their foliage has a feathery fineness, — growing at first wide apart here and there, gradually come closer together as the altitude increases, until they are replaced by the sugar pines, firs, and cedars; and the orchard-like appearance is enhanced by the white and black gramma and other short, curly, nutritious grasses, unrolling like a closely cropped sward underneath the trees.

Running in and out from among the mesquite orchards until they reach the alluvial plain and meet the Gila, are nu-



merous small lateral ravines or gulches, resulting from gradual erosion. These connect with a labyrinthine maze of deeper and more complicated indentations and box cañons in the mountains, with steep, wooded, arroyo-seamed sides admirably adapted for the concealment of an ambushing party where they debouch upon the road; or to cover its hurried march across country,—a desideratum to which the Apache warriors attached great importance in their lightning raids.

The Burro Sierras consist of the Big Burros and the Little Burros, which are merely a continuation of the first in a gradually diminishing span. The whole system is a jumble of mountains, thrown up and standing in social groups, their eastern base falling away in terraces, from each of which, in an increasing scale, the wide-spreading landscape below reveals itself, map-like, for vast distances in bird's eye views, as one ascends towards the summits; while on the western side the descent towards the mesquite orchards is in long, even slopes, until the candelabra-like saguaros and mescal bearing plains are reached, with their nopals and charambullas, and other varieties of the cactus family.

Throughout the entire system game of all kinds indigenous to that section,—cinnamon and black bear, Virginia and black-tailed deer, wild turkey and quail, and cottontail rabbit—was still abundant, and a scouting or raiding party crossing it could always depend on procuring a supply sufficient to last several days after getting beyond it.

There is a streak of country crossing the Burros which seems to be the especial habitat of the silver gray cactus rat, of which the Apaches are exceedingly fond as an article of diet, and which is always found in the range of the *Agave Americana* or mescal melocactus. This rodent, the handsomest of its species,—a branch of the *Didomys* genus,—colonizes among the roots of the saguarra

and other stem cactuses of the grandiflora, gnawing the roots to get at the succulent sap; and eventually, in the course of time, the cactus pines away, the upper part of its stem drying up and dying first.

When an Apache sees the top of a saguarra turning yellow while its lower part is still a vivid green, with its small red flowers adhering to the trunk, he knows that the rats have their burrows beneath, and he turns aside and roots up the colonists, which he kills with much glee, and hangs by the tails to the cartridge-belt around his waist,—together with such scalps as he may have picked up by the way,—until the time comes for his next meal.

Under the combined circumstances of the Burros forming a natural covered way for the Indian raiding parties, and the assurance of plenty of food while in them, their predilection for these wild and almost inaccessible recesses was not to be wondered at.

The picket at Burro Springs consisted of five privates of the Twelfth Regiment of United States Infantry, under Sergeant Buford. Their camp,—three small tents, protected in the rear by a mass of natural masonry, and in front by a small earth breastwork constructed by the squad,—was established in close proximity to the springs, jutting out from underneath a chaotic pile of volcanic rocks, thrown up in some long past subterranean convulsion and eruption near the road.

A short distance below it, on the other side of the way, stood a small log cabin, in which lived a settler named Smith, who, with his family, consisting of his wife, one grown-up daughter, and two smaller ones not yet in their teens, had preëmpted a land claim of one hundred and sixty acres which, owing to the springs on it, was valuable in that dried-up section of the country. These people, on account of their dangerously exposed situation, right in the midst of the

Apache war trail, were very glad to have the soldiers, few as they were, camped near them; and in return for their "*Garde douloureuse*,"—for it was nothing else, with the addition of being very *ennuyeuse* besides,—generously supplied them freely with butter and eggs, fresh milk and buttermilk, and the like.

These things were very welcome to the men, who returned the favors of the Smith family, not only by their protective guard, but also by doing all sorts of chores that came handy to them. They brought water and hauled wood, and almost every evening some one of Uncle Sam's boys, in his blue uniform, would be seen driving home the cows in the gloaming, with his musket, half cocked, on his shoulder, and his eyes glancing sharply to the right or left, on the look-out for Indian signs; while another, with his uniform coat and gun lying on the ground beside him, and his shirt sleeves rolled up above his elbows, sat on a rickety three-legged stool, with a tin pail between his knees, milking some old "muley" as best he could—her calf alongside looking curiously at the novel milk-maid, and waiting there patiently for his betters to be served before taking his turn.

And it thus came about that pretty Polly Smith,—sweet sixteen and two over,—instead of wasting her sweetness upon the desert air of the Burros, and sighing her young life away, as before, in useless repinings for the lover that came not, found herself all at once, owing to the Department orders, a much-sought-after belle, with more beaux to her string from among the temporarily bucolic sons of Mars than she could attend to or know what to do with. But Private Timothy Timrod, being fat and jolly like herself, and very winning in his ways besides, came first in the race for her favor; Sergeant Buford, with his more patrician patronymic, coming up in gallant style a short distance in rear of his subordinate.

Private Timrod was a broth of an Irish boy from County Cork, who had landed at one jump, for reasons known to himself, from Castle Garden into the United States army, through the necessarily intervening hoop of the New York recruiting office, and had been drafted thence, with other embryo warriors of foreign birth, to Arizona for regular army officers to fight the Indians with. He loved two things in this world above all others—women and whisky; he hardly knew which best. He stood in awe of but two—the Devil and the Apaches; he had no doubts, whatever, which most; he was firmly convinced that the Apaches were far worse than the Devil.

He was very fond of hunting—close to the camp—remarkably so, indeed, considering that he never had had a gun in his hands before he was presented with one by the United States. But he had a hard time between his love of gunning for game, and his fear of being made game himself, especially after dark, when his interest in the pursuit of whatever he was after had taken him unawares, some distance from camp, and when, under the fantastic hallucination of his craven heart and muddled brains, every bush and rock on his way homeward assumed the horribly distorted proportions of whole tribes of Apaches on the war-path, closing in upon him from all sides at once, with the most sanguinary intent upon his curly scalp—which he kept rubbing with one hand after the other to assure himself that it was still in its right place, until he was once more safe in his tent among his companions.

The deer were abundant thereabouts, but he was far oftener surprised by them than they were by him. And from the way they stopped on some near ridge, and stared meditatively down on him, trying to pick up by the handful his regulation metallic cartridges as they dropped one by one on the ground from the car-



tridge box that in his buck fever excitement he almost always forgot to close and button up, he must have been an object of interesting surprise to them. Once he had very much surprised a fine buck and himself at one and the same time, by ramming half a dozen cartridges instead of one into the chamber of his gun; and as he pulled the trigger, the deer sprang forward on three legs with the fourth dragging broken behind him, while Timrod sprawled over backwards on the broad of his back, spitting out two of his front teeth with a mouthful of blood, and chokingly muttered, "May the Vargin have mercy on me, it's thunder-struck I am!" and he came back to camp *bredouille*, as he started, and remained on the sick report for a week afterwards.

After this exploit, in which he came near killing with one stone two birds flying in opposite directions, the Sergeant, who did not think it safe for the rest of the squad to be near to Tim if they should be called into action, unless he received further instruction in the use of his gun, took him in hand, and they went out hunting together. This suited Tim perfectly, for as they returned homeward in the gloaming with a haunch of venison slung across the pack-mule's back, and he held on with a firm grip to the mule's tail, with the Sergeant, wide-awake, bringing up the rear behind him, he was relieved for the time being of his haunting Apache fears, and a broad grin shone all over his cheerful countenance at the near prospect of the coming feast.

But if Timrod was mortally afraid of Apaches of whatsoever tribe — Chiricahua or Tonto, Sierra Blanca or Mesquero, — he was not a coward otherwise; very far from it, for when his Irish blood was up, he would have tackled a cross-cut saw, provided it did not wear feathers on its head and a breech-clout around its waist, with a scalping knife stuck into it.

One dark night, on his way back to camp from telling ghost stories to the Smith family, — and it was wonderful how much he knew about Irish banshees and *id genus omne*, — he found a black bear creating havoc in the Smith's pig-pen; and having no weapons about him he attacked his burly adversary with his hands. He first grasped him by the throat and attempted to choke him, but the bear broke away, charged, and hurling his assailant to the ground, began to shake him much as a terrier would a rat. He tore his clothes, cut his face, and finally seizing him by the throat, was about to strangle him, when one of the terror-stricken pigs tried to rush past to another corner. In doing so it struck the bear in the head, and stuck one of its legs into the open mouth of the half-choked Tim, causing him to cough violently.

Bruin was made so furious by this unexpected assault that he left the Irishman and pounced on the porker, which gave vent to a series of blood-curdling screams that roused every animal about the place. The cows began to bellow, the mules and horses to snort. Timrod availed himself of this timely diversion, and scrambling on his feet, jumped on the bear's back, and began beating him over the eyes with his sledge-hammer fists. Then it was Bruin's turn to begin squealing, and man, pig, and bear were yelling in chorus. The din was increased by the arrival of the house-dog, who had been visiting the soldiers' camp in search of gnawable soup bones, and now added his terrific barking and snarling to the already tumultuous clamor.

Timrod, bobbing up and down a-straddle of the bear, and running amuck among the pigs, — jumping over them at one time and jumped over by them at another — at last caught hold of one of his steed's forelegs and gave it such a violent wrench as to sprain it at the elbow. The dog leaped into the pen at this moment and attacked everything he

met, regardless of friend or foe. Tim and the bear, the dog and the hogs, were then engaged in a free fight like Killenny cats, in which all were rather badly damaged, and getting thoroughly pummelled, when it was ended abruptly by the sudden onslaught of a sow with young, whose pen had been broken by the charging. She seized the bear by the other foreleg and held on to it until Timrod was able to kill the intruder with a fence rail, just as old man Smith came up on the run with his shotgun, and was making ready to fire both barrels into the tumbling outfit; which in all likelihood would have settled some of them besides the bear — Tim among the rest.

When he got back to his tent he found his clothes all in tatters, and his face so heavily covered with mud and blood that only his eyes were visible. He felt rather proud of his victory on account of Polly, but it cost him dearly, for it was nearly a month before his numerous wounds were sufficiently healed to enable him to sit in a chair; and he never hankered after any more bear fights, for of the two he would have preferred hugging a rattlesnake.

In the meantime, after he got well his ardent courtship of the fair and plump Polly progressed favorably onward with Irish good fortune in the even tenor of its gradually ascending way,—despite a few spasmodic fits of jealousy of the Sergeant, who every once in a while quietly sailed in on his own hook.

Tim, like a good strategist, availed himself of every fair means in his way to press his suit. He had a sweet, mellow tenor voice, and as once upon a time he had belonged to a glee club, his *répertoire* of Irish melodies and plantation songs constituted quite a fund of enjoyment to his comrades. To see him, of evenings, trying with suspicious care to preserve a graceful balance on a crippled wooden stool at one end of the room, while Miss Polly sat at the other end on an equally rickety chair,—for the furni-

ture of the log cabin was rather primitive as well as worn,—listening, half entranced, to his

“She is the fairest flower —”  
was a sight as pleasing to true lovers as it was interesting to all beholders.

In addition to his other accomplishments he was an excellent dancer; and if in the field a very indifferent nimrod, he became a regular sharpshooter in the Smiths’ log cabin, for as he rose from his peg-leg stool to engage his love for a dance, he hit the left hand andiron in the fire-place every time in the loop with his second handed quid, and a “Bull’s eye! be jabbers!”—to the great admiration of Miss Polly, who from motives of well regulated house keeping and long experience in her own family appreciated marksmanship of that kind. He had taught her to waltz, after a fashion, and as they whirled together in some amazing gyratory movement to the tune of “*Au der schönen blauen Donau*,” played by a German brother in arms upon a broken-down accordeon, they were the observed of all observers.

And in the final lancers quadrille, on gala nights, (under the orchestral leadership of Professor Patrick Maloney, a disreputable looking old tramp of a violinist from Dublin, temporarily laid up with a sore foot and an old fiddle at this way-side Eden) which usually wound up these *noctes ambrosianæ*, Timothy Timrod and Polly Smith took a prominent part at the head of the set, and the poor Sergeant, although commander in chief of the United States forces in the Burros, and another unlucky wight in a blue coat and brass buttons, had to put up with the little sisters at the foot, while father and mother Smith hung and swung one another as in duty bound.

Christmas came, and the whole garri-son of the “*Garde Douloureuse*,” changed for the nonce and the day into a *garde bienheureuse*, sat down in full uniform at the Smiths’ board, loaded to the groaning point with all the obtainable



delicacies of the season in the way of eatables, but, much to the regret and sorrow of Timothy, with a conspicuous absence of drinkables, except in the shape of boiling hot coffee and pure, ice-cold water from the springs,—of which, by the way, he only drank when he could not help himself otherwise, water being, as he said and believed, bad for his stomach. Snow had fallen thickly a few days before, and Smith, as he explained to his guests, had been unable to get over the impassable road to Silver City for something stronger to drink; but he would try and have at least one gallon of whisky for the forthcoming New Year's dinner—to which one and all were respectfully and cordially invited, to meet a few friends of his who had promised to come and eat it with the family. So Tim seasoned his Christmas dinner with the Barmecide flavor of the promised New Year's feast and New Mexican poteen.

Despite the want of the missing stimulus he was, as usual, the life and soul of the dance that evening, and his vocal achievements were on a par with his Terpsichorean feats. So much so that sweet Polly thought,—as they sat together in a dark corner, with his arm around her waist and her shawl thrown over it to hide it from the Sergeant, who threw very suspicious glances in their direction every once in a while,—that such a splendid, captivating fellow as Private Timrod never lived before, and she began to entertain serious intentions of accepting the position of laundress in the United States army which Tim had more than once offered her, together with his whole heart, and fat, chunky hand, and which he reiterated that night after the party broke up, in the angle of the chimney behind the gable.

So forcibly, in point of fact, that as she permitted him to take a lingering goodnight kiss upon her sweetly smiling little red mouth, she almost promised to apply for the place at an early date;

and then, with the bashful coyness of a modest maiden who has said more than she intended, she ran back into the house, while happy Tim proceeded around the corner on his way back to the camp, and to his lonely canvas-sheltered couch, with his knapsack for a pillow.

As he came slowly pondering, near the corral fence, in the roundabout way he had inadvertently taken in his dreamy anticipations of forthcoming bliss with Polly as a regimental laundress, he perceived in the gloom before him a dark form crouching against the fence, which, brought into strong relief by the whitish gray of the peeled cottonwood poles behind it, at once assumed in his Indian-haunted mind the dreaded distinguishing characteristics of an Apache scout on the watch for a scalp; and with his palpitating heart in his wide-open mouth he ran at once as fast as his short legs could carry him in the direction of the camp. As he sped on with the trembling wings of fear, he distinctly heard the swiftly following footfalls of moccasin-shod feet in full chase after him. They sounded louder and closer to his ears, as if gaining on him very fast; he came to the corral well standing in his way, and in his desperation he grabbed hold of the pole rope, with his two hands above his head, and jumping with both feet into the wooden bucket attached to it, away he went, as straight and as swift as a plummet, to the bottom of the well, with the cold water up to his neck.

What became of his supposed pursuer, or how long he remained in the well, was a matter of some doubt to him afterwards; but when Polly went to it early the next morning to draw water for the cows to drink, she found very much to her amazement her lover standing like Truth at the bottom of the well, with the water almost up to his ears, and his teeth chattering like those of a half-drowned cur. His avoidrupois being greater than that of the balancing stone at the other end of the sweep, he had been unable to pull

himself up, and he might have remained in his involuntary bath forever had it not been for Polly's welcome aid, which she extended to him at once by adding her weight to that of the stone, amid her shrieks of irrepressible laughter. As she was no light weight, she no sooner began to pull down the butt of the pole than away shot the other end upward into the air, with Tim, dripping like an unwrung bundle of gunnysacks, hanging to the rope for dear life, with his feet in the bucket and suspended like Mahomet's coffin between heaven and earth.

The Apache did not catch him that time, but poor Tim caught the worst cold he ever had in his life so far, and for several days he was threatened with pneumonia, despite the wonderful decoctions of medicinal herbs he was compelled to swallow red hot to please Miss Polly, which were far worse in his opinion than even cold water, — and that was bad enough inwardly as well as outwardly.

But when New Year's eve came he was all right again and on hand as jolly as ever to see the old year die under its accumulated burden of weal and woe, and to welcome the new one, with whatever ups and downs it might bring him in its yet unknown span.

The expected guests, composed of the half-dozen families who lived within an immediate neighborly vicinity of twenty miles or so, had arrived at the Smiths' homestead without meeting any mishaps on the road, and great preparations were being made for the next day's dinner. Much to Tim's elation, the host had been successful in his search for the promised poteen, and hat nigh tbefore the dancing began the Sergeant mustered his squad in single file, with Tim at the tail end owing to his size, — each in the correct position of the soldier without arms his little finger touching the outer seam of his blue trousers, and his eyes straight to the front full on the whisky bottle in old Smith's hand, — and one by one fol-

lowing their leader as stiff as on parade, they marched up to their jolly landlord, who poured out into a cracked tumbler the fiery mescal ration of half a wine glassful to each man. Professor Maloney after an extra allowance, struck out into a lively heel and toe measure, and away went everybody in pairs and in fours up and down the slab floor, until the roof shook over and over again, and Saint Sylvester never had a pleasanter eve than in the quiet, solitary, far-away nook in the Burro Mountains on that calm winter night.

The Sergeant, in the full blown glory of a bran-new uniform, zig-zagged in and out among the dancers to a seat close to Polly, who was taking a breathing spell, for she was much in demand; and he leaned over her in a quiet whisper, much to poor Tim's disgust and dismay, for that spotless, full-dress coat, with its handsome white facing, looked remarkably well on the gallant, soldierly form of Sergeant Buford; which was more than he could say for the one he wore, for it was the only one he owned, and as he had just been relieved the day before from his turn as kitchen police or camp scullion, the grease spots on it were not few.

But he soon got over his little jealous fit when Polly, with a bright, reassuring glance from her merry eyes, smiled sweetly upon him as he sat half sulking in his corner; and when midnight came, and everybody, tired for the time-being with the somewhat vigorous dancing, sat down anywhere for a short rest, he complied at once when asked for a song, and his rich, mellow voice, flavored with a bit of brogue that made it more charming, floated over their heads on the now still air of the room, in a pensive Irish melody that everybody appreciated, except the house dog outside under the shed, who gave a mournful howl in answer, — very much to everybody's disgust, and they shouted at him with one voice to shut up and go away.



Tim is complimented on his fine singing, and, on being asked for another song, broke out into a merry jingle of words and notes. It pleased everybody again but the house dog, who as soon as Tim ceased, started out once more into the same mournful howl, followed this time by a warning snarl and threatening growl, as if to advise Tim not to begin again.

"What is the matter with that blasted dog?" exclaimed the Sergeant, impatiently, as he rose from his seat near Miss Polly and opened the door to drive him away.

But as he did so, and a flood of bright light shone for a moment from the warm inside upon the cold snow outside, the sharp crack of a rifle was heard upon the midnight air, and Sergeant Buford, with a cry of agony, threw up both his hands above his head, and fell forward dead upon his face in the snow, with his body lying outside and his feet just clear of the door sill — and the fierce Apache yell came from all sides of the house at once; for Ju, the Chiricahua Apache chief, who never knew mercy, had broken out with his whole band from the reservation, and was on his way, as fast as he could go, towards old Mexico, murdering every live thing that he came across.

The hardy frontiersmen, although horrorstruck for a moment, soon recovered their presence of mind. They jumped for the door and closed it in time, and barricaded it with the benches, tables, and all the furniture they could, in their haste, lay their hands on. The soldiers sprang to arms, and punched loopholes through the interstices between the logs to fire upon the foe, who surrounded the house with a belching belt of fire from their Winchester repeaters, while some of them were already on the roof tearing off the shingles.

The children, appalled, shrieked with fear and horror despite their mother's trembling endeavors to keep them quiet,

while the bullets splintered the logs from the outside, and the soldiers, replied with their Springfield rifles as fast as they could reload them, after extinguishing the lights.

But numbers and devilish ingenuity are against them, and the bloody scalps of men, women and children will soon dangle, reeking, from Apache belts, — when all at once, like a thunder clap awaking the reverberating echoes all around, comes a volley of fifty carbines fired in unison, and a clear, sharply-sounding Anglo-Saxon voice rings out commandingly during the momentary stillness that succeeds the volley, "Draw sabers! Keep together! Charge!" And the thundering rush of horses closed in mass at full gallop shakes the house from roof to cellar, and the quick, dull-sounding strokes of the cavalry sabers, as they cleave the Apache skulls from brow to chin, comes upon the ears of the besieged, who answer the sound with a ringing cheer, while the women and children, with tears of relief rolling off their pale cheeks, fall down upon their bended knees to thank God for their timely deliverance.

Then the sound of horses' hoofs returning at a trot is heard, and as they halt in front of the house the same clear, manly voice asks in a quick, sharp tone,

"Are all safe in here?"

To which Tim answers, as he brings his left hand up to his musket in salute,

"All safe and present, Major, except Sergeant Buford — dead."

At daylight next morning, when Polly, still pale with the ghastly pallor of the night's horror, stepped out to feed the cows, she found them all dead, with bullet holes through them. The snow all around the house was trampled and bloody, and large pools of coagulated blood lay here and there all about her; and yonder lay a huge pile of dark, reddish bodies, stark and stiff in death, while nearer, close to the door where he fell, lay Sergeant Buford upon a table

in his new, white-faced uniform, with the shadow of a frozen smile upon his handsome, soldierly face, awaiting burial with the honors of war.

The troop of the Sixth United States Cavalry, which had been on the hot trail of the renegade hostiles ever since they left the reservation, and came up with them just in time, was drawn out, dismounted in double ranks, resting on their arms. A guard of honor, composed of six sergeants, fell out, and Sergeant Buford's body, wrapped up in his blanket, and stretched out upon a board resting on three pickets wrenched off the garden fence, was carried by them, — three on each side, — toward its last resting place.

As they moved forward slowly, slightly bending under the burden of their dead comrade, the double line of ranks wheeled to the right into column of fours, and slowly and silently followed with carbines reversed, until they reached the volcanic rocks near the springs among which on a narrow level spot a grave yawns open under a cedar tree, and the column wheeled once more into line facing it, and rested on their arms with their heads bowed down upon their hands crossed upon the butts of their carbines unreversed.

Gently, tenderly, as if with women's hands, the guard of honor lowered the body into it and stepped back, while the Major advanced with head uncovered, and as he dropped with slow intervals the :

"Earth to earth — dust to dust"

into the grave at his feet, he repeated solemnly over it the sacred promise of the Lord of the quick and the dead :

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord : he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live ; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

As he stepped back, a firing party of twelve men advanced quickly, and fired over the grave the three farewell volleys to him who no longer heard. And as

the mountain echoes absorbed the loud reports, and silence reigned once more, and the smoke of the carbines slowly rose in fast dissolving bluish circles above the soldiers' heads, from the foot of the grave, out of a cavalry trumpet, the sweetly sad, half-solemn notes of "taps" — extinguish lights — ascended slowly on the calm morning air, floating in gradually lessening cadences, until the last note died away in a gentle, long-drawn sigh in the far-off distances of the Burro Mountains.

Then the sharply uttered command :

"Fours right—Column left—March!" rang briskly once more, and the line broke away to the right and left into column and change of direction again, and with trumpets sounding a quickstep, moved out from among the rocks towards the house ; where the tune changed into "Boots and saddles," and the cavalry column mounted and dashed away upon the smoking trail of the remaining Apache warriors : While Tim and his comrades of the infantry, slowly, mournfully, with grieving hearts and silent tongues, and eyes damp with unwonted moisture, filled up the lonely, almost unknown grave, in which Sergeant John Buford, Twelfth Regiment of United States Infantry, is to sleep in —

"The perfect peace of that long, long rest,  
In the ground where the dead are sleeping,"

until he wakens once more to answer "Here" to his name at the roll call of the great final reveille.

Quieter times have come since then upon the lonely Burro Springs ; for Ju was killed by Crook's soldiers in the almost inaccessible fastnesses of the Sierra Madre in Mexico, and Geronimo, Nané, Chihuahua, Mangas, Kantenné, and other bloodthirsty Apache chiefs are slowly pining their lives out in distant Florida, far, far away from the land of their birth and the resting place of the bones of their fathers, which they made so long



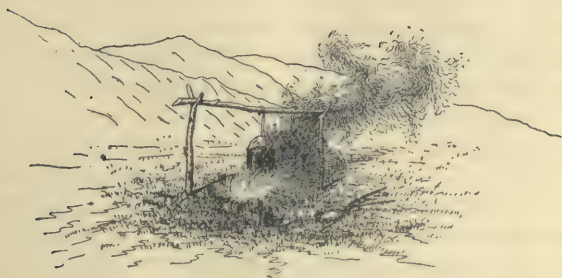
a dark and bloody ground to the anglo-saxon invader.

The little log house of the Smith family, very much improved, still stands where it stood on that sanguinary New Year's eve, and Polly may be seen any day in the year coming out of its door, with two little curly-pates who look remarkably like Timothy Timrod hanging to her apron on each side of her. She is not a laundress in the Twelfth regulars, for Tim acted like a sensible man when his term of office expired. He respectfully but very decidedly declined to accept another blanket for five years more from Uncle Sam, for he was sick of his Indian fighting experiences, in which—like his betters,—he was shot at in front by the Apaches, kicked in the rear by their Eastern friends, and abused all around for doing his duty as best he knew how for the honor and welfare of Columbia's happy land. He went back, by hook and crook, but as straight and as fast as he could, to the little nook in the asinine Burros, and married Polly

and her whole family. And when any old discharged soldier of the Sixth Cavalry,—many of whom are now ranchmen in New Mexico,—knocks at his humble door for hospitality,—he is gladly welcomed to everything in the house.

Among the volcanic rocks overhanging the springs, under a large cedar tree which is kept trimmed and neat, is a little plot of ground that is almost always green, no matter how dry the season may be. It is surrounded by wild rose bushes, on which, as the summer wanes away, the flowers remain blooming much later than on those growing in the romantic dells of the foothills of the Burro Mountains. Under the tree is a rustic bench on which Polly and Tim love to sit and commune with one another in the summer Sunday gloamings, and little Timothy and toddling John Buford hush their small footsteps as they cull the wild flowers, for a dear friend of papa and mamma is sleeping under the big rose bush, and they fear to wake him.

*A. G. Tassin.*



## THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

THE DOORBELL TELLS THE STORY.



THEY err who attribute thought to organized beings alone, for I believe that is the term by which the human race endeavors to

distinguish a species of creation, whose beginning is mystery and whose end is doubt, from honest substance, whose existence is manifest, and whose transition from one form to another can be determined by exact chemical laws. Be this as it may, this same arrogant human race goes on classifying all creation, denying intellect and feeling to one set of two-legged creatures and accrediting them to others, with an irrationality quite embarrassing to an earnest searcher after truth. Meanwhile, pressing close about them on every side are a myriad of forms of life conscious, sensate, rational beings, who do not owe their powers of perception to a disgusting mass of pulp called brain, or to bundles of disagreeable, unreliable, uncontrolled, torturing nerve fibres.

Few of the inferior race have arrived at the most imperfect conception of the wondrous creation in which they play a minor part. The true musician, softly touching ivory keys or fingering delicate strings, which thrill to his sympathetic touch, comprehends that here exists an individuality not less masterful than his own, and it is only when he

invokes the soul of the instrument that he can find expression for the higher sentiments which move him. The artist, bending servile over his canvass or blindly mimicking the alchemy of nature, learns that the true stump beside him, the rock upon which he sits, the clouds that flit through the air above him—aye! even the arm and hand which he imagines dominated by his own will, hold secrets of coloring that all his vaunted mental faculties cannot solve, and which demonstrate the supremacy of matter over self-assertive human spirit. And thus it goes on, and where one poor mortal gets an inkling of the truth, ten million live on in self-exalted ignorance, bestowing a pitying contempt upon the inanimate objects about them, while we indulge them in the conceit that they, not we, are the masters of the world. When they go out into nothingness we continue our existence, placidly enduring the vanities of new generations of men, and looking forward to that of generations to come. For man is a slow-witted animal, albeit a somewhat amusing and inventive creature, and in psychic lore, after ages of research, is trending toward the faith of his remote ancestors.

For myself, I confess to a certain interest in all of these erratic human beings, and to a genuine affection for a few. My circle of acquaintance is large, made so by force of circumstances. I am a doorbell. Not one of your noisy modern gongs, attached to the midrib of the front door, working by means of a crank or lever, and making such a row as to arouse the whole neighborhood every time it is touched; nor yet one of



your electric bells—affected things, with a tiny button that people must pull off their gloves to make sure they move. I am an honest, conservative, old-fashioned doorbell, with a modest porcelain knob and a slender wire behind that communicates with the rear of the house, and presupposes the existence of a servant.

Bend your ear closer, and I'll tell you a secret. I can claim historical prestige, for I was the first door bell ever brought to San Francisco, and I came round the Horn in '50, along with the rest of the house, on the good ship "Lucy Ann." We came in sections, I and my house. What with being disjointed and crammed into close quarters, and shipping water in the hold, I accumulated a very considerable quantity of rust on the way, and it took a good deal of coddling, and lubricating, and massage treatment to bring back my voice after I got here.

Being the first doorbell introduced to the city, you will rightly guess that I graced what was in those days a swell residence. A very neat house it was, set on the crest of one of the northern hills, overlooking the Golden Gate. No Queen Anne, or Eastlake, or Norman, Gothic or Composite, crazy-quilt architecture in those days, such as now adorn our fashionable residence quarters. But let me tell you, when all's said and done, none of them can compare, for comfort and home-likeness, with the old-fashioned glass front houses, of which my house was one.

People wondered not a little that a sober bachelor like Ned Madison should build such a house for his own use, for he was not a man who gamed, or drank, or cared to give big suppers, or found diversion in any of the other ways for which single men maintained establishments in those days. He was a quiet, studious fellow, with a taste for science, and when he made his pile upon Feather River he brought his savings to San Francisco, and settled down to the tamest kind of life, burying himself in his

books. People wondered more when a beautiful young girl arrived on a steamer from the South, and within a week the twain were made one flesh. They wondered most of all when the young wife proved to be a spirited, willful creature, in tastes and disposition diametrically opposed to her sober husband, who nevertheless followed quietly in her train, a passive participant in the wild gayeties which at that time distinguished life by the Golden Gate.

For ten years they floated on top of the social wave. A baby boy was born to them, and although he was not the first baby born in San Francisco, he came at a time when babies were so rare that there was a great ado over the event, and all the city, or all the reputable portion of it, turned out to witness the christening and get a peep at the little stranger, while the father and mother were people of much local renown for a while. Such a harum-scarum boy as that youngster turned out! Willful and impetuous, like his mother, with his father's obstinacy, and a capacity for mischief which boasts no honest heritage, but is the birthright of every San Francisco boy from that day down to this. Many's the time he has made my wires ache and my springs sore, jerking me, just for the fun of seeing old Betsy, the kitchen maid, come to the door, and scream angry promises of vengeance after him as his laughing face peeped from the mat of honeysuckle at the side of the house. In fact, in all my memory of Ned Madison,—and that covers a period of more than thirty years,—he never but once touched me gently.

After a while there came a cloud upon the prosperity of my family. My master began to stay away all day and until after dusk, and then to come home looking haggard and worried. He lost his appetite, and grew more silent than ever, and sent his wife off alone to the gay gatherings she loved to frequent. One day the truth came out. James Cleg-

horn, a man who had been associated with him in a great speculation, the man to whom he had entrusted every cent of his capital, had first hoodwinked and cheated him, and then fled the country, leaving my master literally penniless, for beyond the clothes on his back and the watch in his pocket, he had not a cent in the world he could call his own. The house and all its contents had been placed in my mistress's name years before.

The blow fell hard and heavy upon my mistress. There were some who accused her of bitter rebellion over this change of fortune, but I own I always loved the gay little woman, from the day she tripped up the front door steps a bride, and impulsively caught hold of me with her gloved hand, and bent her pretty head low till the tiny pink ear almost touched me, and then cried out in rapture over the far-away, musical tinkle she discerned. It is not pleasant to be plunged from comparative wealth into comparative poverty, all in a day. She had the house and what was in it, it is true, but one cannot eat a house or its furniture, and I will assure you privately that we should very much dislike to be eaten. If she said a harsh word or two at this juncture, it was but natural, and no doubt eased her heart, poor thing!

My master seemed stunned by the blow. She it was who sold the horses and carriage, and laid the proceeds aside to be doled out, little by little, to meet their daily expenses. She it was who dismissed the coachman and cook and second girl, and took the homely drudgery of household work into her little white hands. She it was, who, as the years went on, mortgaged the place to raise money to carry on Ned's education and to eke out a living, until the time should come when she could lay her burdens, even then becoming all too heavy, upon the shoulders of the growing lad

Of course they tried to track the fugitive. There were rumors that he had fled to Europe, and whispers that he had been seen in British Columbia, and reports that he had gone to Asia, and a story that he had turned up in Australia, where he was leading a wild and prodigal life. After a while police and detectives gave up the search, and only Edward Madison, whenever the name of the outlaw was mentioned, preserved a stony and significant silence.

So far as all the practical affairs of life are concerned, there is no denying the fact that my master had, in the common parlance of the world, "lost his grip," an expression I can very well understand. I've had enough weak, fumbling, indecisive hands laid upon me that couldn't make up their minds when to pull, and grew clumsy and flabby, and slipped off again in a vacillating way. Give me the calm, deliberate hand, that lays hold of you firm and steady, knows how to measure its force, stops when it has pulled enough. That means a clear, imperative call and a prompt answer. It means success.

So my master tried his hand at different things and always failed. People discovered and openly discussed what they had never hinted in the days of his prosperity, that he had no business tact. Being always a reticent man he had no near or confidential friends outside of his own family, and between you and me, little comfort he found there! In her bitterness of heart over her husband's persistent ill-luck and her ambition to make her son a practical, successful business man, my mistress used arguments that were not pleasant for my master's ears.

"Do not be visionary like your father," she would say to young Ned. "Always look at life from a practical standpoint. Consider first your own welfare and that of your family. Your father has always been considerate of other people, and now no one considers him."



My master never interfered when he overheard such precepts drilled into the boy day after day, but he grew moody and preoccupied, and they drifted further apart. On the one side, mother and son; on the other, a forlorn and discouraged man. The only comfort my master found in these days appeared to be in his scientific pursuits. Sometimes he turned a dollar or two by the discovery and sale of some choice specimen, or did a little clerical work for aspiring savants whose education had been defective. He spent considerable time at the Academy of Sciences, and came in contact with many travelers from the Orient, in whom he appeared to take a special interest.

Time went on, and one day Ned graduated a full fledged civil engineer, and came home jubilant.

"An offer to go up to Montana on business for some mining men. One hundred and seventy-five dollars a month and 'found.' How's that for a beginning?"

My mistress was so taken aback that she could not answer. She had never thought her efforts to give her son a sound business education might mean separation from him. And yet, and yet! There were reasons why he might be better away for a while. But O, if it were not for their grinding poverty, they would not need to be parted.

Just then the door opened gently, and my master came in. His hair and beard were damp from the fog outside. If she had not been so taken up with her boy and the pain of parting, she might have noticed the singular sparkle in her husband's eye, the subdued excitement in his voice. He went straight up to her and took both her hands.

"Elizabeth, what would you think — you will not mind it much — if I go away for a little time?"

She did not look up at him, but her lip curled.

"After some rare specimen, I presume?"

There was no mistaking the cool contempt of her tone. His face resumed its ordinary, listless look.

"Yes, after a rare specimen," he assented, with peculiar emphasis.

"Then go!" she said. "My boy is going into exile. It is all your fault. For years we have struggled alone, while you — you have read your scientific papers and talked with your scientific friends, and wasted the time that might have brought us help and comfort. Go quickly. Do not wait. If you stay — I am afraid — God help me! — afraid I shall come to hate you!"

The last words were spoken under breath, but he heard them; heard and winced beneath them, and shrank back to the door, where he straightened himself and turned back as if to accuse her, but changed his purpose and left the room, leaving her humbled as no spoken words ever could have made her, such is the power of silence.

Whatever my master's plan or intention, he left no word of it with any friend no further message for his wife. A month later, just on the eve of Ned's departure, an awful and ghastly thing was found in the chapparral of Golden Gate Park; a hideous burlesque of frail mortality, all semblance to any living creature gone. A half emptied vial in one of the pockets signified the method of its escape from human cares.

Some one recognized the clothing — it was all there was left to recognize — as that worn by Edward Madison the day he was last seen. The frightful object was taken to the Morgue, to whet the appetite of morbid sight-seers, and to draw an astute verdict from that body of able men known as a Coroner's jury.

The new-made widow met her trial with a stoical calm. If she felt anything beyond a conventional sorrow, if any of the bitterness of remorse stirred her heart, she kept it deep locked in her breast. She even displayed a nervous haste to despatch her son upon his jour-

ney north, and attended to his traveling preparations with thoughtful precision.

Her son was gone and her husband gone, and my mistress left alone in her ruined home. Face to face with conscience at last, she knew that it was ruined, and realized the share she had in it, and her fault became magnified in her eyes. Sorrow took up its abode with her as a permanent guest. In the chill watches of the night it looked down upon her with accusing eyes, and when day came it stood between her and the sunlight, so that her heart seemed chilled within her, and she could not bear to meet the gaze of others, lest they read upon her face the mournful record of her life. Little by little those who had been faithful through the years of adversity fell away, driven back by her repellent bearing, and I scarcely knew what it was to feel a friendly touch or behold a familiar face.

Pulls I had in plenty, but of a sort no respectable doorbell relishes. Gas bills and water bills overdue, tax notices and duns of many sorts came to the door and boldly demanded attention. Perhaps you think a doorbell has n't sensation, because it has n't tactile corpuscles or neurilemmas, or medullary layers, or any of the rest of the miserable system that disgraces human anatomy; but I assure you we can distinguish between rough and kindly touches, and aggressive pulls and circumspect pulls, and insolence and courtesy. How many times I have obstinately stiffened my wire or caught upon a projecting splinter of wood, to spare my mistress the pain of answering some brutal fellow, she will never know.

If she could only have understood what I was aching to tell her! For on the morning following my master's disappearance, there was a ship went sailing out of the Golden Gate, and on her deck stood a man who had shipped as a common sailor, under the name of John Marshall; a man who had nothing in

common with the other hands, who bandied no jokes with his fellows, who neither drank nor swore; who seemed to have no interest beyond a mute compliance with the orders of his superiors, and who bade fair, taking it all in all, to become a very unpopular seaman before the long voyage should be over.

This man, John Marshall, stood on deck as the vessel swept around Telegraph Hill and past Fort Alcatraz, watching for a glimpse of our house, and if ever the dead could come back to life and assume again the look of earth, if ever my master's ghost, unquiet and sad, looked from mortal eyes that day, they were the eyes of the sailor, John Marshall.

How did I know this thing? Through the power of prescience, a faculty that pierces every barrier, and annihilates time and space; which is as far beyond the slavery of eyes and ears and other fallible organs of sensation, as chain lightning outstrips the panting locomotive, or sunlight outshineth the feeble flicker of a funeral taper.

Don't blame me for not telling her. Pity her limited powers of comprehension. Nature is no wizard, working its secret and in the darkness, but in the light of day, yet how few there are who contrive to decipher so much as a page of her ever open book. We, the inanimate, thrill with powerful pulses which no human hand has ever felt. We are pregnant with mighty potentialities, of which men of science are just beginning to learn the alphabet. Yours the limitations, not ours!

The only break upon the sad life of my mistress came in the form of letters from Ned, received regularly at first, and containing now and then a check; and thus her most pressing necessities were relieved; but these checks were for smaller and smaller sums, as time progressed. His salary, instead of being increased, as he had been promised, was soon cut down, and through no fault of



his own. He complained that the company was slow of pay, that there were suspicions of its solvency, that the future outlook was discouraging.

At last his letters altogether ceased, and there followed a long silence, which in such a crisis is a sure portent of disaster.

There is no time when poverty, and shabbiness, and pinched purses are as painful as in the holiday season. I can't say that I take any particular interest in the holidays themselves. Fourth of July, Christmas or New Year's—Chinese, or Jewish, or Christian—are much the same to me, and merely signify a horrible din, crowds of people in the streets, and a fearful wear and tear upon my sinews. But however one may view these odious institutions, one likes to present a decent appearance at such times, and we had all fallen from our once respectable estate. Our house was by no means what it had been. The land about it had gone to pay for Ned's schooling, and it stood upon a pinched plot of earth, overshadowed by new buildings on either side: forward, upstart things, that looked down patronizingly on its old style architecture, faded paint, and broken window panes. My mistress wore mended gloves and darned and dyed gowns, and I sadly fear me she had not enough to eat, so pale and thin had she grown.

As for myself, my condition was not what I could have desired.

I was dirty; undeniably dirty; soiled by the hands of a frowsy beggar, who had gone away wrathful, with an empty basket. My collar, a very decent affair of brass, in which you could see your face in my palmy days, had not been polished in many a month. My wire was rusting, and I felt a strange weakness in one of my joints.

Well-a-day! Time moved stealthily on, and Christmas eve came, and my mistress sat in a back room, shut in from the sights and sounds of the

streets. Not alone, for one was with her whom I have hesitated about letting into my story; only a little box-factory girl, in social station, in education, in accomplishments, in blood and breeding away beneath my master's family. But she was, after all, a gentle, modest little body, who always laid hold of me with a circumspection that inclined me kindly towards her.

My mistress had been as averse as I to taking her up, chiefly because my young master had shown a singular preference for the little creature; but when master Ned was safely out of the way of making a fool of himself by any unfortunate alliance, and when this little girl, moreover, proved to be the only one of all my mistress's acquaintance who could not be driven away by pride or frowns, but kept on coming, day after day, if only for a bright word or tender inquiry after her health, her one faithful and unselfish friend, my mistress began to tolerate her and to look for her daily visits with some degree of pleasure.

It was a chilly night and the mists were thick outside. There was no fire in the room where my mistress sat brooding, although she had drawn her chair close to the empty grate from force of habit. Beside her chair stood Margie, with a bundle under her arm.

"Sit down!" urged my mistress. "It makes me nervous to have you stand there so long."

She spoke a little impatiently, for she would rather have been left alone that night. It is easier to bear some things alone. The strife waged between a human soul and old memories is one that wants no witness. But Margie still hovered over her, timid and hesitating.

"If you do not mind! I know it's a great liberty, Mrs. Madison, but please don't take it ill."

A fleecy cloud descended upon my mistress and draped itself about her shivering shoulders, as if it knew she needed its warmth and comfort. A soft white

shawl, knit by the girl's own fingers, in Heaven knows what hours added to her day's hard toil or robbed from her rest. It was a gift consecrated as only love and self-forgetfulness can consecrate. It fell upon my mistress like an electric shock, piercing her frozen heart, breaking down the barriers of her reserve, unsealing the flood-gates of her eyes.

"Oh, 'Margie, Margie," she sobbed. "I've been a wicked, selfish woman all my life. All my life. I know it now. I own it now, when it's too late. Both, both gone! My husband and my son. Both driven away by me; one to death, the other to ruin. Don't turn away from me. Don't be hard on me, dear. I might have kept Ned here; I should have, but for you. And now—now! I could not, if I hunted the world over, find one who would be half so dear a daughter. Don't be hard on me, Margie."

Hard upon her? The girl was crying softly over her, stroking her head gently, wrapping the white shawl closer about the thin shoulders, promising that whatever came their lives should be united henceforth, even if they went down to desolate old age together.

I was having my own experiences about this time.

Up the street there came the footfall of a tramp, a halting, dejected, tarrying, irresolute step, that no doorbell of experience could ever mistake, that tells of a long and desultory journey on foot, of clothing ragged and soiled, of irregular and insufficient meals, of lost courage and crushed hope.

I do not approve of tramps by day, much less by night, but this one slouched through our gate and stole up the steps, and laid a timid, nerveless hand upon me, so that I tinkled a faint response; and the moment he touched me I knew him for my young master, penniless, discouraged, robbed and cheated of his due, returning shamefaced to his home.

Both women came into the hall together to answer my call, and when the

door was opened and the wanderer looked in, his eyes fell first upon Margie. Something long repressed flashed up like a living flame in both their faces. It was her, and not his mother, whom he took into his arms.

If my mistress felt the difference, she did not betray it by word or sign. For the first time in her life, where her own interests were concerned, she did not attempt to rule destiny, but let it work its will. She did more. She aided and abetted it. She encouraged the two young people to join their lives in the midst of the holiday season, and before the old year waned. She made a last call upon their almost exhausted resources, and by some neat stroke of woman's financiering, the sale of some cherished jewelry, I believe, realized her feverish anxiety to see the young people settled in life, and sent them off on a modest wedding trip a short distance into the country.

She bade them good-by with a cheerful smile, but they remembered, long afterwards, the solemn tenderness of her face, like that of one who bids a long farewell.

It was the last day of the old year. She locked and bolted the door and went upstairs to her own room, opening a chest and kneeling on the floor before it. One by one she took out the things it contained. A box that held her wedding dress, now yellowing with age, but about which there still seemed to linger the scent of orange blossoms, sickening, overpowering in their dead sweetness. A pair of white slippers in which she had danced, a bride. A little ivory case in which two faces, her own gay and blooming, his strong and tender, seemed to gaze with happy confidence at each other. Little garments; a curl cut from the head of a baby daughter as she lay in her coffin.

Last of all, a great brown-paper package, which seemed to exude a suggestion of mold and decay.



With steady fingers she untied the cords that bound it. A man's black garments came to sight, the fine cloth creased in many folds, and with earth stains upon it. And in one pocket of the coat, replaced and forgotten by the stupid coroner?

She remembered.

She smiled as she felt for it and drew it forth, and held it up and looked at it as one greatly enamored of this world might look at the elixir of life. Then (for she was not by nature a bold or a reckless woman) she began to tremble and to falter broken sentences, walking to and fro, to and fro, with the vial of poison in her hand.

"I will do it. There is no one to care, no one to suffer by it. No one who understood could blame me. To live on, and on, alone! Without him. I should go mad — mad. If I go to him this way he will forgive. O, my husband, my husband. I am coming. Coming to you with the New Year."

Oh, my pretty young mistress! Will no one save her? Sweet wife, loving mother; whose little feet have tripped up and down these steps for a quarter of a century. Must the walls of the home she has so graced and blessed become mute and helpless witnesses of this awful tragedy? Is there no human aid near? Maledictions upon those selfish young creatures who have deserted you in your hour of need!

Then, if no human aid will come, let the very walls cry out in protest. List to one faithful friend, whose voice you have heeded for upwards of a score of years. Listen, listen, listen!

JOHN MARSHALL, seaman, having exchanged his landsman's toggery for the wardrobe of another seaman who desired to turn landsman, (and thereby came to grief,) became, to all intents and purposes, a sailor himself. For more than a year he followed the varying fortunes of his ship, one of that peculiar class of

naautical speculators known as an "ocean tramp." Their course lay mainly through the South Seas, a very benighted region so far as I can make out, where the natives have no doorbells to their residences.

One day this good ship's crew, sailing into a far-away port peopled by a class of savages somewhat more barbarous than common, came across a fellow countryman who had there taken up his abode. Thereupon John Marshall the seaman, to the astonishment of his mates, pounced upon the expatriated man and called him by his name, denouncing him as a cowardly thief and hypocrite, and promised him instant and terrible retribution if he did not disgorge his plunder.

Whereat Jim Cleghorn, for it was he, at once showed the white feather, and whiningly promised to give up every cent of his ill-gotten gains, less the goodly amount he had squandered, provided only he could procure free passage from that God-forsaken place, and be dropped at some decent Australian port, where he could resume his profession of fleecing his fellow men.

John Marshall, no longer known as John Marshall the seaman, but treated as a cabin passenger of distinction, turned over his unwelcome charge to a west-bound passenger steamer, and himself agreed to indemnify the master of his ship for the losses consequent upon a deviation from his projected route and a sail to a port whence he, the cabin passenger, could take the next steamer home, whither a nameless fear, a mysterious anxiety, urged him.

On the last day of the old year he arrived in San Francisco, and exchanging a hasty word with a friend on the wharf, hailed a cab. A moment later he was speeding madly through the streets.

DID matter for once triumph over the barriers separating it from another creation, and establish communication with

a human soul? Ask my mistress if, on the brink of a terrible deed, she was not arrested by the tinkle of the doorbell?

Pausing and listening, she heard another sound, the clatter of a vehicle dashing over the pavement, coming nearer and nearer, stopping at her own door. A man leaped out and ran up the walk, and gave me the most outrageous pull I ever suffered in all my career.

She did n't know. She never guessed. Another instance of the miserable limitations imposed upon human souls in mortal bodies. Those two people, dearest to each other in all the universe, were as far apart, separated only by a two-inch wooden door, and had as little idea of what was going on on either side, as if ten million miles rolled between them. He wondered if she was at home, and why she should delay. She thought the bridal pair had forgotten something, and stepped to the glass to smooth her hair and see that her face was composed, and took up the white shawl, carefully folded and laid aside but a moment before, to wrap it about her before going down.

But when they saw each other,—my master resurrected from a mythical death, and my mistress truly drawn back from the brink of the grave,—don't ask me to describe the scene. Cynics may scoff, and satirists rail, but I hold that no plummet has ever yet sounded the depths of faithful human love, nor has the loftiest thought, winged with a soul's best aspirations, ever scaled its heights.

BUT as for me—alack, alack Little

ye reckon, unfortunate mortals, who dwell in eternal warfare with all your parts, groaning over a dyspeptic stomach to-day, an aching head yesterday, and to-morrow a rheumatic back,—little reckon ye what it is for a harmonious and healthy existence to be suddenly resolved into chaos: to be hither and thither, you know not where. There was I, a helpless porcelain knob, in my master's hand; and there was I, a slender copper wire, still thrilling with that last cruel jerk that had rent me asunder; and there was I, a tiny bell, my music forever stilled.

"The old bell is used up," remarked my master that evening, lifting me ruefully from the mantel where he had placed me. "We must have a new one."

My young master and his bride were there, turned back on the threshold of their journey by the glad tidings that had reached them. And O, shame is me! The young fellow of whose boyish pranks I had always been intolerant, whose heartlessness I had but just denounced, was the one who came to my relief. He took up the visible part of me, and eyed me critically.

"No," he said. "A bit of wire and a couple of screws will make it as good as ever. I should n't like to see it replaced with a new one. It has been our faithful messenger for half a life-time. Through sorrow and adversity it has served us with fidelity, and now that good fortune has dawned upon us we must not cast it away. Home would not be home without the old bell."

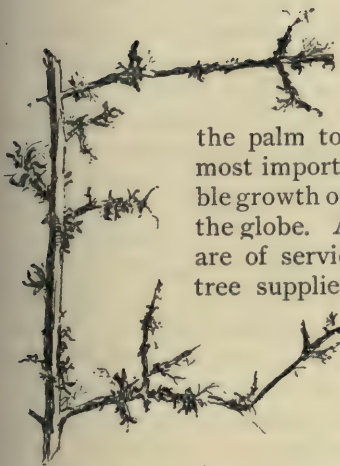
*Flora Haines Loughhead.*





## A VALUABLE TREE FOR CALIFORNIA.

"To him the palm is a gift divine  
Wherein all uses of man combine,  
House and raiment and food and wine."



X C E P T  
grasses,  
the palm to man is the  
most important vegeta-  
ble growth on the face of  
the globe. All its parts  
are of service, and the  
tree supplies a greater  
number  
of people  
with the  
necessi-  
ties of life  
than any

other plant or tree. We recognize in full the immense value of the olive, the apple, the orange, the fig, and the vine. We would not in the least detract from their merits or their usefulness to the human race, but simply wish to point out how indispensable to millions of people is this prince of the plant kingdom. The palm is the characteristic tree of a vast portion of the globe. It lifts its high and lofty plumage above the sands of the African deserts so conspicuously as to be almost the only tree mentioned by travelers in Egypt, Nubia, Morocco, Tunis, and the great Sahara. It covers the islands of the Pacific and the Indian Oceans. It is among the grandest forms of plant life in South and Central America, and is one of the most useful in south-western Asia.

In its form and structure the palm is eminently adapted to the tropical parts of the earth. Its fibres are so elastic and flexible that the tree bends like a

reed to the tornado where our northern forests would be swept flat to the earth. The wood of the palm has been aptly compared to artificial whalebone consisting of horse-hairs glued and pressed together. In some varieties, as the peach palm of Venezuela and Guiana, the wood is so hard as to notch or turn the edge of the best ax. The palm assumes an infinite variety of forms, from the lofty tree with its tufted plumage to creeping vines over a thousand feet in length. Its leaves vary from the merest needles to the most gigantic leaf production in the world. The leaves of the Talipat palm will easily shelter ten persons at once. Navigators on the upper Nile set up a single leaf of the Delip palm to shelter a boat-load of people. The leaves of the Sabal and Palmyra palms are from twelve to fifteen feet in breadth. The immense leaves of the Jupati palm of Brazil are sixty feet in height, or taller than many of our ordinary forest trees.

The footstalk that holds these gigantic productions is as large as the massive limb of the oak.

"From a beaker of palm his drink is quaffed,  
And a palm thatch shields from the sun aloft."

Among the curious palms is the Peruvian wax plant. It is entirely covered with a whitish wax. A single stem of this will sometimes yield twenty-five pounds of wax. This is scraped from the stem and mixed with tallow for candles. Among the most famous palms is the cocoanut tree supplying to the South Sea Islanders almost all the necessities of life. Sir Samuel Baker says of the

vast number of these trees: "For upwards of one hundred and twenty miles along the western and southern coasts of Ceylon, one continuous line of coconut groves wave their green leaves to the sea-breeze without a break; except where some broad clear river cleaves the line of verdure as it meets the sea."

The date palm, the most useful variety of this great family, is a tall and graceful tree fifty or sixty feet in height, with a broad and leafy top which expands into a beautiful crown of leaves. It is the most characteristic tree in Arabia, Persia, Nubia, Egypt, and the Barbary States. While it finds a congenial home in tropical India, it thrives as far north as Italy and Spain.

The date resembles a plum but is longer in proportion. The pulp is soft and sweet. Each berry when filled to plumpness is covered with a delicate bloom, while its bright color contrasts strikingly with the dark green leaves. The date is rich in sugar—more so than any other known fruit—and is very wholesome. Those who only know this fruit from the dried specimens of it sold in our fruit stores, can hardly imagine how delicious it is when eaten fresh from the trees. While there is not as great a difference between the fresh and dried date as between the green and dried apple, yet the difference is similar in character. The people of date regions will not eat the dried fruit after it is a little old, when the fresh ones can possibly be obtained.

The date varies in size and quality under cultivation as much as the peach in our more northern regions. There are some varieties without seeds or stones, and like the orange there are some that are bitter, while most varieties are sweet. In color they vary from black to white; the red, or China date, is common, and there are others of a yellowish hue.

Famous as the date is for its fruit, every part of the tree has its special value

to the dwellers in desert lands. The wood is used for house building and for fences, the leaves supply a thatch, and the footstalks are consumed for fuel. Not man alone lives upon the date, but horses, camels, and even dogs eat this fruit with great eagerness. The seeds are ground into a pulp, an oil is pressed from the same and then the refuse is fed to cattle. The young leaves and the pith they enclose—known under the name of palm cabbage—are so highly esteemed that thousands of trees are destroyed every year to obtain this delicacy. Palm wine is famous through Africa, and is made by fermenting the sap. Each tree yields from three to four quarts of sap daily for about two weeks. The roasted seeds are often used as a substitute for coffee. Baskets are made from the footstalks of the tree, and the fibrous parts are used for cordage, while mats and bags are made from the leaves.

It yields such quantities of sugar that in India alone 130,000,000 pounds of date sugar are manufactured. The leaves, after being macerated in water, are made into hats and fans. The seeds, after being burned, are used by the Chinese to make India ink. The leaves are made into walking sticks, weapons, mats, and sails. As the poet has expressively said,

"And in the hour of his great release,  
His need of the palm shall only cease  
With the shroud wherein he lieth in peace."

One reason why so few have ever attempted to grow the date palm in this State has been the length of time required to bring the tree into bearing from the time the seed is planted. There are four ways of reproducing this tree—by the seed, from the root, by shoots, and by planting the axil of the leaves. The latter is the preferable plan for two reasons. First, that the tree can be grown and fruit produced in five or six years. This alone is sufficient to cause this method to take the place of planting the seed for reproduction. But there is a



second excellent reason. By this plan female or fruit-bearing plants can be selected, and only a limited number of male plants set out.

If the method here suggested is taken the plants need to be protected from the sun for the first few months, and watered frequently like young orange trees. The young trees when once started need thorough cultivation, and the suckers should always be removed. They should be set early in the spring after the ground is a little warm. The trees must be set at least twenty feet apart, while some regard this as too close together. They need liberal irrigation, or as Prof. Van Deman has expressed it, the date requires a moist soil and a dry sky. The date is a long-lived tree, living and bearing annually from two to three hundred years. The tree blossoms about the first of April, and ripens its fruit in November and December.

The female plant bears annually from ten to twelve long bunches, weighing from twenty to twenty-five pounds apiece. Each bunch contains from 180 to 200 dates. This will be from 200 to 300 pounds of dates for each tree. These bunches are gathered, and hung up for a few days till the fruit is slightly withered then plucked off from the stem and placed on the ground, where they remain till dry enough to pack.

In Persia, Arabia and Egypt the dried fruit is pounded, pressed and kneaded into large baskets, forming a solid mass weighing from one to two hundred pounds. These are so hard and compact as to require a hatchet to cut them. The date is less particular about soil than almost any other fruit tree. They thrive in the sandy lands of the Sahara wherever they can find sufficient moisture, in the stiff red clays of the Barbary States, and along the Persian Gulf, where the earth is covered with incrustations of salt.

In Cairo and other large African and Arabian towns it is common to see the

natives bringing in large quantities of the fresh dates for sale. They are usually carried on top of the head in huge wooden bowls. Those having dates to offer will sit in a row together, while those having other fruits or vegetables form in a separate line. The native method of gathering the dates is somewhat curious. The fruit grows at the very top of a strait, high tree. There are no limbs by which to ascend, and no ladders which could be handled for this purpose. The native places a rope or strap around the tree and also around his body in such a manner as to form a brace for himself. Then with the aid of his strong arms and feet he hoists himself up to where grow the huge bunches of delicious fruit.

Abundant evidence can be produced to show that this tree grows in a climate similar to that of the interior valleys of this State. It not only thrives but bears fruit in great profusion, and forms a staple article of food for millions of people. In Arabia it is the chief source of national wealth, and its fruit constitutes a staple article of food. Arabia lies between twelve and thirty-five degrees north latitude, yet the climate in many respects resembles that of our interior valleys. The hottest months of the year are dry and cloudless, being in this respect unlike the torrid regions, where the hottest are also the rainy months.

At Tayef, only three thousand feet in altitude, snow is said to fall once in four years, yet this place is as far south as twenty-one degrees and twelve minutes, which is eleven degrees south of any part of California. The sea shore, where it is not absolutely barren, exhibits general plantations of the date palm, which thrives even where the ground is covered with incrustations of salt. In the interior it is less frequently found on account of the lack of moisture, for Arabia has no rivers of any size, and scarcely any that are permanent.

The Arabs cultivate for food wheat, rice, barley, doorrah, bananas, etc., yet

their chief dependence is upon their date plantations. It is among the remarkable facts about this tree that it seems to have no insect enemies or diseases, and that it rarely if ever fails to bear regularly. These plantations occupy everywhere the irriguous ground, the level margin of the streams, the low sea marshes, or the hollows moistened by land springs.

Persia lies between twenty-five and thirty-eight degrees north latitude. The shores of the Persian gulf are scorched up in the summer by a burning heat, yet the date palm there finds a congenial home and bears in great perfection. The gulf extends to thirty degrees north latitude.

Egypt may be considered the home of the date palm. It lives on the bank of the Nile, and is the most conspicuous feature in the landscape of that region. The banks of the river from the mouth to the extreme southern limit of Egypt are covered with the date palm, and yet the winter temperature at the Delta is but fifty-four degrees, or only two degrees higher than that of Oroville, in Butte County, one and four-tenths degrees higher than Orland in Colusa county, only four degrees higher than Marysville, in Yuba county, less than half a degree higher than the winter temperature of Los Angeles, and more than half a degree lower than the winter temperature at San Diego. At Assouan, in the extreme southern part of Egypt, ice is found nearly every winter, though it is in twenty-four degrees north latitude, or eight degrees south of any portion of this State.

The well known travelers, John L. Stevens and Bayard Taylor, both speak of the cold during the winter upon the Nile and of ice that occasionally formed. Forests of the date palm of great antiquity exist on the eastern borders of the Delta, in the most northern part of Egypt. That country has a population of about six million people, and the cli-

mate is such that oranges, figs, and tamarinds are grown to perfection. Vegetables of all kinds find a congenial home, and grain and rice are produced in considerable quantities, yet as late as 1882 one-half of the total agricultural tax of Egypt was derived from dates. Some idea of the importance of this tree in that land may be obtained from the following: In the Moodirieh, or division of Ghizeh, there are 374,917 date trees, in Sharkeih the number is 426,719, in Assiout there are 526,959, in Keneh there are 559,513, and in Esna the number is 757,427 date trees. These with the number in the other Moodiriehs make a total of 4,479,901 date trees in Egypt alone. In 1882 there were sold in that country \$2,844,205 worth of dates, while the value of the amount consumed was still greater.

The climate of Nubia is exceedingly hot and dry, yet the date thrives finely there. In Fezzan dates are the principal production and form the chief food of the inhabitants, yet in summer it is extremely hot and in winter the cold is rather severe. Snow has fallen at Suckna, and ice as thick as a man's finger forms at times in Moorzook, yet one of these places is in the northern and the other in the southern part of Fezzan.

In Tunis the ordinary crops are wheat, barley, and corn. Olives and grapes are extensively grown, yet date plantations are so numerous that this fruit furnishes the principal subsistence of the inhabitants. In Tripoli, vines, olives, almonds, figs, oranges, apricots, pomegranates and other fruits grow in great profusion, yet the date is largely cultivated for a food product. From these facts it is evident that even where all of our finest fruits and best grains can be produced, the date is found a profitable and favorite tree.

In Barca great quantities of this fruit are produced. In Syria they are grown in abundance. They are common in Palestine as far north as 35 degrees.



They are grown in Italy and Spain. They are among the regular exports from the Chinese ports of Foochow and Chefoo and from Singapore. This shows the great importance of the date, and its wide spread growth and production in Europe, Asia, and Africa. It was introduced into Spain in the eighth century by the Moors, and brought from that country to California by the Mission Fathers prior to the occupation of this State by the Americans. The date is found growing in a number of localities in California, and there can be no doubt that when the methods of planting and reproduction are better understood they will multiply rapidly throughout the interior of the State. They have been successfully grown at Santa Barbara, Riverside, Pomona, Ontario, Santa Ana, Elsinore, Winters, Newcastle, as well as in other localities. At the second citrus fair in Sacramento, there was a fine exhibit of both the red or China date and also the white dates by S. C. and J. R. Wolfskill of Winters, Yolo County. The seeds of these trees were planted in 1857, and had been obtained from some of the common dried dates purchased in San Francisco.

The little trees only grew about one foot each year, and were twenty years old before they bore any fruit. The red date had ripened perfectly but the white had not. It was thought by the Wolfskills that the season here was too short to ripen this fruit. It is probably due to the fact that the staminate and pistillate flowers were not near enough to each other, so that one could fertilize the other. To facilitate this, in the date

regions the trees are planted near each other, and about one male to twenty female trees. The white dates exhibited were about an inch and a quarter long, while the red date was considerably smaller. Mr. J. W. Smyth of Newcastle in Placer County, has the red or China date in bearing. At Santa Barbara and at Riverside, as well as in a few other places in this State, the date is now bearing fruit.

Recent inquiries show that a large number of young date trees are now growing in California, and have not been affected by our winters. Most of these were grown from the seed, and it will be years before any number of these come into bearing. The conditions of soil and climate are such that the date can be grown in all of the hot interior valleys of this State, and will no doubt be found a valuable crop. While all parts of the tree will not be utilized as among the people of Africa and Arabia, yet the fruit grown will supply the people of this country with the dried dates now imported from the old world. Owing to the better facilities for drying and caring for this fruit, we may in a few years expect a superior quality of date to be put upon the market.

We are confident that the grower for many years will find the date very profitable, ranking in this respect with the orange, olive and fig. When the merits of this valuable tree become better known there will be large plantations of them in California, and then she will compete with the old world in this fruit as she is already doing with the raisin and the fig.

*S. S. Boynton.*



## CHARITIES FOR CHILDREN IN SAN FRANCISCO.



In a community where the chief cause of poverty is the vice or neglect of the breadwinner, the chief sufferers must be young chil-

dren. There are for their aid in this city:

I. The three large orphan asylums, Protestant, Catholic, and Hebrew; besides the St. Joseph's Infant Asylum, and the Episcopal Maria Kip Orphanage.

II. The aid society group, *viz.*, the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society, The Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, and the Youths' Directory.

III. Some half-dozen various charities, *viz.*, the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children; the Chinese Mission homes; the free kindergartens; the Children's Hospital; The Little Sisters' Infant Shelter, a day home for young children, and two Catholic day homes; and two foundling homes.

## I.

The orphan asylums are the oldest, most popular, and most prosperous of these charities. The kindergartens get more of a public hearing now, and arouse more enthusiasm; but the orphan asylums seem still to come first to the mind of people who have money to bequeath or give, and no especial interest of their own in one charity rather than another. The orphan, as naturally the most help-

less creature in the community, appeals first of all, and to natures hardly open to any other appeal; and until lately the only disposition to be made of him has been in an asylum. The State appropriates money toward the support of the children in these asylums, and others in other parts of California, \$100 a year for each orphan, and \$75 a year for each half-orphan, or abandoned child. For years James Flood has made a Christmas gift of \$1,000 apiece to the Protestant, Catholic, and Hebrew asylums.

The Protestant asylum was the pioneer charity of the city, founded in 1851 as the "San Francisco Orphan Asylum." When it was incorporated in 1862, it took its present name, for distinction from the Hebrew and Catholic asylums meantime founded. It has always been managed by a board of women, though a few men are trustees, to hold real estate; and this board, though subject to annual elections, has been very continuous, reports a quarter of a century apart showing many of the same names. The Hebrew asylum has a visiting committee of women, but is managed by men. Of course, both asylums have matrons in immediate charge of the children. The Sisters of Mercy, as I have said, have charge of the Catholic asylum; but they publish no report, and the details of their method, as well as their financial condition, are diocesan matters not easy to find statements of. The two others were originally supported by membership dues and donations, but have had a sufficient surplus of these over expenses to have built up considerable endowment funds, — not enough to make them self-supporting, but enough to make them very easily carried, and to relieve



them from exacting economies. The Protestant asylum especially has a beautiful building, with large and well improved grounds. The largest single item in this asylum's income is the State appropriation, and the interest on investments next; it requires very little from dues, and is able to add all bequests to the endowment fund. The Hebrew asylum receives even more in interest on investments, but not half as much from the State, as the number of children is only about one hundred in the one, and over two hundred in the other.

I am not able to give exact figures, because I have not the latest reports. We did not find it a simple matter to get such reports; a request by mail rarely brought one, and one sometimes found it necessary to go half across the city and ask in person for a report, or for information, at the address indicated by the directory as the proper one, only to learn that some other officer, the other side of the city, was the one who "knows all about it," or "has the reports." One naturally turns to the secretary for such purposes, but it often proves that many duties of the secretary devolve upon the president or some active member. Moreover, the directory not infrequently gives the names of last year's officers, or even earlier ones, some of whom have gone to their reward a year or two since; the item has evidently been copied from one year's directory to another, — not, I should conjecture, by the neglect of the directory canvassers, but because they failed to get corrected data. Addresses are frequently wanting with the names of the officers, even of the president and secretary; nor can these always be supplied by a reference to the name list of the directory, — when, for instance, the name is that of a woman given with her own, not her husband's, initials or Christian name. The difficulty of getting a complete file of reports, it may be seen, is considerable; and though the *alumnæ* association secured

a nearly complete one last year, the effort has not been repeated to bring it to date. There should, it would seem, be such a file always on hand at the Associated Charities; but there is not. The small care required to send thither a suitable number of copies each time a new report is printed, would be a very proper thing to expect from the secretary of every charity that issues one.

To return from this digression to the asylums: the Protestant and Catholic asylums carry schools and kindergartens indoors for the children, thus making their whole life that of the institution; the Hebrew children attend the public schools, but have extra teachers in the evening. All three indenture a larger or smaller number of their children to learn trades or housework under very carefully guarded conditions; a few are adopted.

Besides these three leading asylums, there is the Catholic "Infant Asylum," really a branch of the orphan asylum, but for younger children; and the Episcopalians have within a few months moved from San Mateo to San Francisco their "Maria Kip Orphanage." This small orphanage, supported by the diocese through the regular collections indicated by Mr. Miel's letter in last month's chapter, is in charge of one of the sisters of Bishop Huntington's order of deaconesses, of whom I have already spoken.

## II.

Another class of institutions represent a different method of dealing with the problem of destitute childhood. These are the several aid societies, under whatever name. The Ladies' Protection and Relief Society is the pioneer of these, dating almost as far back as the Protestant Orphan Asylum, — to 1853. It played a considerable part in the life of early days in San Francisco, which it touched at more points than the orphan asylum,

since its original idea was to care for "strangers and dependent women," as well as children; to "supply a place of protection and relief to the women and children who were constantly stranded on our shores by the accidents and necessities of those early times. Plans made for dependent ones were so often frustrated during the time consumed in the long journey to this coast, that they frequently arrived at the wharves to find that their natural protectors were either dead or scattered; a society where such could apply for protection, temporary relief, and advice, was soon felt to be a necessity." After the death in 1887 of Mrs. N. Gray, one of the founders of the society, and for thirty years its president, annually re-elected, a paper was found in her desk containing a record, nowhere else preserved, of the early days of the society. It was published in the next report, and I quote here as much of it as is of general historic interest:

"There was a young man, an only son of a family in the State of New York, who took it into his head to come to California, very much to the grief of his parents and sisters. But he was resolved to come, so he was fitted out with everything needful, even to a stock of goods to open a store when he got here.

"He was taken sick with fever, either before or immediately after he reached San Francisco. One of his sisters came out to look after him, but he died soon after she arrived. Among strangers, and not knowing what to do, she inquired for some clergyman, and was directed to Rev. S. H. Willey, pastor of the Happy Valley church, as it was then called, now the Howard Presbyterian church. There were very few ministers here in 1850.

"He very kindly attended the funeral of the young man, and advised the sister to go to Judge Weller, as she needed a lawyer to settle her brother's business. Judge and Mrs. Weller were

very kind to the stranger, took her into their family, and befriended her in many ways. She is still in this city, and the wife of Mr. Beeching, the agent of the San Francisco Benevolent Society.

"These circumstances, and that there were likely to be many similar, led to the formation of a society to meet and attend to such cases.

"The Ladies' Protection and Relief Society' originated with Mrs. Eaton in 1853. Major Eaton, her husband, was an officer in the army of the United States, stationed for a while in San Francisco. . . . Mrs. Eaton, being here in early times, saw the necessity of protection to females arriving in pursuit of their husbands or other friends, who, perhaps, had gone to the mines, or had died here soon after arriving. . . . At first we kept an office on Sacramento Street, below Kearny, which was then about the center of the town, where we kept an intelligence office, at which girls could apply, and families wanting female help could find the best there was, as it was very scarce in those days. We often found women who were quite helpless, with a babe or with two or three little children, and when asked, 'What can you do?' they would say, 'I can't do anything; I was never brought up to work; I cannot wash a pocket handkerchief.' Their husbands had not willingly deserted them, but not getting work they had gone to the mines. We supplied their present needs, and encouraged them to do for themselves, and after a time they would become self-supporting. . . . This was before we had a Home, and were boarding our protégés in poor families, partly to assist them also."

There was a schism in the society over the proposal to have a Home, which took away two of the ten members. The Home was established on the corner of Second and Tehama Streets. House-keepers contributed furniture and merchants provisions, with early-day enthu-



siasm and liberality. Afterward, with some help from the legislature, a Home was purchased—not the present one, which was built in '62-'63, on a lot presented by Horace Hawes.

As the times changed and other institutions arose, the work of protection to women was gradually dropped, and not more than four or five annually are taken into the Home for temporary shelter. The number of children there varies little from two hundred at any one time. The Home does not purpose to keep them any longer than is necessary to find private homes for them, or restore them to their own families after some temporary emergency has passed by. The orphan asylums, on the contrary, undertake to provide for orphans, "a home, sustenance, and education, during the period of their dependence." The length of time children usually stay in the Home can be figured from the fact that the total number sheltered in the year is from seventy-five to one hundred per cent greater than the number present at any given time,—if I may judge from the reports of three consecutive years. While there they are taught in a school of four classes, including a kindergarten.

The Protection and Relief society is not a wealthy one. Its income from investments is not large, nor its list of subscriptions and memberships long. It shares in the State distribution, but as this is only for orphans, half orphans, and "abandoned children," the Home has a good many there, for longer or shorter periods, for whom no State money is received. Children are not legally classed as "abandoned" till they have been for a year wholly dependent, and not far from half of the children in the Home are in this first year of abandonment. The society works, therefore, under a good deal of financial difficulty. It receives, however, as do the regular orphan asylums, and all such homes, a good deal from parents who cannot pay the entire

cost of their children's board, but can pay something toward it. Mr. Flood's Christmas \$1000 has made an appreciable addition to its income. It was able, during last year, to repair and refurnish its building pretty thoroughly; but it has no great outlay in buildings, and no grounds to speak of.

The Ladies' Protection and Relief Society provides for classes of children that the orphan asylums cannot take. But it does not take babies under two years old, nor boys over ten. For the older boys, there is plenty of provision in the Youths' Directory and the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society. The Youths' Directory, which I have already mentioned as one of the several lay Catholic charities, is intended especially to provide a temporary home and employment for all those homeless and neglected boys that do not properly come under the care of the orphan asylums, nor receive the State appropriation. It is modeled on a large charity of the sort in New York, and that again on a European one; there are sixty-two houses in all of the order, in different cities.

Here the street Arab or the lad out of work can find a temporary home, and assistance in finding a permanent one. Here children not orphans, but removed by law from the hands of abusive or depraved parents, may be placed. Here destitute children may be gathered in, until it can be ascertained whether they are orphans or not. In 1887 one hundred and twelve children, from four to fourteen years old, were helped; most of these came from bad parents, a number from parents crippled by misfortune, others were picked up in the streets, and still others came from the city prison. About fifty were turned over to the orphan asylums, and those who seem to have been taken as a temporary help to destitute parents returned to their own homes; for most of the rest, homes were found in Catholic families. The institution is under the care of Father Crow-

ley, who publishes the *St. Joseph's Union*, a very devout little quarterly, in its interest. With the openness that we found always characteristic of lay Catholic charities as distinguished from clerical, this paper gives each quarter full statistics, financial and other, of the work for the period in question.

A feature peculiar to Catholic charities is shown in the announcement carried in this paper:

#### SPIRITUAL BENEFITS.

The spiritual and temporal benefits accruing from membership in *St. Joseph's Union*, we hope every good Catholic on the Pacific Coast will endeavor to secure. Three Masses are celebrated every week for the welfare of the members of this pious Association. One mass is said monthly for the special benefit of the *solicitors*, and all those who take an active part in promoting the interests of the Youths' Directory for the destitute and homeless boys. *Two Solemn Requiem Masses* are said annually for the deceased members of the *Union*. The most Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered up on our altars one hundred and seventy times a year for the living and deceased members of this pious Association, and we are confident that inestimable blessings will be derived from these August offerings by all those who aid and assist in saving the children from temporal and eternal ruin.

The graces which may be derived from the Most Holy Sacrifice of the Mass are priceless and inestimable—not to be measured by the standard of earthly things. Those graces operate in time, and have eternity for the chief sphere of manifesting their glorious effect.

The charity is supported by the dues of members and the collections of solicitors; and I think there can be no question that this backing of spiritual rewards promised by the Church does materially help to bring in support for Catholic charities.

The Boys' and Girls' Aid Society is a non-sectarian charity of the same purport as the Youths' Directory. Instead of merely supplementing the orphan asylums, however, providing for destitute children other than orphans, and turning over the orphans that come into its hands to the asylums, the Aid Society deprecates institutional life altogether, and of 491 children in its care

during the year last reported, (1888-'89) turned over only thirty to other institutions, including hospitals. Its object, as laid down by its constitution, is "To rescue the homeless, neglected, or abused children of California, and to procure suitable homes or employment for such." It is, therefore, not a local San Francisco charity, but belongs to the whole State, and of children who come to it by informal commitment from the courts a great many are from the country. It is modeled on the New York "Children's Aid Society," of which Charles S. Brace, whose name is so familiar to all readers of charity literature, is at the head.

The society secures legal guardianship of children when needful, and becomes thus responsible for their oversight until they are grown. When they are put into other homes, it keeps in correspondence with them, and has them visited at intervals by an agent, who reports on their situation and conduct. If the homes are unsuitable, or the children behave badly, they are brought back, and other homes are found. More than twenty-five per cent of all the children cared for last year were allowed to return to their relatives, but kept under surveillance; this doubtless in cases where they had been neglected, but their families had promised better care; or else where the parents themselves had brought unmanageable children for temporary training at the Home. In a few cases, children are left there for a time because of the poverty of parents, and these, of course, are not followed up by the society after their own homes have reclaimed them. About half of the whole number are turned over to the society by the courts—either juvenile offenders, under suspended sentence, or cases rescued by the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children; the next largest number is of children brought by parents. In only eight cases out of 207 in the year was the society obliged to



return the young offenders to the courts for sentence,— though it does not claim to have made really good children of the remaining 189.

The Aid Society is, I should say, the most *modern* charity in the city,— the most in touch with the latest thought elsewhere about methods of work, the most well-informed about other workers. Its group of friends have been especially active in promoting the several charity conferences here, the visits of Mr. Wines, and the organization of charities. They publish a quarterly journal, *Child and State*, now in its fourth year, which contains more information and suggestions on the subject of charity than are to be found anywhere else on the coast. Its reports are among the few published here that have anything more than a statistical value as charity literature, and are regularly issued and well distributed. The charity has been in existence for fifteen years, but in the last six or eight has been visibly gaining in method and in the esteem of the public.

It has not failed to receive the reward of its diligent and dignified way of bringing itself to public knowledge, and has received some generous gifts,— notably, the land for its Home from Mr. Fair, and the building from Mr. Crocker; the courts are exceedingly well disposed toward it, and very ready to intrust children to its care,— although it had at first to make a legal fight for a small money allowance granted it with them; and the railroad is liberal with passes, saving much of the great expense of keeping the visiting agent in the field. But in the matter of regular income for current expenses it is considerably straitened, having no endowments, and very little money from the regular State appropriation,—\$1163 in 1887 as against \$16,243 to the Protestant Orphan Asylum, and over \$65,000 to the two Catholic asylums of the city. Out of a total State appropriation of \$225,000, \$862 was received in the last fiscal year. The policy

of sending out the children to homes where they earn their own living, removes them of course, from the category of dependent children, even when they are orphans; while for the care of neglected or abused children not orphans nothing at all is received, as none are ever kept for the year required by law before they can come under the category of “abandoned”; and the many who are taken away from unworthy parents could in no event come under that head. For each child committed to the society by the courts, under suspension of sentence, the State allows two months’ maintenance, not to exceed \$25; and last year over \$2000 was received from this source.

Of course the expenses of the Home, in which there are not usually more than fifty children at a time, do not equal those of an asylum, but the expense of placing out, watching, bringing back, replacing, visiting, and being responsible for a constant stream of four hundred and fifty children a year is not inconsiderable. The reports of the society complain a good deal that the restrictions of the State provision tell unfairly upon it: pointing out that, by placing nearly two hundred orphans annually in homes, where they become self-supporting, it saves the State about \$20,000, and is entitled to some portion of the saving.

This society publishes regularly in *Child and State* and in its reports, “typical cases,” which give a clearer idea of its workings and the difference between these and those of an orphan asylum, than generalizations can do. In the last report seven are given.

The first is that of four motherless children, boys, who were with a sick and penniless father at a lodging house. The proprietor had cared for them free of charge for a month; but as the father—who seems to have been a stranger in the State—grew worse instead of better, he dragged himself to the house of the Aid Society and put his children in

their charge, and then went into a hospital where he died in a few days. These children were, of course, orphans, and might have been placed at once in an asylum, where they would have been maintained and schooled till they were grown. The eldest son was fifteen, a manly fellow, who wished to start off to make his own way in the world, and he was allowed to do so; the next was sent upon a ranch and is now a good farmer; the third was placed with a school teacher in a southern county, and as he proved bright and studious the teacher intends to send him to the University; the youngest child is somewhat feeble-minded, and a constant source of trouble.

The second case is of two little girls whose father had deserted their mother, taking them with him, and had married—committing bigamy—a woman of very bad character; he died, and the children were left in the hands of this woman. In some way they were brought to the society,—being, of course, half orphans,—and by it placed in homes in good families. After a time their own mother learned their whereabouts, and reclaimed them; and as she proved to be a good and competent person, they were restored to her.

The third is of a motherless boy, eleven years old, picked up in the streets and sent to the society. He proved to be the son of a well-to-do man, of good social and intellectual appearance. The father was sent for, called, gave the society some money, but said plainly that he cared nothing what became of the boy, and would do nothing for him. The boy was bright, but had been allowed to run the streets till he was “a downright hoodlum of the worst type.” He was placed in one home after another, and regularly returned; till at last he either decided to turn over a new leaf, or found the right place, where he has now been for three and one-half years, behaving well, and highly valued by his employer, (a farmer and cattle

raiser,) who desires to retain him at regular wages when his indenture expires.

The fourth is of a native Indian girl, whom the officer of the society found on the ferry boat, screaming wildly and begging to be saved from the custody of a white man who claimed to be her father, but who she declared was no relation to her. She was brought to the society, and placed in the home of a lady who was a musician and artist, with the surprising result that the girl developed unusual powers in both directions, and has become a musician herself.

The fifth is of two little children who were put to board with a poor aged couple by a well-dressed stranger; after the first month the stranger disappeared, and the old people, unable to keep the children, took them to the society. They were little things—three and six years old—and of course could not be indentured out; but both were placed in childless homes, the baby girl especially being a great pet. The people who had her, however, met with reverses, became destitute, and reluctantly allowed her to be taken to the same lady who had the brother, where the children are now happily living together.

The sixth is of a girl and boy who lived with their parents in one of the most wretched hovels in Tar Flat. “The parents were continually intoxicated, and the girl went regularly back and forth to the grocery for beer. The boy traveled about the wharves barefooted, with a gunny sack over his shoulder, begging, finding, and stealing whatever he could.” They finally brought up, one after the other, in the city prison, where they were booked for the industrial school, but by the discretion of the judge first turned over for a trial with the Aid Society. The children were placed in good homes; the girl has grown into “a fine-looking, well-educated young lady,” and is now learning dressmaking, and the boy is in a good place with a store-keeper in a distant



town. The father died soon after the arrest of the children, but the drunken mother still haunts the house of the society, cursing it wildly for robbing her of her children.

The last is of a boy who presented himself at the Home in a most ragged and neglected condition. He said his name was "Silas Fewclothes, from the State of Arkansas, sixteen years of age." He readily admitted that it was not his true name, but said it filled the bill under the circumstances, and no power on earth should make him give any other: he had run away from home and lived a vagabond life in Texas and the southwest for eleven months, was "the latest exponent of the parable of the prodigal son," and did not intend to disgrace his family any more. He wanted employment long enough to get decent clothes, and get back home. He would not allow the society to send to his parents for money for his fare, but earned enough to clothe himself decently, and to have a few dollars in his pocket to start with, and then started off. In a couple of months word was received that he had reached home safely, together with a letter of thanks from his mother.

Such are the stories, repeated over and over with variations, of the seven or eight hundred cases a year that come to the several aid societies, — that of the Indian girl and "Silas Fewclothes" alone being at all exceptional. The same circumstances lead to children's finding themselves in the care of orphan asylums; it is only in the after disposition of them that the story differs.

It must be obvious that there is a necessary antagonism between the advocates of orphan asylums and the advocates of aid societies. There is a fundamental difference of opinion between them as to method. I heard a very warm debate on this point at the meeting of the American Social Science Association ten years ago. Most of the experts, led by Mr. Frank Sanborn, of the Massachusetts

State Board of Charities, inveighed against "institution life" for children, and urged that nature herself pointed to the home as the only place for them. The friends of asylums and reform schools reasoned on the other hand, that really proper homes, where people were willing to take stray children, often vicious ones, were too rare to be counted on; that in the asylum wise and experienced managers, experts in dealing with neglected children, could be had, and would be much better for them than miscellaneous strangers all over the country; that no really close guard could be kept over children so scattered. Which was right I do not undertake to say: the majority opinion was unquestionably against institution life, and continues so among charity experts. To give an idea of the intensity with which this view is sometimes put, I quote some expressions from an address by Mr. Smiley. He says that asylum children "are kept in herds and not in families, and hence subject to rules and training necessitated by this abnormal life." "Every delinquent mother and every drunken father now knows that he or she can indulge their vices, and get rid of their children. Thousands of widowed mothers, learning that they can marry again if not encumbered with children, are putting their little ones in asylums. The asylum thus offers a premium to child-desertion. Rich people even are living in luxury, while their nephews, nieces, and grandchildren are being corrupted in orphan asylums. The niece of a president of the United States was, not long ago, in an asylum, while her uncle, aunt, and three cousins, occupied the White House." Four-fifths of the children in asylums, he goes on, "represent indulgence by the asylum founders and managers towards parents and relatives who wish to shirk responsibilities imposed by nature upon them."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Address before the Section of Economic Science and Statistics, American Association for the Advancement of Science, August, 1888. Proceedings of the Association, Vol. XXXVII.

Much of this would apply to aid societies as well, or better, since they take charge of children with parents. But it is significant that in all the figures I have seen concerning dependent children, the half-orphans greatly outnumber the orphans; and neither legislation nor the practice of charities excludes from asylums children who have kin other than parents to care for them. A bill has been introduced into our legislature, but failed, providing for the legal guardianship of all neglected children by a State board of charities; their parents or next of kin to be compelled to provide for them if possible, and failing that, other homes to be found, either in asylums or families the children in either case to remain the wards of the State board, and under its supervision. In an address advocating this bill, Mr. Dooley, (at the time manager of the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society,) compares the experience of Michigan and California. Michigan is rather famous for its charity systems, and its "State Public School" at Coldwater is a familiar text for writers and speakers on the subject of child-saving. It has been in existence for eleven years; "and today [I quote Mr. Dooley] with only 214 inmates, (these but temporarily detained, as at the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, while on their way to homes), it represents all the dependent children that are chargeable to the public in that great community of two millions of inhabitants. Of the 1525 who have gone from the school, 93 per cent are either in homes, being cared for at private expense, or are self-supporting, honest citizens." Seven per cent have either become criminals, or are supported by the counties. "The running expenses of this institution have been about \$35,000 a year." California expends about six times that amount, and "with less than one-half the population of Michigan, supports 3,325 children in institutions, against Michigan's 214."

"In proportion to the inhabitants, our State-supported children are thirty-two

times more numerous than those of Michigan. Here are the numbers and percentages in our California institutions:

Foundlings.....	60	} 8 per cent
Abandoned.....	220	
Orphans.....	716	22 per cent
Half-orphans.....	2,329	70 per cent

"What means this seventy per cent of half-orphans thrown upon the public care — this two and one-third times as many as the orphans, the abandoned, and the foundlings combined? Can any experienced person suppose that one-half of these 'half-orphans' are a legitimate charge upon the community? . . . To use the language of a paper read before the National Conference of Charities in 1884, by an Eastern observer: 'The important fact before the people of California is that the number of this class is increasing to an alarming extent, and the cost of maintenance growing in a corresponding ratio.'

	Cal.	Mich.
"Population.....	950,000	2,000,000
Dependent children in institutions.....	3,325	214
Cost per annum.....	\$215,000	\$35,000
Proportion of dependent children to population.....	1 to every 286 persons.	1 to every 9,346 persons"

This was, I think, in 1885. 1886 showed an increased proportion of half-orphans, foundlings, and abandoned children:

Foundlings.....	140	} 12 per cent
Abandoned.....	287	
Orphans.....	563	17 per cent
Half-orphans.....	2,438	71 per cent

Total.....3,428

But in 1887 there was a decrease in the disproportion, though the half-orphans still outnumber all the others put together:

Abandoned or foundling.....	334	10 per cent
Orphans.....	829	24 per cent
Half-orphans.....	2,306	66 per cent

Total.....3,469



The Massachusetts method includes a very complete method of putting children out in families, under strict supervision of the State board of charities. The first paper read before the recent Conference of Charities described the experience of Massachusetts with very young children by this method, and the great decrease in mortality that followed on its adoption.

The principles of the New York Children's Aid Society (after which, as I have said, that of San Francisco is modeled) are "defined as the absolute necessity of treating each youthful criminal or outcast as an individual, and not as one of a crowd; the immense superiority of the home or family over any institution in reformatory and educational influence; the prevention of crime and pauperism by putting almshouse children in separate homes; and most of all, the immense advantage of 'placing out neglected and orphan children in farmers' families. The records of the city police courts show how these principles work in practice. While in thirty years the city's population has increased from about six hundred and thirty thousand to nearly a million and a half, the number of girls committed for petit larceny has fallen from over nine hundred to less than two hundred and fifty. In the same time, the commitments of female vagrants have decreased from 5778 to 2565."<sup>1</sup>

On the other hand, I have read that the regions to which these children are sent complain of increase of disorder; and all experienced writers speak of the reluctance of really suitable families to take such neglected and often vicious children. Mr. Letchworth, president of the New York State Board of Charity, in the very act of urging that "the family is the natural place for the true development of the child," adds:

But homes affording these opportunities, where real safeguards exist, are not always easily found;

<sup>1</sup> Science, quoted in *Child and State*, January, 1887.

and when found, if the little applicant is ragged and dirty, ignorant of all decorum, and profane in speech, he is not readily admitted, and some preparatory care and training are necessary to make him eligible to a desirable home.<sup>2</sup>

Elsewhere in the same address he points out that the last census reports over 50,000 children in orphanages, foundling asylums, and children's homes, and over 11,000 in juvenile reformatories; this exclusive of the deaf, blind, idiotic, or otherwise defective among the children thrown upon the public care, who would bring the number far above the 61,000. These figures, especially taken in connection with the proportion of half-orphans, throw a strong emphasis on what Mr. Smiley says of the disposition of parents to shift upon charity the consequences of their parenthood; and the need of some such law as was introduced in our Legislature, to do what it can toward holding them to their responsibility. Mr. Letchworth says:

More stringent laws should be enacted to lessen illegitimacy, especially directed against the crime of unlawful paternity. I say crime, for such in time it will come to be regarded. Next to the awful responsibility of taking life is that of bringing it into existence; and the responsibility is indeed of so grave a character that public opinion should require that it is not evaded by either parent, and weighty penalties should be inflicted when it is ignored. There is a humiliating sense of weakness in a society that holds in honor and equality one who does not recognize his own offspring, and leaves to others the burden of its education, training, and support.

There is an endless quantity of literature on this general question of "child and state." The general principles that limit the right or wisdom of state interference, even to help or benefit, in the affairs of the individual, cannot apply fully in the case of children. The profound question, touched on in one of its aspects by Mr. Letchworth, of how far

<sup>2</sup> Children of the State. An address read before the National Conference of Charities, 1886. Quoted in *Child and State*.

society may interfere with the personal conduct of grown men and women in the defence of the helpless child's "first right—the right to be well born," crops up in some form at every charity and social science conference. It is not a question for any dogmatic or any rash answer. But that some steps could be cautiously taken in that direction, without exceeding the just functions of the state, or failing to get support from the moral sense of the people, seems probable. And that the child, once ill-born and ill-placed in life, has some peculiar claims on the state, seems to be everywhere felt. California recognizes it by the grant of money to institutions caring for children; by provisions restricting the power of parents over children; by the discretionary power given to courts to remove children from the custody of parents; and by the provision, already alluded to, (Section 1388 of the penal code,) which permits the remanding of minors, "where, in the judgment of the court . . . there is a reasonable ground to believe that such minor may be reformed," under suspension of sentence, "to the custody of the officers or managers of any strictly non-sectarian charitable corporation conducted for the purpose of reclaiming criminal minors." This custody is to be for the space of two months; but the court may extend it at discretion. If the child proves incorrigible, he must go back and receive sentence. But the State assumes no supervision of its own expenditure for dependent children.

Before leaving the subject of aid societies, I wish just to mention the large scheme of child-saving now being wrought out in San Diego, founded on the Pierce bequest and the plans of Mr. Bryant Howard; for although it is not a San Francisco charity, neither is it a local San Diego one, and San Franciscans will have their proportionate claim on it. Its endowment has apparently been stated in terms of lands at boom prices; but however much deduction

must be made from the figures that have been given in the papers, it has one hundred acres within the city, with what will some time be a good endowment for building up thereon the farm, workshops, manual training schools, family homes, kindergartens, hospital, etc., that are in its plan.

### III.

In April, 1876, the Legislature of California passed an act for the incorporation of societies for the prevention of cruelty to children, and in the fall of the same year one was organized in San Francisco. The secretary is a special officer with power to arrest, and the society makes it part of its business to prosecute offenders; but most cases of abuse are rectified by some investigation, advice, and threats. According to its report of 1888, 548 cases of cruelty had been reported in a year, and only 80 prosecuted. 170 children were placed in families or institutions, but the majority of these cases must have been with the consent of their natural guardians, or else they were without natural guardians. Advice and information was given in 1337 cases.

The society, by its secretary, becomes legal guardian of children where it seems necessary, and has in the thirteen years of its existence obtained over one hundred and twenty wards. It does not, however, keep up any such extensive system of supervision as the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, but usually turns these wards over at once to other charge. It is at no great expense in the conduct of its work, the room rent and the salaries of the two or three officers that give their whole time to the work being the principal items. There are some traveling expenses, some legal expenses, some incidental expenses. These are met by membership fees, and by the fines provided by the State in certain cases. But these sources of income have not proved sufficient,



and the society last year published an appeal for an increased membership.

This society is one of a number of the sort, familiar in most large cities of this country. Nineteen are enumerated in the latest full report, — but that is ten years old, and the number is probably much greater now. Sometimes they are called "Humane Societies," but the usual name is that adopted here, and familiar everywhere by the initials, S. P. C. C.

These societies undertake to rescue children not only from physical abuse, but from moral exposure. In 1878, the society here secured the passage of farther legislation, making it a misdemeanor to employ children under sixteen in public musical, dancing, or acrobatic exhibitions; or for any indecent or immoral purpose; or in any mendicant or wandering business; or in any unhealthy or dangerous occupation. A person convicted of so using any child, or of criminal assault upon a child in his charge, may at the discretion of the court be deprived of the custody of the child, and it may be committed to the society or to some other charitable institution. The infliction of "unjustifiable physical pain or mental suffering" upon a child, or the willful risking of its life, limb, or health is also made a misdemeanor. At the same session of the legislature another act was passed making it a misdemeanor to allow a child under sixteen in a liquor saloon, dance house, or concert saloon, unless accompanied by its parent or guardian; or to permit a child to beg, whether actually or under pretext of peddling. Any child found begging, or in any public place for the purpose of begging; found wandering without settled home, or proper guardianship, or visible means of subsistence; found destitute, either an orphan, or having a parent in prison; or frequenting the company of reputed thieves or disreputable places, without parent or guardian, — may be examined before a court or magistrate, and committed at the discretion of the court to a charitable society.

It will be seen that the interference with the power of guardians over children granted by these acts is of the mildest sort: none at all being mandatory, even in the most monstrous and outrageous cases, and interference where the child is taken by parents to disreputable places being not even permissive. But under the general laws parents may be removed from the guardianship of children for any obvious unfitness, by a more cumbrous legal process. The protection afforded them by law is therefore fairly adequate; but there seems to be need of a larger number of diligent and courageous men to enforce the law and wrest little ones out of the hands of the human beasts that own them. Certainly there is no perceptible diminution in the production of hoodlums here. Yet some very important things have been accomplished by the society. The Italian padrone system was broken up through its agency; the selling of flowers and other articles by young girls on the streets and in business places has been made very infrequent; and of course children have in many individual cases been rescued from great evil.

In its fullest report, — that of 1879, — the society gave some thirty of the more important cases of the year. I quote enough to give an idea of the nature of the work in its detail:

JAN. 2.—Dominic ———, for causing his child Julia, nine years old, to beg on the streets, was prosecuted and convicted in the Police Court, and sentenced to pay a fine of fifty dollars, or be imprisoned in the County Jail for ten days. The child was left with her parents.

JAN. 9.—Bridget ——— was, with her two children, Nelly and Michael, aged twelve and ten years respectively, found living in a basement of 437 ——— Street, devoid of the commonest necessities of life. The mother an intemperate, dissolute woman, lacking both moral and physical control over her offspring, who were obliged to beg for their food while she spent her time in a continuous round of debauchery. Their father, also an inebriate, had deserted his family, leaving it in the depths of poverty, caring little what might become of his children, so long as his insatiable thirst for strong drink could be gratified.

Application was made to the Probate Court for letters of guardianship for the children, which was granted, and the children placed, one in the Catholic Orphan Asylum at South San Francisco, and the other in the Catholic Orphan Asylum at San Rafael.

JAN. 18—Information was received that Louise — was leading a disreputable life at No. 5 — Court; that she was an habitual drunkard, and that she cruelly beat and otherwise ill-used her child Charles, aged three years, which upon investigation was found to be true. Mrs. — was arrested, and upon conviction, sent to the County jail for ten days.

An application was made to the Probate Court for the appointment of a guardian for the boy, but upon a promise of reformation by the mother, and by consent of the Society the application was dismissed.

Several months after the mother was found to have kept her promise, and was living a useful life.

JAN. 23—P—B—, twelve years old, was found living in a disreputable den on Broadway street with her mother, a lewd woman. The house was one of the worst of its class, frequented by thieves and prostitutes of the lowest order.

Application was made to the Probate Court for letters of guardianship of the child, which was granted, and the child was placed in the Industrial School.

JAN. 28—Susie Jones, a half orphan, abandoned by her father, was brought to the Society's office, from which she was sent to the Home of the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society.

FEB. 12—Edward Spearman, 13 years old, an orphan, friendless and homeless, was found in the City Prison, where he had applied for shelter. He was placed in St. Joseph's Youths' Directory.

MAR. 9—Maggie —, 7 years of age, found employed to dance at Sunday evening entertainments at Union Hall, was withdrawn by the managers upon notification that they would be prosecuted for any violation of the law.

MAY 21—Police Officer Forner brought to the Society's office Lena Dorf, 11 years old, who had escaped from her uncle, August Kreiger, and taken refuge with a neighbor.

The child stated that she was brought from her home in Germany by her uncle; that since her arrival here she had been systematically ill treated; that she had been frequently kept at work from early morning until midnight; that she had been cruelly punished for the most trivial offenses; that on the night of the 19th her person was exposed, while two of her uncle's male employes beat her with a leather belt

until her tender flesh was a mass of swollen, discolored tissue, her uncle standing by and directing the operations of his brutal agents.

The physician who examined the girl pronounced her to be "suffering from a cruel punishment."

Krieger was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine of twenty dollars, (a very inadequate punishment,) and the child placed in the Home of the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society, from which she has since been procured a good home in an interior town.

AUG. 16—L. F., a girl 17 years old, came to the Society's office and claimed protection. She stated that she had escaped from her mother, a disreputable woman, who had taken her from a respectable family in the city where she had lived for several years, and was about to take her to an inland town, and as she believed there to consign her to a fate worse than death, as she had done with an elder sister.

The girl was temporarily placed in the Home of the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society, until inquiry proved the truth of her statement, when she was returned to the worthy family from which she had been taken by her mother.

NOV. 28—A message was received from neighbors, stating that at No. 10 Jessie Street a drunken man and woman had in their charge an infant but a few months old, that they were in a beastly state of intoxication, and refused to give up the child, upon which they had no claim, and that if it was not taken from them it would be killed before morning. An officer of the Society, recovered the child and placed it in the care of its sister. The child's mother had died a violent death a few days previous, and its father was then under arrest charged with her murder.

DEC. 12—The attention of the Society was called to C. D., a lady-like and intelligent girl sixteen years old, who was at the Central Station, where, for an imaginary offense, she had been brought by her father, and charged with leading an idle and dissolute life. An investigation showed that there was absolutely no ground for the charge; this her father admitted, expressing his regret for his hasty action, and consented that the Society should take charge of the girl.

But perhaps the extreme case of child-saving is in the Chinese missions; and it is a work that demands a sort of heroism unknown in any of the others. For here there is no general backing of sympathy and good will, and the workers make their way along as they can, between distrust and suspicion in front and behind,—from the Chinese, who



"fear the Greeks, even bearing gifts," and the community, which is by no means convinced that it is a matter of any importance to save Chinese children from abuse. They have no money from any source outside the churches, and from these only as a branch of their missionary work, and sometimes seek in vain for years for money to do some small necessary thing. And most of all, they alone of our charity workers come into sharp conflict with strong moneyed interest, and are therefore put into the militant position of reformers, rather than the gentle one of succor-bearers. For if Miss Cable is correctly informed, the little slave-girls whom they rescue are sold, when they are twelve or fourteen years old, for from \$600 to \$1,200 each. When one reads that there are thirty-five of these girls in one mission home, every one of whom "has had a sad life and a tragic escape from the slave-owners," he may realize somewhat the extent of interest in arms against this handful of women.

The work began as evangelizing, not humanitarian, work; the teachers, — as they made their way more and more into the life of the Chinese to teach them Christianity, won their confidence, and taught their children, — came every now and then upon these wretched little girls, and set themselves to save them. There are eighty-five children in the Presbyterian school, and more than one hundred little girls on the list of Miss Cable, the visiting teacher; probably nearly as many under the influence of the other missions. Most of these are in their own homes, with their parents, and cherished with pride and affection, except where opium has undermined the father's character. But here and there among them the teachers detect the presence of a slave child, and now and then they get an opportunity under the law passed for the use of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, to take one of these children away, and

obtain legal guardianship. Now and then the girls themselves escape and reach the shelter of the Home, crying with excitement and terror; but generally they are too timid and helpless for this, more afraid of the unknown horrors of being carried off among Americans than of their brutal owners, and quite unable to think of themselves as having any rights. Sometimes they are brought by one another, or — secretly, for fear of highbinders — by well-disposed men of their own race.

Hardly are they within the doors of the "Mission Home" before writs of habeas corpus are issued by their owners for their appearance in Court. Then a legal contest begins, which sometimes drags on for weeks or months, and is a weariness to the flesh and a trial to the patience; but, thanks to a kind Providence, we have nearly always been victors in the contest. . . . One can form some estimate of their value when a Chinese highbinder is offered \$600 if he will kidnap one as we go to and from church, or \$800 to a lawyer if he succeeds in winning a case.<sup>1</sup>

And it seems that there is never any difficulty in finding skillful American lawyers, even of sufficient political standing to be ex-judges, who take these cases for the Chinese masters. Either for this reason, or because of the native shrewdness of the Chinese, the legal fights are conducted with skill, and knowledge of the provisions of the law. Sometimes the girl is claimed as a daughter, or niece, or wife, sometimes arrested on some charge, to be brought within the power of her master again.

Twice within the year Miss Culbertson has been to San Diego; once with attorney and interpreter, to accompany and protect a terrified girl who was summoned thither by a warrant, and once to help in rescuing from a den there a ten-year-old girl. The courts and police are always friendly, which is, of course, a tower of strength to her. Since the founding of the Home, fifteen years ago, 227 persons have found a refuge

<sup>1</sup> Miss Culbertson's report to Woman's Occidental Board of Foreign Missions, 1889.

there. Some of these, however, were grown women.

No stories told by other charities are so pitiful as those embodied in the reports of this one. Here are a few<sup>1</sup>:

Woon Tsun is eight years of age also. Secret friends came to the rescue and brought her to us. Her little-footed mistress had required her to do the washing and housework for the family, and caused her to be punished cruelly for any shortcoming. It was a pitiful sight, that brought tears to the eyes, to see the little limbs so terribly bruised, the hair matted with blood from cuts upon the head, while the forehead and lips were swollen from blows of violence. Miss Culbertson was appointed guardian without interference from the woman, who was reprimanded by the court, the merchant husband feeling the rebuke quite as keenly.

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In Miss Culbertson's report for 1881 she said :

Two years ago little Chun Fa was brought to the Home, and was hardly six years old, her delicate form scarred and blackened by the daily beating from the woman who had made her a slave. Her case was brought before Mr. Hunter, of the Humane Society. Well do we remember her as we first saw her, sitting by the fireside awaiting our return from church. As we drew near and spoke to her, she shrank away affrighted, tears and sobs being her only response. An hour later we saw her quietly sleeping on her pillow, the traces of tears still on her face, her hand tightly clasping a bit of candy, that sweet comforter of childhood's sorrows. That blighted, desolate life is now rounding into one of happy joyousness, and is the light of our Home.

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Let me bring before you one of these slave girls, Urg Wah, whom we rescued from the "Old Beehive." What would you say is the probable future of a child like this, who, from the time she was a baby five years old, has sewed on millions of buttons to help support a family. Compelled to sew until one or two o'clock in the morning, and when nature was exhausted, her ears were snipped with the scissors to arouse her.

Her hands and face were covered with scars, giving unmistakable evidence of how cruelly she had been treated. The whole person of this child, her gait, her attitude, her least motion, expressed but one idea — fear. Her expression, as we watched her for years, became so habitually sad, and sometimes so horrible, that we became convinced that she was in

a fair way to become either an idiot or a demon. But she is now in the Home, in the hands of Christian women, and her old wrinkled face, that looked as if there was no joy on earth, has begun to freshen and brighten under the kindly influences of love and Christian training.

These girls were stolen or bought from their homes in China when too young to remember, and brought to this Coast. I do not know how common their situation is: the thirty-five in the Home have been gathered from the whole coast, from Portland to South America; and there are fourteen more in the Methodist Home. They seem to be attractive children when once recovered from the effects of the life they have led. Some of them are very intelligent. Both Miss Cable's and Miss Culbertson's reports say warmly, that however dreadful the lives from which the older girls are brought, they "should not be called abandoned in the usual acceptance of that term, because they are only helpless and ignorant, and almost always decorous in their behavior, and pure in thought and action"; that they "are powerless to change their situation other than by cutting their throats, — which one of them did recently." Indeed, they are all technically regarded as wives to the master — a Chinese woman, if these reports understand it correctly, having no status at all except as a wife, and the worst form of slavery being better than the outcast condition of one not married in any way. Therefore the only disposition to be made of these girls in the Home is to marry them to their countrymen, — to Christians, if possible, but to decent and kindly men of any faith. And fortunately, they find that the men "are very glad to get such educated wives, capable of taking care of a home intelligently, having been taught all sorts of housework and cooking at the Home. Sixty have thus gone to homes of their own, apparently to happy ones in most cases; and thirty children of their own are growing up in these. Some of the

<sup>1</sup> House to House Visitation. Report by Emma R. Cable.



have become missionaries; but as it is impossible for them to do anything outside the mission precincts unless they are married, their services in this capacity are circumscribed. The Methodist Home, however, has made the trial of putting them out to service in Christian families, and it has worked well.

Still another phase of child-saving work is that of the free kindergarten system. This is the favorite charity of San Francisco,—the San Francisco specialty in charity, one may say. It has grown up entirely within ten years, and has in that time taken a wonderful hold upon the feelings of the community. This is probably due primarily to the personal influence of Mrs. Cooper and the clever pen of Mrs. Wiggin; and secondarily, to the fact that these two women were able, early in the work, to interest in it some very wealthy people,—the Stanfords, Crocker, and Hearsts, in especial. The charity is probably the easiest of all to interest people in, if once they are brought to see the school-rooms and the children; for the ordinary sensitiveness toward neglected childhood is intensified by the infantile age of those reached by the kindergarten,—two to six years; and their pretty occupations, the pretty, bright rooms, the sweet-mannered, devoted girls who train them, all bring about the whole work an atmosphere at once attractive and touching, which readily takes hold on people. Therefore, the reports of the several associations all show the greatest desire to have people,—especially the business men of the city—visit the kindergartens, and seem to esteem them favored in proportion to the number of guests each month can count up; and therefore the reports teem with accounts of treats,—candy parties and fruit parties, picnics, dinners, and so on, given the little things by kindly people.

Nevertheless, the kindergartens are none of them in a really easy money

condition; for they have not endowments, but depend upon gifts, dues, and pledged contributions. Several of the schools are adopted by wealthy persons and regularly supported by them, which of course takes the money burden entirely from the associations, as far as these particular schools are concerned. For the rest, it seems to have been the principle to extend the work, establishing new classes up to the full limit of the regular pledged contributions and dues, and even in some cases beyond, on the strength of some considerable gift or legacy; and therefore when these gifts or legacies have been exhausted, or when any special demand, as for repairs or refurnishing, has arisen, it has been necessary to solicit help. The appeal has always been effectual, but of course the recurrent need of making it keeps the managers of any institution under more or less financial anxiety, unknown to those who deal with endowments, or stay strictly within the limits of dues and regular subscriptions. And again, the reports all show the greatest anxiety to extend still farther; they urge that they are not able to take in nearly all of the neglected children that would gladly come, and that there should be free kindergartens enough to reach every poor child in San Francisco.

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There may have been previous efforts made to teach the kindergarten system in California by persons possessing some knowledge of Froebel's educational methods; but I can obtain no information covering any successful attempt previous to that of Frau Bertha Semler, who came to this coast in 1873, and had for some years a large and flourishing German-American kindergarten. She interested many persons in the project, and a society was formed which purchased a building on Turk Street for school purposes, and otherwise aided in the endeavor to plant this system on California soil. This society, however, was dismembered at the end of a year. . . .

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In 1876, Miss Emma Marwedel came from Washington to Southern California, and opened a kindergarten and training school in Los Angeles.<sup>1</sup>

Miss Marwedel had private kindergartens and training classes afterward in Los Angeles, Oakland, Berkeley, and finally in San Francisco. It was in one of these that Miss Kate Smith, now Mrs. Wiggin, received her first kindergarten training. In 1878 Professor Felix Adler visited the Coast, and lent his powerful aid to Miss Marwedel's enthusiasm. He interested a knot of people, — chiefly Germans and Jews, — in charity kindergartens, and an association was incorporated under the name of the "San Francisco Public Kindergarten." This still exists, under the name of the "Pioneer" Association, though it has been overshadowed by its larger offshoots; it has still two of its original officers, and it is still largely managed by Germans and Jews, though not entirely. Professor Adler helped efficiently in securing an ample guarantee of income to begin with; and the society began work at once, renting a room on Silver Street, just outside the edge of the region that fringes Tar Flat. Professor Adler went back East, and the kindergarten work was left to San Francisco hands.

To this Silver street kindergarten, — the first free kindergarten west of the Rocky Mountains, — Mrs. Wiggin, then Miss Kate Smith, came from the private teaching she had been engaged in. As seems to be always the case with any charity in Hebrew hands, the support was liberal and the management wise. The double aspect of the kindergarten movement, as a charity and as an educational departure, made it talked about a great deal among charity workers and among teachers, and doubled the attention it received. Then occurred the incident that chiefly led to its rapid growth

here. Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper became interested in the work, and proposed to her Bible class that they should establish another free kindergarten, placed in the Barbary Coast neighborhood. This Bible class, readers outside of San Francisco should be told, is not a pewful of young girls, but a roomful of men and women, who had gradually crowded in, attracted by Mrs. Cooper's Sunday talks. The class took up the suggestion cordially, and the first Jackson Street kindergarten was organized in 1879. From this nucleus grew the largest kindergarten association in San Francisco, at first called the "Jackson Street," now the "Golden Gate." Probably nothing could have done more for its prosperity than the episode which occurred two or three years later, of Mrs. Cooper's being called to account by the Presbyterian church with which this Bible class was connected, for certain theologic defects in her teaching. There was a church trial, — I mention it again for the benefit of readers at a distance, — which ended in teacher and class being transferred to the First Congregational church. The public took an intense interest in all this, — the secular press even more than the religious, — and was so generally on Mrs. Cooper's side that the whole episode gave a real impetus to the kindergarten work, with which she was becoming constantly more completely identified.

In 1882 the pioneer association decided to move its kindergarten to another quarter. Most charities can move from place to place without breaking their continuity; but the little children of the abandoned locality cannot follow their kindergartens about, and removal means dropping them out entirely. Mrs. Wiggin and others felt satisfied that the Silver Street region ought not to be left without a class, and determined to keep it up; and an appeal made at this point to Miss Hattie Crocker, now Mrs.

<sup>1</sup> The Free Kindergarten Work of the Pacific Coast. Kate D. S. Wiggin.



Alexander, led to her assuming the support of the class. This was the beginning of the Silver Street Association.

The Pioneer Society now supports three kindergartens, all in the low regions not far from the city front. There are nine teachers in the three, and subscribers enough to cover about half the current expenses, which come to nearly \$5000 annually. The rest is made up by donations, and by various bazars and entertainments. It is managed chiefly by women, as the by-laws provide that the "lady members" of the board of directors shall constitute an executive committee. A brief, compact report is published annually, and well distributed.

The Golden Gate Association manages eight kindergartens in the city,—or, according to the method of its report, which treats each class as a separate kindergarten, fifteen,—with twenty-nine teachers, besides two outside the city. The total annual expense of these runs over \$13,000. The annual subscribers supply not much more than a tenth of the necessary revenue; but this does not include the regular support coming to the "adopted" kindergartens, from Mrs. Stanford and others, which leaves only about one-fifth of the annual expenses of the Association to be made up from general donations and other sources. Mrs. Stanford supports five classes in the city, and had given in all, at the time of the last report, over \$40,000 to the work. Among the chief supporters of the kindergartens is the Produce Exchange, which has two classes as its special possession, and pays a considerable part of their expense. Mrs. Cooper is president and superintendent of this association, and it is managed entirely by women.

The Silver Street Association has three kindergartens or classes, with four teachers; and conducts besides a training school, a housekeeping class, and a Froebel Society. Its expenses run nearly \$5,000 a year; how much of this

is met from steady sources is not clear from the report. Mrs. Alexander is the principal benefactor of this association; its superintendent, Mrs. Wiggin, has left the State, and her sister, Miss Nora Smith, takes her place. The management of the association is mainly, but not entirely, by women.

Outside of the three associations are half a dozen separate kindergartens,—one in the Protestant Orphan Asylum, two in the Catholic, one belonging to the Home of the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society, one to the Cogswell Industrial School, one to the First Congregational church, one to the Young Women's Christian Association. They publish no reports, and are not more than mentioned in the reports of the societies they belong to. Several independent ones have been started by various groups but have failed to get support, and fallen into one of the associations, usually the Golden Gate.

The great desire of the kindergartners is that the kindergartens shall be adopted as an integral part of the public schools, thus at once securing financial support, and reaching *all* the children of suitable age in the city. How they plan, in such event, to keep them clear of the blighting touch of politics, I do not know. It would, perhaps, not be impossible, even under the present charter, to so guard their management as to keep it non-political. Two classes were at one time adopted by the school board, but dropped on account of the expense; and instead, one teacher was retained to give the primary teachers instruction in kindergarten methods. Should the kindergartens be taken into the school system they would, of course, cease to be in any sense charities: as it is, they are only in part to be classed under that head. Any consideration of their educational method and influence would fall properly in an article on education; it is only their especial function in relieving the conditions of life among the poor that should

years after the children have passed from their hands, they still encourage themselves with the faith that somehow it will tell sometime. The most moderate and careful expression of this faith I have seen is in Mrs. Wiggins's words :

Here, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter. The great work which society has before it today is the proper training of its children. If we knew how to do that rightly, the reformatory institutions for adults might be closed, and most of the reformers might

"Fold their tents like the Arabs,  
And silently steal away."

We cannot settle all the miseries of this complex earthly life by suggesting any one remedy, however powerful; but we who look most closely at the results of Froebel's educational methods, applied to some of these evils in their very beginning, find hopeful promises of better things.

It is true, we have the child in our care but four or five hours a day; it is true, in most instances, that the home influences are all against us; it is true that the very people for whom we are working do not always appreciate our efforts; it is true that, in many cases, the child has been "born wrong," and to accomplish any radical reform we ought to have begun with his grandfather; it is true that we make failures now and then, and have to leave the sorry task seemingly unperformed, giving into the mighty hand of One who bringeth order out of chaos that which our finite strength has failed to compass. We hear these discouraging words sometimes, but they do not make a profound impression, when we see the weary yet beautiful days go by, bringing with them hourly rewards greater than speech can testify!

We see homes changing slowly but surely under the quiet influences of the teachers, and those little home missionaries, the children themselves; we get love in full measure, where we least expected so radiant a flower to bloom; we receive gratitude from some parents far beyond what we are conscious of deserving; we see the "ancient and respectable dirt-devil" being driven from many homes where he has reigned supreme for years; we see brutal punishments giving place to sweeter methods and kinder treatment; and we are too happy, and too grateful, for all these and many more encouragements, to be disheartened by any cynical dissertations on the determination of the world to go wrong, and the impossibility of preventing it.

Before I leave the subject of the kindergartens, I must mention the free housekeeping class in connection with the Silver Street kindergarten. It teaches bed-making, dusting, marketing, etc,

but not cooking, to little girls of twelve or fourteen,—not with the real articles, but with models of furniture, and pictures of meat. It is not especially popular with the young girls, who do not care for orderly housekeeping, and think fancy work far more essential; but a class of twenty-five or thirty is kept there by some effort.

In 1875 was organized a society called the "Pacific Dispensary," for the medical care of sick women and children. Free medical advice and medicines were at first its only work, but in 1878 six beds were placed in the dispensary building for women who needed the close care of the physician. In a few months the managers leased a larger house, and again, by the end of 1879, a still larger one, far out on Mission Street; and here was opened a children's ward,—the beginning of the children's hospital. In the next year a training school for nurses was begun. In 1875, the society incorporated, but before the end of the year re-incorporated as the "Hospital for Children and Training School for Nurses,"—its first object as a charity being gratuitous treatment of children in the hospital, its second the gratuitous advice to women and children outside, through the dispensary and other free clinics. The training school, though a benevolent work, is not a charity, for it pays for itself through the services of the pupil-nurses. There are also rooms for women patients able to pay for the special care of a hospital; and this is the largest single source of income. The rest comes from regular subscriptions, and donations; there is no endowment. The hospital cares for over 150 children in the course of a year; the dispensary and branch clinics for some 800 patients.

In 1887 the hospital made one more move,—the second since the children's ward was opened. A 50-vara lot far out on California Street had been presented



it by Nathaniel Gray, and over \$20,000 was raised for a building with quite unusual and remarkable promptitude, — \$3,000 from the Sharon bequest leading off. The building was completed at the beginning of 1887, and entirely paid for by the end of the year. It has twenty-five rooms and wards, besides its kitchen, laundry, servants' rooms, bath-rooms, and diet kitchen. Whenever the managers can afford to dispense with the income from the women patients, it will be devoted entirely to children. Although without endowments, this charity seems to attract gifts in a sufficiently steady stream to keep it from financial straits. Its officers and managers are all women, though the board of trustees and the legal advisers are men; the resident physicians and all but two of the eleven attending physicians and clinicians are women; but half a dozen men are consulting physicans. Indeed, this hospital has made itself rather a center and rallying place for the leading women doctors of the city, and has helped to develop, — if an outsider's impression may be trusted, — a sort of co-operation and friendship among them more marked than exists among men of the same profession.

The dispensary, connected with the hospital, but in another part of the city, need not be spoken of here, as it has not to do with children in especial: there are branch clinics at the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society and the Methodist Chinese Mission, which are very interesting parts of the work. When a child is ill enough to need constant nursing, it is sent from the Aid Society to the hospital, but in lighter cases the hospital doctors go there, making on an average about fifty visits in the year. The report of one of them intimates that there is more illness among the Aid Society children than others, attributing it to "the enfeebled constitutions and inherited tendencies to disease with which so many of these little beings are ushered

into the world, as well as that total neglect of moral and physical well-being from which they are so frequently rescued"; and adds, "The details of some of these cases have been of a most painful character, and perhaps no one has better opportunities than the physicians for realizing and appreciating the saving nature of the work done by the society."

There remains to be spoken of one pretty and useful charity for the wee-est children of all, — younger even than the two-year-old kindergarten babies: that is, the "infant shelters." These are places in which babies and little children are cared for during the day, while the mothers are at work. There are two or three in different parts of the city, supported by a Catholic order, which I have spoken of under the head of Catholic charities. Those that the young women of the alumnae association visited were prettily kept, in sunny rooms, with flowers about the door, and smiling, rosy-faced sisters in charge.

There is another shelter, — in existence since 1871, and an incorporated society since 1874, — managed by an undenominational board of ladies. It does not, however, confine itself strictly to the purposes of a day home; it keeps children as boarders for brief periods of home emergency, letting the parents pay what they can; it gives clothes and shoes, sends soups, milk, and medicine to the sick; a kindergarten is maintained. The expense of the society comes to nearly \$4,000 a year. The payments for board do not entirely cover this expense, which is made up, with a good deal of difficulty, by subscriptions and entertainments. The report of 1887, makes an appeal to the public for needed help.

It is likely that if the work of the charity were confined more strictly to the one object of supplying a day home for children whose mothers are at work, or the other one object of taking children to board temporarily, it would at-

tract more public interest, and find the financial question easier. It would seem to one taking a general survey that it would be much better, for instance, for a charity of this sort to refer a sick person to the dispensaries for medicine, than to give it out of an income already too small for its own more special needs.

This is the same reflection that so often comes in this survey of the charities,—the immense increase of efficiency that a complete knowledge of each other's work, and a due partitioning out of the work among them, and co-operation together, would produce. Here, for instance, one kindergartner reports a case in which a hard-working mother had to leave her child at home alone,—result, an injury that kept her at home for weeks to take care of him. A day-home in the vicinity would have prevented that; and I must think that some energetic co-operative effort would establish a system of day homes, devoted to the one object of caring for the babies while the mother is at work,—supported by a common association, and so managed with much economy of effort. It is a charity that need cost very little, for the voluntary services of quite young girls could help in it immensely, and much vague charitable fervor could be turned to account in this way; or delicate or old women appealing to other charities could be made self-supporting, if they could be trusted to "tend baby" gently and honestly during the day. Indeed, the ways in which all these charities could be made to play into each others' hands, to the vast saving of expense and increase of accomplishment, is well nigh endless.

The foundling homes are primarily refuges for the mothers, and homes for the infants only as this necessarily accompanies the other work, and need not be farther spoken of here.

Before leaving the subject of San Francisco charities for children, I should say a few words of this State asylum for

the feeble-minded, and also of the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Asylum, since these are largely filled from San Francisco. The Deaf, Dumb and Blind Asylum at Berkeley has long been one of the institutions the State has been especially proud of. Mr. Wines, on his first visit, spoke of it more enthusiastically than of any other charity here, intimated that we scarcely appreciate it, and quoted some one to the effect that Mr. Wilkinson was the best teacher of the deaf in the country. The Home for Feeble-minded Children is only lately established. It grew from the work of two ladies, who had become, through circumstances, especially interested in the question of the care of such children; and these two, Mrs. Robert Bentley and Mrs. H. R. Judah, neither of them living in the city, nor having any especial opportunity to forward such a matter, canvassed the subject so indefatigably and convincingly that in time,—chiefly through the interest they awakened in Mrs. Kate B. Lathrop of this city,—they brought about them a circle of men and women interested in establishing this much needed charity. During 1883 the sum of \$13,000 was raised, and a Home opened at White Sulphur Springs. Afterward it was moved to Alameda, then was adopted by the State, and located at Santa Clara. It has now 117 inmates.

It will be seen that the city is almost completely netted with means for caring for children, so far as they go. Scarcely an aspect of need can be thought of for which there is not some provision. In hardly any case is the provision extensive enough to reach all for whom it is intended; probably in no case does it reach all whom it might even with its present resources, for simple lack of means to get at them. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children leaves without help children as wickedly abused as any it rescues, because it does not know of them, nor they of it; many little invalids lie suffering in ignorance



of the hospital, which is equally unaware of their existence; many a time the kindergartner struggles with a child who should be in the Asylum for the Feeble-minded, not knowing enough of work outside her own to know that the ex-

perts say such children should always be segregated,—nor, perhaps, knowing the accommodation the State now provides for them. San Francisco is certainly behind other cities in directing all these means to the best advantage.

M. W. Shinn.



## THE YEAR'S VERSE. II

WE reviewed last month such of the year's verse as came from writers already more or less known between covers, reserving for a second chapter the "first volumes," and one or two that are to ourselves, and probably to all our readers, practically first volumes, since we have to learn from the title page that they are not. Now and then the little collection bears a name not altogether unknown through magazine and stray verse. Readers of the *OVERLAND* know quite well the signature of Wilbur Larremore,—always attached to poems not striking, but thoughtful, refined, and pervaded with a certain modesty and sincerity that make their best quality. Nearly half of the brief poems collected in the little volume, *Mother Carey's Chickens*,<sup>1</sup> appeared in the *OVERLAND*. They and the others here gathered with them have about three notes,—one, that of a very real, yet not restless or excited,

sense of what we call "the problems of the age"; one of love, either in the direct and natural expression of a few moods, or in some imagined episode; and one of a quiet humor. There is here and there a visibly labored line or stanza,—not labored in the manner of one who strives for effect, but of one who wishes to speak his mood or thought exactly, and does not find the material of rhyme and metre that he works in yield easily to the expression he wishes to mould it to. This, with its perceptible jar of metre and infelicity of diction toward the end, its thoroughly poetic thought, and a certain honesty of word and manner not so common in our minor verse, is characteristic not of the best, but of the average.

### *The Neophyte.*

In fervent clasp his youth's ideal  
He raises o'er the tide;  
Across the deep he fain would bear it  
And reach the thither side,

<sup>1</sup>Mother Carey's Chickens. A Book of Verse. By Wilbur Larremore. New York: Cassell & Co.

Still holding it aloft, in sunlight bathed,  
By all the wildering turbulence unscathed.

His better self ! will he preserve it,  
And life's long turmoil breast ?  
Ah ! he who bears a soul's ideal  
Within the realms of rest  
Must greatly cope, though single-armed, and saves  
A treasure from the hungry maws of waves.

And this is perhaps as good and entirely felicitous as anything in the little collection :

*Gone.*

Bear it away, earth's crumbling heritage !  
Yet tenderly, for where he once made stay  
And told the hours of Time's disquiet stage,  
To our bereft hearts still is sacred clay.  
This we have cherished, this could him engage ;  
Not earth's blue dome can shut him in today.

This was originally printed as the sextet of a sonnet, and though it says the whole without needing the other eight lines, yet it is so of the sonnet in tone that it seems to us marred by having the sonnet form destroyed.

Two other little collections of the same unpretentious sort are *Tancred's Daughter*<sup>1</sup> and *Monadnoc*.<sup>2</sup> One of these, *Tancred's Daughter*, calls for little notice. It is made up of smooth and fluent versification, with occasional lines and stanzas that are quite pretty lyrically, and also occasional clever touches of expression that seem decidedly above the level of the rest. This is one of the best :

Have you seen Pan ? I heard him pipe,  
In yonder wood I strayed,  
When strains divine were wafted through  
The beechen shade.

Have you seen Pan ? I heard him pipe,  
I followed up the sound,  
I peeped me 'neath the sheltering boughs  
But no good found.

Have you seen Pan ? I heard him pipe.  
And down the forest wide  
I hastened on in swift pursuit :  
Him ne'er I spied.

Have you seen Pan ? I heard him pipe,  
And found this reed, this wreath ;  
Pan dropt them both — and both are warm  
With his late breath.

Have you seen Pan ? (I heard him pipe.)  
Ah, Poet, tell me true,  
Or I shall think that wreath and reed  
Belong to you.

The other little book, *Monadnoc*, is of much better verse,—a good deal diluted, but full of a very considerable beauty, chiefly in description of aspects of nature, but also sometimes in touching on human life. The writer seems to have thought that anything he could put into rhyme and metre was worth considering poetry ; and in long poems, such as the opening description of the mountain and all the thoughts it raises, he runs on and on quite beyond the amount of inspiration he has. If what there is of real beauty in his poems were chiseled out by itself, apart from all that was not really worth writing, he ought to attain some place in people's memories. The tone of the verses is sincere, and the attitude toward life of the nobler sort. There is an echo of Tennyson, rare nowadays, thus :

Beyond brown beds of brake and fern,  
Like embers in the night's black urn,  
The sullen fires of sunset burn.

Deep pits of flame beyond the pines,  
Whose stems, in long and slender lines,  
Divide the light as day declines ;

Filled with fierce fires which slowly wane,  
And glimmer on the distant plain,  
And lighten thro' the lonely lane.

The trailing glories droop and die  
Along the lake where they did lie,  
And the wild light forsakes the sky.

Or still more, this :

The winter brings her crystal swoon ;  
From her cold couch, the mystic moon,  
Burns with pale fire the dim lagoon ;

<sup>1</sup> *Tancred's Daughter* and other Poems. By Charles G. Blanden. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>2</sup> *Monadnoc* and other Sketches in Verse. By J. E. Nesmith. Cambridge: Riverside Press. 1889.



Her silver shackles flash and shake  
Upon the wild and freezing lake,  
When winds and waves are wide awake.

The stream runs low with frozen lip ;  
White storms their fleecy burden slip,  
And cloak the peak from base to tip ;

The dazzling day, the steel-blue night,  
Bathe each bold crag and ice-capped height  
In zones and shafts of naked light.

This sonnet is better than one can often find :

*Dawn.*

Between the Dayspring and the dying Moon  
I rode when winds were dreaming ; faint, forlorn,  
The Star of Morning sank in seas of dawn ;  
Girt in gray hills, where lay a low lagoon,  
Spectral and dim the curling mists did swoon :  
Like a wan lady waking from dark dreams,  
Earth lay beneath the waning moon's pale beams,  
Breathing the languid airs of middle June.  
It was the hour when oftenest sick men die,  
Like stars that shrivel in the morning's breath ;  
When life's great tide ebbs backward sullenly,  
Bearing lost souls to unknown deeps of death ;  
Ere the great Sun, with outstretched, kingly hand  
Calls all its waters back through all the land.

It is only because the author of *Leaves of Life*<sup>1</sup> has written and published in England, that it is left to the title-page to inform us that the book has had a predecessor. The most notable writers of each of the English-speaking countries become known to the other promptly ; but minor verse writers remain unknown outside the limits within which their publishers send out for reviews. A few annexed notices from English journals show that "*Lays and Legends*" made some impression within those limits ; and judging by *Leaves of Life*, deserved it. The contents are a confusion of love and radicalism, both very fervent, both very honest and loyal, and both put into poetry of considerable excellence. Most of it is in the character of a man, and there is nothing in the verse itself that fixes the poet as a wo-

man, but the best informed of the English reviews speak of "her." It is hard to find anything for quotation, for the poems are somewhat long, and do not have detached passages of force,—their poetic merit is not in telling phrases and eloquent passages. The one that we quote is fairly illustrative of the quality as verse, but not as fairly of the sentiment.

*'Whatever thy Hand Findeth . . .'*

Red, red the sunset flames behind  
The black, black elms and hedges,  
All through the noon no least leaf stirred,  
But crickets hummed and beetles whirred —  
Now comes a breath of fresh, sweet wind  
From silent pools and sedges.

All through hot noon the reapers stand  
And toil, with jests and laughter,  
Beneath the blazing skies that burn.  
Then, laughing still, they homeward turn  
By threes and fours ; and hand in hand  
Go two that linger after.

And here we linger hand in hand,  
And watch the blackening shadows.  
Had we been born to reap and sow,  
To wake when swallows stir, and go  
Forth in chill dawn to plough the land,  
Or mow the misty meadows,

Had that been nobler ? Love of mine,  
We still had only striven,  
As now we strive, to do our best,  
To do good work and earn good rest,—  
All work that's human is divine,  
All life, lived well, makes heaven !

These stanzas give the doctrine more fairly :

I don't mind work — but it's hard to bear,  
To know that my darling sits stitching there,  
With her white, white face and her thin, thin hand,  
Just to keep a dainty and idle band,  
Who would draw aside their silks and fur  
For fear they would brush against one like her.

So hurrah for work, and our masters dear,  
Who give us four days in the whole long year —  
Four days for hope and for love and rest  
And the rest for work, the glorious and blest ! . . .  
God,—hold our hand on the reckoning day,  
Lest all we owe them we should repay !

<sup>1</sup> *Leaves of Life*. By E. Nesbit. London : Longmans, Green & Co. 1888.

The following "prefatory note" introduces *Hymns pro Patria*.<sup>1</sup>

I have no reason to believe that any of these hymns have in them the germ of immortality. It is more than enough for me that they will serve to show my sympathy for my country, for those departments of Christian and humanitarian work to which I have devoted my life, and which I believe will fill the earth with their triumphs.

This note characterizes the hymns so justly that it leaves little for the reviewer to add to Mr. Rankin's own estimate. They are perhaps none of them poetry in any strict sense, but they have, — in addition to good ethical perception, and as honest and high-minded a tone as possible, — a touch of eloquence, caught largely from the influence of Scripture and other good standards of religious literature. Thus :

Blow, bugler, blow up one note more,  
Blow me the New Creation,  
When he shall come who came before,  
And bring wrong's reparation.

God be with you till we meet again,  
By his counsels guide, uphold you ;  
With his sheep securely fold you ;  
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,  
With the oil of joy anoint you ;  
Sacred ministries appoint you ;  
God be with you till we meet again.

The word of God to Leyden came,  
Dutch town by Zuyder Zee :  
Rise up, my children of no name,  
My kings and priests to be.

The Pilgrims rose at this God's word,  
And sailed the wintry seas ;  
With their own flesh nor blood conferred,  
Nor thought of wealth or ease.

They left the towers of Leyden town,  
They left the Zuyder Zee ;  
And where they cast their anchor down,  
Rose Freedom's realm to be.

It is strange to turn from these hymns

to *The Rose of Flame*.<sup>2</sup> The book is a second edition, recently published, of a last year's volume. It is not one that a reviewer is glad to have had come into his hands. That it is poetry, and poetry of fervid things fitly said, he must in any conscience say : but it is not poetry that can be of good or of pleasure to more than a very few. It does not appeal to gross tastes and the vulgar curiosity that seeks to be shocked ; but its theme is reckless love, and while neither life nor letters at present can omit that theme entirely, it is one that should be left to great handling. These verses will find readers, and will probably be kept alive ; but they will not touch many people very nearly. They are not evil enough to be read by those who seek what is questionable for its own sake ; they will repel the innocent and inexperienced ; to those who have had or seen experience that would make them real, they would only be painful. But to those actually under stress of temptation to exalt love above righteousness, they might be a dangerous influence. One of the best things Howells has said is by the mouth of one of his characters, that much of our trouble comes from giving divine honors to love, which are due only to righteousness.

This is well said :

Where shall I look for help ? Our gracious God  
Pities all those who weep for sin ingrain,  
And potent is the Kingly Victim's blood  
To wash repented guilt and leave no stain.

But ah, what hope for me in Heaven above,  
What consolation left beneath the sun,  
In those black hours when my lost soul laments  
Because it left that one sweet sin undone.

—but compare it even as mere literature with what some one else has said :

I hold the loftier lot  
To ennoble, not escape,  
Life's sorrows and love's pangs. I count a man,

<sup>1</sup> *Hymns pro Patria*. By J. E. Rankin. New York: John B. Alden. 1889.

<sup>2</sup> *The Rose of Flame, and other Poems of Love*. By Anne Reeve Aldrich. N. Y. American News Co: 1889



Though sick to death, for something higher than  
A healthy dog or ape.

'T is time my past should set my future free  
For life's renewed endeavor.

Shame on the man who, born a man, foregoes  
Man's troublous birthright for a brute's repose.  
Shame on the eyes that see

This mighty universe, and see not there  
Something of difficult worth a man may dare  
Bravely to do and be.

Some one who puts on his title page neither his own name nor that of a publisher, nor anything but the single word *Cause*,<sup>1</sup> has undertaken the astonishing task of re-telling the Bible through, — with omissions and interpolations, — in blank verse. God, says the author, existed eternally in the triune being of Justice, Wisdom, and Love; and the consultations of the three in planning creation are given. To quote one only :

I, who am Justice, would increase return  
Of glory intimate and consequent,  
While goodness cherisheth anterior claims,  
From special value resident in right,  
Seeking just objects to extend unto  
And magnify prime efficacy through.

We believe that the "scheme of creation" is read by the author in a modified Calvinistic light, but confess that we have not made out clearly his intent. There are four hundred and twenty-six pages of verse similar to the few lines we have given.

*Idyls of the Golden Shore*<sup>2</sup> is a book of verses all about California. They are not very good, but neither are they bad, and they do not pretend to be any better than they are. They have a fluent rhythm and respectable power of expression, a good deal of feeling, and an honest and straightforward manner. The introduction, also, has an honest sound :

<sup>1</sup> Cause. 1889.

<sup>2</sup> Idyls of the Golden Shore. By Hu Maxwell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

They were written for the most part at night by my camp-fire, while on the western plains and deserts, or during stormy days in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, when I could not leave shelter; frequently, also, in the noise and confusion of a camp full of frontiersmen or Indians, with nothing to do but sing and talk. . . . Nevertheless, it is as good as I can make it, or I would not publish it.

Their spirit and quality are compactly expressed in the opening stanza :

Look not in this for more than simple love  
For that fair country by the western sea,  
Where morns are ever fair, and blue above  
The skies are bending over wood and lea.  
Look not for more than this, I ask of thee,  
For to sublimer heights I cannot soar.  
The love of Nature is my only plea,  
And this alone I offer, — nothing more, —  
On this I've built the Idyls of the Golden Shore.

*Accolon of Gaul*<sup>3</sup> is vastly more ambitious. It is as lavish, decorative, and vague as possible; sometimes attaining a sort of overdressed beauty, and often suggesting that under some stern self-training the author might come to write well, for there are certainly stanzas of real merit amid its swelling and vague magnificences. This is a fair example of most of it :

— She

Led me athwart a flower-showered lea,  
Where trammeléd puckered pansy and the pea;  
Spread stains of pale-red poppies rinsed of rain,  
So gorged with sun their hurt hearts ached with  
pain;

Heaped honeysuckles; roses lavishing beams,  
Wherein I knew were huddled little dreams,  
Which laughed coy, hidden merriment, and there  
Blew quick gay kisses fragrancng the air.

It is rarely that as attractive a volume of minor verse comes into a reviewer's hands as we find in *Lake Lyrics*.<sup>4</sup> It is a neat but entirely unpretentious little Canadian book, mostly about the Huron

<sup>3</sup> Accolon of Gaul. By Madison J. Cawein. Louisville: John P. Morton & Co. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by The Bancroft Company.

<sup>4</sup> Lake Lyrics. By William Wilfred Campbell. St. John, N. B.: J. & A. M. Millan. 1889.

lake-shore. Tennyson and Longfellow seem to have supplied a good deal of its inspiration, though we rarely meet anything distinctly suggested by them. There is a pleasant freshness and naturalness about the lyrics and sonnets it contains, and no jarring notes at all. They are chiefly objective, and the great inland sea, with its islands and streams and headlands, plays a considerable part in them; the coming and going of winter and summer on this northern shore also; and there is a group of poems of human life and relations.

Here is one of the lyrics :

*Before The Dawn.*

One hour before the flush of dawn,  
That all the rosy daylight weaves,  
Here in my bed, far overhead,  
I hear the swallows in the eaves.

I cannot see, but well I know,  
That out around the dusky gray,  
Across dark lakes and voiced streams  
The blind, dumb vapors feel their way.

And here and there a star looks down  
Out of the fog that holds the sea  
In its embrace, while up the lands,  
Some cock makes music lustily.

And out within the dreamy woods,  
Or in some clover-blossomed lawn,  
The blinking robin pipes his mate  
To wake the music of the dawn.

*A Chaplet of Verse*,<sup>1</sup> *Our Glorified*,<sup>2</sup> and *War Ballads of America*<sup>3</sup> are new collections from various authors, and *Ancient Spanish Ballads*,<sup>4</sup> a new edition of an old and standard collection. The first is selected from Catholic writers of the Pacific Coast, and is published for the benefit of the Youths' Directory, a char-

ity described, as it happens, elsewhere in this same number of the OVERLAND. The most noticeable verse in it is that of Charles Warren Stoddard; but there are other names known on the coast, chiefly that of Agnes Manning, and the average is of higher poetic merit than is usual in volumes whose purport is not primarily literary but philanthropic: the number of Irish names perhaps accounts for this. The poems are not on religious topics, but general. The next collection is of poems about the death of friends, especially of children. It is a little surprising to find how many and how different writers have turned aside from their usual subjects to write laments, often quite intimate and personal, for dead children. R. H. Stoddard, Swinburne, Gerhardt, H. H. Jackson, Mrs. Brown-ing, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Preston, Geo. P. Lathrop, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and James Whitcomb Riley,—these are some of the names. Yet Emerson's Threnody, and several others as well known, are omitted,—so many, indeed, as to make it seem as if the editor must have intended to avoid them, and bring together the unfamiliar poems of the subject. Some of them are profoundly and pitifully real and simple—Stoddard's especially so; some are conventionally consolatory. Bits of prose, a good many of them from sermons, are interspersed. The *War Ballads* are of all the wars, from the colonial wars with the Indians to the latest. They are chronologically arranged according to subject, not date of writing, so that Finch's "Nathan Hale" stands side by side with the contemporary ballad. It is a very interesting collection, and it is beautifully printed in the pretty "Knickerbocker Nuggets" series. *Ancient Spanish Ballads* is also in this series.

<sup>1</sup> *A Chaplet of Verse*. By California Catholic writers. Edited by Rev. D. O. Crowley and Charles Anthony Doyle. San Francisco: Diepenbrock & Co. 1889.

<sup>2</sup> *Our Glorified*. Edited by Elizabeth Howard Foxcroft. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>3</sup> *War Ballads of America*. Edited by George Cary Eggleston. Knickerbocker Nuggets. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889.

<sup>4</sup> *Ancient Spanish Ballads*. Translated by J. G. Lockhart. Knickerbocker Nuggets. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.



## ETC.

THERE has been a curious shock each time in the death of one after another of the great men that have made the literary distinction of this century. They have been a singularly fortunate group in living to serene old age, and Emerson, and Longfellow, and Browning passed away at a time when in the nature of things men were expecting it to happen before very long, and when we could look for little more addition to the world's possessions from them. Yet to find know ourselves in a world without Emerson in it, without Longfellow in it, without Browning in it, does not fail to bring the shock and sense of readjustment to new conditions, — perhaps a little more in this case because Browning went so suddenly out of an activity that had not, so far as we know, given a hint of change or failing. It is something like the feeling with which middle-aged people see the generation before them, in their kindred and acquaintance, disappear, and realize that they themselves “stand in the foremost rank of the advancing generations.” It is a grave reflection, that to us of today descends from the hands of the elders the charge of the world. We are not going to repeat the well-worn inquiry as to where are the successors of these particular great men; in some form or other, with or without any important literary activity in our way of managing it, the destiny of humanity descends to us, — “under Providence,” as the phrase goes, — to manage. Yet it is also an impressive thought that it will never be, in one sense, — and that the chief one, — “a world without Browning in it”; it never has been since they lived a world without Plato in it, or without Chaucer in it. We do not think ourselves able to define, for all the overflowing help offered by the Browning critics, just how greatly he will continue to live and work; each generation is so limited in perspective that it is well not to dogmatize on the exact dimensions of the greatness of a great man. He is not likely to mould the minds of the next generation of young people as he has those of the present. One need only note how the minds of men that were in college thirty and forty years ago are stamped with the imprint of one set of authors, and of those that were in college ten years ago with another, to realize this. The guiding lights of the impressible period in the elder men's lives have become only individual stars in a galaxy of great names to the younger men, whose guiding lights, — whether for better or for worse, — shine from some other quarter.

**Aphorisms from the Hebrew.**

*Translated by G. A. Danziger.*

## I.

## NATURE OF THINGS.

ALL things live, even things that, to our conception, are dead. Death changes only the form and aspect of things, not their being and life. The very changes that objects undergo in Nature prove the existence of life. These changes are constant in a grain of sand, as well as in the expanse of the skies; in the living, as well as in the dead.

Everything is good, though it may appear to be bad. An object may appear bad to one and good to another; be disliked today, liked tomorrow, for man's nature is so changeable that if he rejects a thing today he may desire it tomorrow. Man, unstable in his pleasures, likes variety and change. Pleasure is enjoyed more after sorrow, plenty after hunger, hope after anxiety.

Everything is beautiful, even that which at first may appear homely. If only we look at an object rightly and do not expect too much at first, its appearance of homeliness will fade away. A color-blind man will praise all colors, while a weak-eyed man will see no beauty in the purity of the blue of the skies nor in the brightness of the sun.

All things are wholesome, even poison and worm-wood, if only they are taken in proper measure, time and season.

Everything is true, however strange and incomprehensible it may appear, for we behold daily what we at first regarded as fiction now proved to be fact.

All is false, untrue, even the truth that two and two are four, since there are absolutely no two things in the world which are alike in all minuteness, though the difference be only in their respective place. Thus also arose that most perverted judgment, the axiom that each cause has a cause, upon which is based the entire structure of philosophical contemplation.

### The Re-establishment of the Organized Volunteer Militia of the United States.

The memorandum herewith is prepared to bring before the officers of the Army and the National Guard of the United States the problem of the assumption by the General Government of the direction and expense of the National Guard, with the hope that a full discussion of the subject may result therefrom. The ideas and plan proposed are entirely personal, and consequently subject to the freest criticism and comment.

The organized National Guard of the United States shall be composed of volunteers, who shall be natives, or naturalized citizens, of the United States, and enlisted, commissioned, detailed, or appointed for a uniform term of four years, excepting the personal staffs of the State Executives.

Each Congressional District shall be entitled to and shall raise one regiment, composed of four (4) Infantry companies, one battery of four (4) pieces of Light Artillery (or Gatling Guns) and one (1) troop of cavalry.

The War Department shall make suitable provision for the arms, equipments, clothing, subsistence, transportation, and instruction of the National Guard in armories and camps of instruction, as also for their payment for all duty performed *under orders*, the same to be in all respects, as to amounts or commutation, as paid or allowed to the Army.

The regiments of each State where exceeding one (1) shall be brigaded in a manner convenient to geographical contingencies.

The several Brigades of a State shall constitute a Division, to be known as ".... Division National Guard."

Infantry companies shall have a minimum of 150 and a maximum of 210, each company being composed of three (3) platoons of 50 each minimum, 70, maximum, total Regimental Infantry minimum 600, maximum 840. Cavalry troops, minimum 40, maximum 120. Light batteries, minimum 80, maximum 150. Total regimental strength, minimum 720, maximum, 1,110.

Enlisted men of all branches must be between the ages of 18 and 21 at date of enlistment.

Line officers of all branches must be between the ages of 25 and 35 at date of commission, and no such officers shall be commissioned for a second term in the same grade.

General and field officers and officers of the General Staff must be between the ages of 35 and 50 at date of commission, and no such officers shall be commissioned for a second term in the same grade — excepting surgeons, who shall have served at least one year as line officers in the National Guard or Army before being eligible to field rank or staff appointments.

The Executive of each State shall be the Commander-in-chief of its National Guard, and all de-

tails, appointments, or elections subject to his consent or approval.

Generals of Division and Brigade, Colonels of Regiments, and Assistant Adjutant Generals of Division and Brigade, shall be officers on the active list of the Army, who shall be detailed for one term only by the War Department, and be commissioned by and hold rank under the Executives of States, and their commissions shall be countersigned by the War Department.

Line officers shall be elected by enlisted men of their companies from candidates, submitted by the Regimental Commander and approved by the Brigade Commander and Adjutant General of the State.

Regimental Field Officers, except Colonels, shall be elected by Regimental Line officers from candidates submitted by Brigade Commander, and approved by Adjutant General of the State.

Regimental staff officers shall be detailed from regimental line.

General staff officers, except A. A. Generals, shall be appointed by the executives of the several States, and Division and Brigade commanders respectively, subject to the condition that they have had at least one year's service in the line.

The duties and relative rank of all officers and enlisted men shall be similar to those now enforced, practiced, and held in their several States, when not in conflict with United States Articles of War and the other regulations and conditions herein named.

The National Guard shall be gathered in camps of instruction of not less than a Brigade (where existing) annually, for two weeks.

Regimental (or Battalion) drills shall be held monthly. Companies, Batteries, or Troops shall drill not less than four (4) times in each month, including Regimental or Battalion drills.

Regulations shall be adopted by the General Government (through the War Department) with the several States, by which a system of responsibility and accountability shall be entered upon between the two, relative to the expenditure for the National Guard, and for the proper maintenance of its discipline and efficiency; and while it shall be understood that the Executive of State is the Commander-in-Chief of its National Guard, it is to be equally agreed that the General Government — by its assumption of the expense of maintenance, and of educating its principal officers, acquires the principal voice in its direction.

Approximate result :

325 Congressional Dist. of 40 States (excluding Territories for convenience).

325 Regiments, 1,300 Companies,

Infantry, min., 195,000; max., 273,000

325 Lt. Batteries.... " 26,000; " 48,750

325 Troops, Cavalry. " 13,000; " 39,000

Total.....234,000 360,750



## Details from the Army :

30 Division Generals.  
 100 Brigadier Generals.  
 325 Colonels.  
 30 A. Adjt. Generals of Division.  
 100 A. Adjt. Generals of Brigade.

585, being a little more than 5 per cent of the total of officers.

To become eligible, an officer, (except army details,) must have served a full term as an enlisted man, or have been honorably discharged as a commissioned officer from the National Guard of a State of the Army, and must be a resident of the State in which he is commissioned.

Through natural changes incident to the service at all times, it is expected that fully one-fourth of the personnel of the entire National Guard would be changed annually after the new establishment had been fully enforced, and that after ten years of existence the general Government would have at least 1,000,000 men within its borders whose term of service was within so recent a date that they would be available in an incredibly short time for active service. Again, the service of so many officers of the army as superior commanding officers would give them an unequalled opportunity for learning the theory of war on a large scale in times of peace, besides creating an experience and outlet for West Point graduates, which has always been found difficult during times of peace.

Without going into details, it is fair to presume that the average expense through the effective, systematic, and economical methods of the War Department would not be much greater than that now incurred by the several States.

It would seem possible that an agreement as to proposed national legislation to bring about a re-organization like that proposed might be reached by a convention composed of Adjutant Generals of States, representing the National Guard on the one hand, and army officers detailed by and representing the War Department on the other.

A. D. CUTLER,  
 Major and Brigade Inspector,  
 2d Brigade, N. G. C.

## A Religious Test.



Wong Lee has just arrived at a new place, and proceeds to question the mistress of the house as follows :

WONG LEE:— You Clyst-man?

THE MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE:— A Christian? Why, yes!

WONG LEE:— You b'lieve um Bible?

THE MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE:— Of course I believe the Bible, Wong.

WONG LEE:— You lead um stoly about Jonah? You b'lieve him?

THE MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE:— Why, yes, I suppose so,— of course.



WONG LEE:— H'm! You b'lieve one big fish eat him up,— go lound tlee day, spit him out, he walk off all light?— One damn lie! *I no stay.*

[And he departs in indignation.]

## BOOK REVIEWS.

## Holiday and Children's Books.

We noticed last month a very pretty holiday book, called "Log-book Notes through Life." We receive now a companion, "*Off the Weather-bow on Life's Voyage*,"<sup>1</sup> decorated by the same artist. It is "Dedicated to the Father of the fatherless and the God of the widow." There is a little of the disadvantage of the effort to repeat a success about it,—the novelty of the nautical devices is lost. The designs are no less charming, however, and the scraps of verse are better. But it comes to us in a more cheaply printed edition, marked with a lower price; and though no inexperienced person can say where the difference comes in, the delicate monotint rendering of the designs is gone, and they are not done justice in the cheaper work.

Another book that we noticed last month, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," is followed promptly by a companion, *The Star Spangled Banner*,<sup>2</sup> illustrated in the same manner, with colored bits of American scenery and monotint illustrations bearing more or less closely on the song; the music is appended.

*Lectures by the Thompson Street Poker Club*<sup>3</sup> is mildly amusing, especially to people who play poker, and who understand the local touches. The Thompson Street Poker Club is of the school of the more famous Lime Kiln Club, and its members, Cyanide Whiffles, Gus Johnson, Tooter Williams, Professor Bricks, and Elder Jubilee Anderson deliver lectures on poker, which are enlivened by very clever drawings, by H. Durkin.

Of the books that make really the most satisfactory holiday gifts, — beautiful editions of standard literature, — there are several this month, besides those we noticed last month. The recent issues of the "Knickerbocker Nuggets" have been spoken of elsewhere; they have been coming out all through the year, and are not especially intended to meet the holiday season. There is a beautiful edition of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*,<sup>4</sup> in Houghton, Mifflin, & Co's most happy, Aldine-like manner, — neat, dark cloth,

<sup>1</sup> "Off the Weather-bow on Life's Voyage." By Elizabeth N. Little. New York: White & Allen. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>2</sup> The Star Spangled Banner. Illustrated in Colors and Monotints. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Brother. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Pierson & Robertson.

<sup>3</sup> Lectures before the Thompson Street Poker Club. New York: White & Allen. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>4</sup> The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Carson & Co.

and type and paper and proportions all satisfying to the eye. The only decoration is an illuminated title-page of quaint, antique design, without color, — which somehow gives one the impression that it was a feature of the volume planned by Dr. Holmes himself. There is also a re-issue of Emerson's *Essays*<sup>5</sup> (first and second series) from the "Author's Edition," but complete in one volume. This, of course, involves thinner paper, but it is still a very neat and pleasing book, and it is a great convenience to have the Essays all together. And there is an edition of *Lucille*,<sup>6</sup> as pretty as possible, illustrated with charming little washes, reproduced by the soft mezzotint process familiar in most of the magazines, — a much more appropriate way in which to make an edition of this popular poem than severe simplicity would be.

The season, as usual, brings out a number of pretty calendars. The large, square style, to hang on a wall, has almost disappeared, and instead we have long, narrow ones, with twelve leaves, turning over on rings, chains, or ribbons, and laid into boxes. *The Sunter Calendar*<sup>7</sup> carries a very chubby little girl, of two or three years old, through the twelve months. She is printed in pretty tints, and is sometimes very "cute," but not always in the best of drawing. Another calendar, from different publishers, is designed by the same artist, and has the same merits and defects, — ingenious little girls, Japanese boys, and Pucks, in delicate tints, quaintly devised attitudes, and rather bad drawing, with birds and flowers, running through the twelve leaves. *The Calendar of the Nations*<sup>8</sup> is made of the pictures taken from "Babes of the Nations" (noticed below), each one printed with a calendar card, tied together with a ribbon and put in a box, making a pretty calendar; *The Washington Calendar*,<sup>9</sup> tinted in several different shades, and adorned with drawings of the surroundings of the national capital, with some little adaptation to the months. There are a number of tiny calendars, also, among the holiday cards.

<sup>5</sup> Emerson's Essays. First and second series. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>6</sup> Lucille. By Owen Meredith. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Brother. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Pierson & Robertson.

<sup>7</sup> Calendars for 1890. By J. Pauline Sunter. New York: F. A. Stokes & Brother. For sale in San Francisco by C. Beach. Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>8</sup> The Calendar of the Nations. By Maud Humphrey. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Brother.

<sup>9</sup> The Washington Calendar. Boston: L. Prang & Co. 1889.



These cards<sup>1</sup> seem to have settled down to flower and child studies, with a few landscapes. It is impossible that the artists should be able to get much novelty into the flower designs by this time, but the possibilities of the children are inexhaustible. The publishers issue with their cards this year an "art picture," (a name hard to pardon,) of the six "prize babies" of last year out for a walk,—a very pretty thing, in spite of the name. An illustrated rebus card is a new idea, and will be interesting for a while to children and leisurely people. Little books, based on the Christmas card idea, are also with the Christmas prints. One, printed in soft tints, is *White Mountain Vistas*,<sup>2</sup> with selected verses, and fly leaves to imitate birch bark; another, their most beautiful publication of the year, is called *Golden Sunsets*,<sup>3</sup> and contains a number of sunset views in color, soft and fine, not in the least gaudy; they are accompanied by scraps of appropriate verse. Another firm sends us what are really bunches of holiday cards made into a sort of book, in the Prang style, *One Merrie Christmas Time*<sup>4</sup> and *A Happy New Year to You*<sup>5</sup>; the cards are of exactly the style of those in the calendars by Mrs. Sunter, and are recognizably by the same hand.

Next come several children's books of decorative and distinctly holiday character, — intended, as usual, for little children. *One, Two, Three, Four*,<sup>6</sup> takes the little folks through four seasons, with four pretty color illustrations, — baby for spring, toddling two-year-old for summer, and rosy-cheeked boys a little older for autumn and winter. The text of the verses is interspersed with delicate monotint drawings of child heads; and being by Miss Cone, the verse is necessarily quite pretty and appropriate. *Babes of the Nations*<sup>7</sup> has also good verses,—these written by Edith Thomas; the illustrations are by the same artist, Maud Humphrey. There are twelve little people, of twelve different nations, arranged calendar style, one for each month, — a little Russian girl under a snowy pine-tree, with an armful of cones, for January; a French child with fleur-de-lis for April; an English one with roses for June, a little African and a hollyhock stalk for August; and so on. The text is interspersed, as in the other book, with the pretty monotints. *The Sleeping Beauty*<sup>8</sup> is the old fairy tale, most lavishly illustrated with color

plates, in very soft and fine tone, and with two different monotints, the text also being printed in the tint. *The Year's Best Days*<sup>9</sup> is not decorated, but is of directly holiday intent. The "best days" are Christmas, Valentine Day, Easter, Thanksgiving, and birthdays; and stories and poems,—both of them such as children are sure to enjoy—for these days make up the contents.

We have also a group of stories, issued just now to meet the gift season, but without any farther reference to it than this. Of neither *Deb and the Duchess*<sup>10</sup> nor *Witch Winnie*<sup>11</sup> have we much to say. The principal moral of *Deb and the Duchess* is that if children will only be bad enough, they will bring so much mischief on themselves that everybody will have to be good to them to make it up; yet the naughty, quaint, clever little creature only just missed being a very taking child study. The story has a good deal of plot, but it is inefficiently carried out. *Witch Winnie* has no plot, but is only a story of a knot of boarding school girls, and how they came, little by little, to know some poor people and to help them, and to be enrolled in the young girls' society, or order, for helping others, known as "King's Daughters." The groups that make up this order are something like the "Ten Times One" clubs of older date, but definitely Christian. This story of one is told with a good deal of appreciation of girls' minds and ways, but with a rambling and want of continuity and point that mars it badly.

*Betty Leicester*<sup>12</sup> is by Sarah Orne Jewett, and that is equivalent to saying that it is in almost every respect as good of its kind as possible. It is a story of a young girl's summer,—a story without a plot, merely of the people she met, and the things she saw, and the influence of her frank, sunny nature. It is stretched out and pieced up from a shorter story published in *St. Nicholas*, and it shows it,—which is a pity, it might have been so nearly perfect. It would have been better if shorter, for it has not the substance for as much of a book as it has been made into.

*To the Lions*<sup>13</sup> is a story of the persecutions of the second century. The place of the story is Bithynia, and the time the administration there of the younger Pliny, under Trajan. This is the period of the im-

<sup>1</sup> The Year's Best Days. By Rose Hartwick Thorpe. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>2</sup> Deb and the Duchess. By L. T. Merle. New York: White & Allen. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>3</sup> Witch Winnie. By Elizabeth W. Champney. New York: White & Allen. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>4</sup> Betty Leicester. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>5</sup> To the Lions. By Alfred J. Church. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Louis Gregoire & Co.

<sup>1</sup> Holiday Cards. New York: Prang & Co.

<sup>2</sup> White Mountain Vistas. *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> Golden Sunsets. *Ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> One Merrie Christmas Time, and a Happy New Year to You. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1889.

<sup>5</sup> One, Two, Three, Four. Illustrations by Maud Humphrey. Verses by Helen Gray Cone. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Bro. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Pierson & Robertson.

<sup>6</sup> Babes of the Nations. Illustrations by Maud Humphrey. Verse by Edith M. Thomas. *Ibid.*

<sup>7</sup> The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood. Illustrated by G. W. Brennan. New York: White & Allen. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

mediate successors of the apostles. How far the writer really catches the spirit of the men of that time it is hard to say,—farther, doubtless, in dealing with Pliny and Tacitus than with the Christians, about whom something of a halo floats; and whose mood, moreover, in those days of minority and revolt from authorities of faith, is perhaps less comprehensible to their successors,—who now are in the majority and followers of authority,—than that of the pagans. The intention of the book is very candid, and its historical accessories may be depended on as based on careful study, for the author knows pretty well what he writes of. They are introduced in a very natural and effortless way,—we do not remember ever to have seen a historical story for children in which the color of the time was so consistently and yet so easily preserved. The essentially modern ways of educated Greeks and Romans of that time have much to do with this: many before Mr. Church have realized how easily we come into touch with them. The great, glaring things in which they are un-modern,—slavery, judicial torture, regulation of private worship,—stand out in the story as they do in fact, in all their curious contrast with the generally advanced way of life.

A third book of a "Little Miss Weezy" series, which has in a lesser degree a good many of the qualities of the now classic Prudy books, is *Little Miss Weezy's Sister*.<sup>1</sup> Little Miss Weezy was a very wee maiden, but sister Molly is meant for older girls to read about. She is a sweet little girl, and her experiences are naturally and prettily told.

A most admirable set of books for young people is the "Riverside Library." No. 1 is *The War of Independence*,<sup>2</sup> by John Fiske, and a very good thing for the children it is to have the story told them by a historian of Fiske's standing and literary charm, and most of all, philosophic method. Children care as much as anybody for knowing the reasons and significance of things,—as the author says in his preface. The next number is *George Washington*,<sup>3</sup> an historical biography, by Horace Scudder, which has already been noticed among biographies here. The third is *Birds through an Opera Glass*,<sup>4</sup> by Flor-

ence A. Merriam, a sort of "field book" for people who want to learn the ways and looks of the common birds about them. The locality is Massachusetts and New York, but there is a good deal of suggestion useful anywhere. Next comes *Up and Down the Brooks*,<sup>5</sup> and this is a California book, for the brooks whose insect inhabitants are studied are in Alameda County, and the opening chapter has been in the OVERLAND. The book is very readable, and calculated to rouse in children a real interest in knowing about these "bugs," and dredging for them and housing them themselves. The science in these books is of the lightest kind, but sound and good as far as it goes, and they are well adapted to rousing the naturalist impulse in children, a most desirable thing. What we take to be the fifth of the series, though, rather oddly, the number seems to be omitted, is *Coal and the Coal-Mines*,<sup>6</sup> by Homer Greene, not a subject of as general interest, nor as brightly written a book as the others. *A New England Girlhood*,<sup>7</sup> by Lucy Larcom, is an excellent sort of book for young people to read. It is of the school of what text books call "the pure essay,"—a sort of writing that cannot often be especially adapted to the young, for its light comment on life and manners often goes outside their experience entirely. It is good for them to read much beyond their experience, but it is also pleasant and good for them to sometimes come back within it, and to realize how their time of life looks, seen with the eyes of a thoughtful girl, and now looked back on with a thoughtful woman's comprehension. There is a good deal in this autobiography of a girlhood that is of very real literary value.

*Heroes of the Crusades*<sup>8</sup> has a subject always attractive to young people, and as Amanda M. Douglas is really a pleasant writer, and the book abundantly illustrated, it makes a good and "improving" gift book. It is always best that such books for the young should be written by real authorities, not by some pleasant writer of very moderate attainments; and we now have so many books of history for young people which are standards in their way, that they do not need to read anything but the best. The present book is of a more old-fashioned type, and good for that type.

<sup>1</sup> Little Miss Weezy's Sister. By Penn Shirley. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1890. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>2</sup> The War of Independence. By John Fiske. Riverside Library for Young People. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>3</sup> George Washington. By Horace Scudder. *Ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> Birds through an Opera Glass. By Florence A. Merriam. *Ibid.*

<sup>5</sup> Up and Down the Brooks. By Mary A. Bamford. *Ibid.*

<sup>6</sup> Coal and the Coal-Mines. By Homer Greene. *Ibid.*

<sup>7</sup> A New England Girlhood. By Lucy Larcom. *Ibid.*

<sup>8</sup> The Heroes of the Crusades. By Amanda M. Douglas. Lee & Shepard. Boston: 1890. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.





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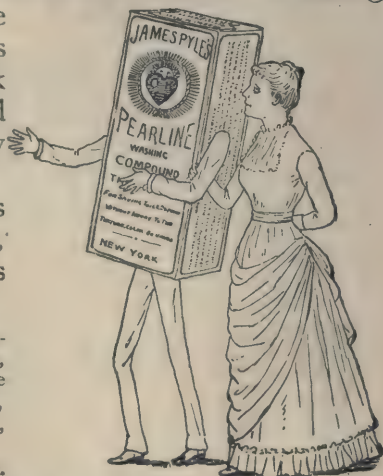
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Eighteen dollars bring .....	1 50 per year
Twenty-four dollars bring .....	2 00 per year
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Thirty-six dollars bring .....	3 00 per year
Forty-two dollars bring .....	3 50 per year
Forty-eight dollars bring .....	4 00 per year
Fifty-four dollars bring .....	4 50 per year
Sixty dollars bring .....	5 00 per year
Sixty-six dollars bring .....	5 50 per year
Seventy-two dollars bring .....	6 00 per year
Seventy-eight dollars bring .....	6 50 per year
Eighty-four dollars bring .....	7 00 per year
Ninety dollars bring .....	7 50 per year
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*This is Fifty Cents a Year Cash on each Six Dollars invested. Any person can purchase Two or more Shares for themselves, their parents, or children.*

Work was begun on this great, substantial enterprise in 1880. Since that time work has progressed as means could be raised from sale of shares in the enterprise, and applying the proceeds to the securing of an immensely valuable estate, and in carrying on work, till now the workmen have cut clear through the outside granite wall, a distance of 2,000 feet, and now are in the first good mineral-bearing vein, 1,900 feet in and 1,600 feet below the surface.

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*The Rocky Mountain Mining Review*, speaking of the Atlantic-Pacific Railway editorially, says:

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2. It will let out tens upon tens of millions of dollars' worth of the precious metal that are known to be in this belt of mountains, and proved by the large number of big veins already discovered on the surface, which this Tunnel will cut at right angles.
3. It will prove to the entire world the advantage of deep mining.
4. It will develop men of pluck and ability, and machinery that will be needed, or its like, in other great projects of this kind of tunnelling.
5. It will give employment to an immense force of sober, skilled labor, and reward the same.
6. It will call the attention of the entire world more and more to Colorado, and bring to this State thousands of dollars for stock as shares in the profits of this great work, and return millions to those who invest.
7. It will immensely increase the product of gold and silver for general use.
8. It will open the way for travel and freight through, instead of over, the Rocky Mountains.

### FIRST-CLASS ENDORSEMENT.

HON. WOLFE LONDONER, a prominent business man of Denver, a large Wholesale Grocer, and Chairman of the Board of County Commissioners, authorizes us to say to the public:

The Atlantic-Pacific Railway Tunnel is at the head of the very best enterprises ever started in Colorado, not only for the purpose of mining, but for the benefit of the entire State. I consider it a safe and good project for those who invest money therein. From what I heard of the great work in Georgetown, Idaho Springs, and other places, from business men and practical miners, who are conversant with the progress of the work, I am satisfied the management is honest, vigorous, and intelligent; that is all that can be asked by shareholders, or those who are not yet interested in the good name and welfare of Colorado.

I consider your plan of opening those great deposits of ore, by means of the Atlantic-Pacific Railway Tunnel, as the only true and economical way to open mines to large profits.

A limited number of First Mortgage 8 Per Cent. Bonds of par value, \$250 each, for 17½ years yet to run, for sale, interest payable semi-annually.

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1000 Acres of this Famous Rancho have been subdivided into

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# CHICO \* VECINO.

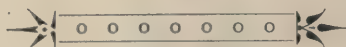


400 Acres of this Tract are now on the Market, and are meeting  
with ready sale.

Read the inducements we offer outside of the fact that we have the best  
land in the State.

**COME AND BE CONVINCED.**

**5 ACRES** in a Choice Location in Chico Vecino will be given the Purchaser who buys Property therein and builds thereon the Handsomest Residence, to be completed on or before January 1st, 1891, said Residence to cost not less than \$3,000.



#### PRICE.

The price on acre property will be from \$200 to \$300 per acre. Lots from \$150 to \$350 each, a few fronting on the Esplanade from \$400 to \$600. The lots contain 18,000 square feet, more than double the area of the ordinary town lot. Each block has an Alley 15 feet wide.

When you consider the size of these lots, and the distance from the State Normal School and Postoffice, you will readily see that these prices are extremely low, and cannot be duplicated within the same distance in any other direction.



#### TERMS.

20 per cent. of the purchase price down on all sales, and \$10 per month per acre on acre property, and \$10 per month on lots, thereafter until paid. 6 per cent. interest on deferred payments and 5 per cent. discount for cash.

On these easy terms, there is no reason why every man of moderate means in the country cannot have a home.

A home in a favored locality like this, and on these easy terms, will not always remain open in this vicinity.

Just think of it! Every laboring man in the country has an opportunity to buy a home and pay for it out of his monthly earnings. Quit paying rent and grasp this splendid offer before it is too late.



#### TITLE.

The title to this land is absolutely perfect, it being direct from the Government of the U. S. to Gen. Bidwell.

There is no mortgage or claim of any description whatever against this valuable piece of Real Estate.

The shrewd purchaser will appreciate this. The state of the title is his first question, and a clean title his maxim.

A prohibitory clause against the manufacture or sale of intoxicants will be a condition precedent in every conveyance or certificate of sale.



#### CHICO VECINO.

The name implies "neighbor or vicinity," and it is a neighbor to Chico, being separated therefrom by Chico Creek and Gen. Bidwell's private residence and grounds.

Chico Vecino is bounded on the north by Lindo Channel and Lindo Avenue. This



## *Rancho del Arroyo Chico—Continued.*

Avenue is 100 feet wide, and conforms to the meanderings of this beautiful Channel, with its timbered banks gracefully festooned with wild grapevines.

Through the center of this tract is a main Alameda 165 ft. wide, known as the Esplanade,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles long, and divided into three drives, lined on either side with stately shade trees, some of which are 20 inches in diameter. All the other avenues are 80 feet wide, and surveyed in such shape that each tract is bounded on all sides by an avenue.

The soil, without exception, is equal if not superior to any in the State of California.

Olives, figs, pomegranates, English walnuts, almonds, pecans, grapes, apples, peaches, pears, plums, prunes, and apricots have been successfully cultivated here without irrigation.



### **Read and Reflect.**

Chico is the Queen City of the North.

Chico is the largest city in Butte county.

Chico is 95 miles from Sacramento, the capital of the State.

Chico is 186 miles north of San Francisco.

Chico has a railroad and a survey for another.

Chico has six daily trains.

Chico is on the through overland, via the Northern Pacific.

Chico has a State Normal School.

Chico has a High School.

Chico has 1000 pupils enrolled.

Chico has seven Churches.

Chico has two Banks.

Chico has a 225-bbl. Roller Flour Mill.

Chico has a Fruit Cannery, that employs 300 hands during the fruit season.

Chico has the finest city water in the State,

supplied by two pumps of 2,000,000 gallons capacity every 24 hours.

Chico has a V flume that taps a sugar pine timber belt of such vast magnitude that she could build a house on every 40 acres in the State and have much lumber left.

Chico has three Planing Mills.

Chico has a Furniture Factory.

Chico has a Match Factory.

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Chico makes Plows and Traction Engines.

Chico has a Steam Laundry.

Chico has fine Gas Works.

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Chico has expended a half million dollars in the last year on improvements.

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### **SEVEN NEGATIVES.**

Chico has no malaria.

Chico has no pest house.

Chico has no defaulters.

Chico has no debt.

Chico has no boodlers.

Chico has no barnacles.

Chico has no "hoodoos."



### **NONE NEEDED.**

Chico wants no rings.

Chico wants no trusts.

*Rancho del Arroyo Chico—Continued.*

Chico wants no idlers.

Chico wants no drones.

Chico wants no bummers.

Chico wants no hold-ups.



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Chico promises competence to men of enterprise.

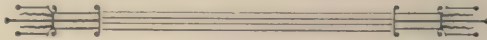
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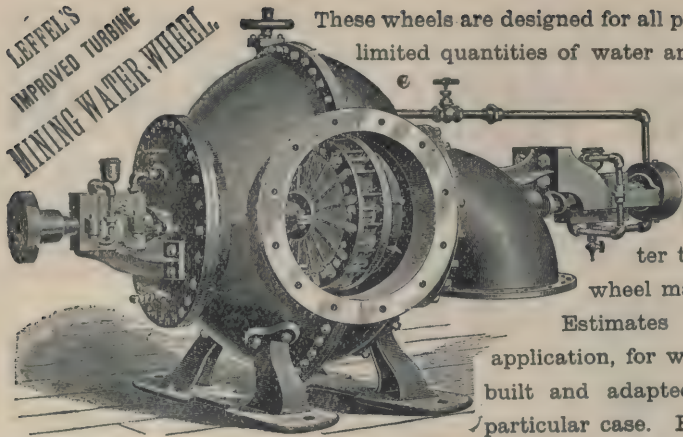
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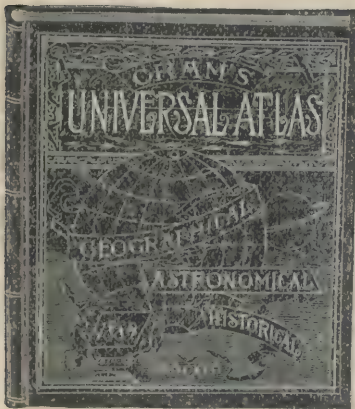
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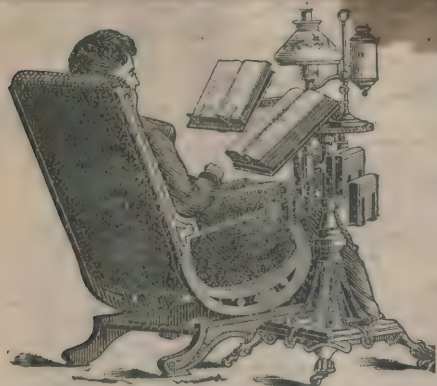
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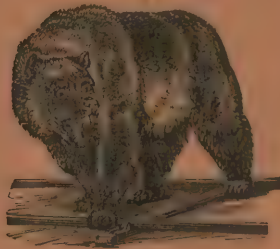
Feb 1886





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MARCH, 1890.



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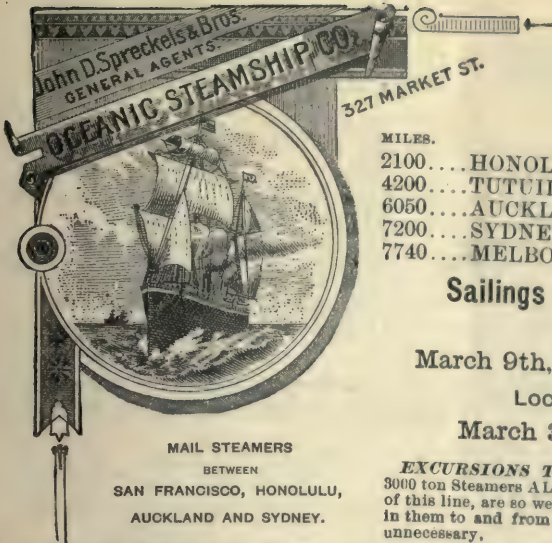
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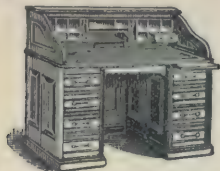
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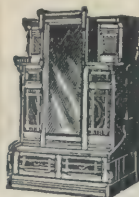
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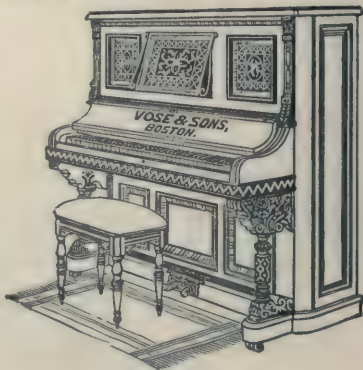
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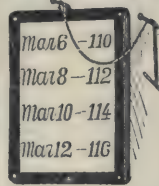
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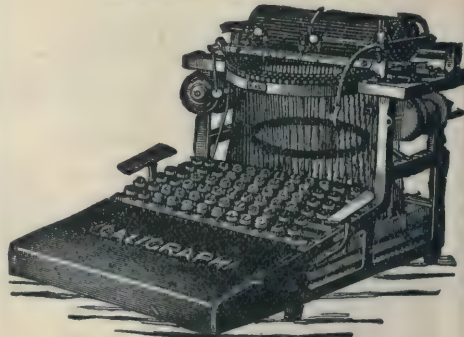
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# THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

VOL. XV. (SECOND SERIES.)—MARCH, 1890.—No. 87.

## AFTER THE WINTER RAIN.



"After the winter rain,  
Sing, robin! sing, swallow!  
Grasses are in the lane;  
Buds and flowers will follow."

It was after the *first* winter rain, however, that Miss Coolbrith meant, if she spoke of California, for the time of grasses in the lane, with buds and flowers to follow, passed long ago. It is an unusual season when one that knows where to search, may not begin to look for the wild flowers by the end of the old year. Willow catkins first, of course; and that should be in December. Then, on New Year's day one ought always to be able to go out and find the yellow basswood

blooming on the bare twigs,—twigs so tough that when you try to break off the little golden bit of wintry sunshine, you may twist and twist before the smooth, olive-colored bark will give way. It is a small shrub, here in the nearer Contra Costa hills, at least, strung with bright yellow bells, and very much like a garden shrub cultivated from Japan, and called "golden chain." Then a week or two later should come the flowering currant and the trilliums. All these, not "after the winter rains" but during them, if the rain will only grant little intervals long enough to get the blossoms open.

A gray and lowery January day,—not

cold, but threatening a warm shower, so that the cañon steams a little, like a greenhouse, with ferny and woodsy smells; the creek still pretty full, so that you have to plan somewhat to get back and forth across it, tiny stream though it properly is, and so that you hear it all the while, going, going, over and under all other noises, and over and under all other consciousness in your mind, just as the woodsy smell and warm, moist air go under and over all your thoughts,—that is the time that the basswood is getting well on toward the end of its blooming, and that you look for the flowering currant.

You know your cañon, and you know just where that great shrub of currant stands that is always first in bloom every year, around a turn of the creek. To get to it, you follow the high bank,—like a miniature cliff,—till you come to where it breaks into a sharp slope, covered with laurel trees; and in their upper edge, where the sun has a chance, are the bare little prickly stems that are going to bear wild roses in May,—small, and very deep pink ones, unlike the wild roses that grow in other places. They hold their bright little scarlet hips still from last year's roses. Farther down on the steep slope, and deeper in the shadow of the grove about the roots of the laurels, are the pretty root ferns,—so dark a green and so glossy that we used to prize them a great deal more than the more gracefully fronded woodwardias; or it may have been because they were rarer. That standard of value is born early in children: the Manchester economists did not introduce into the world the law of supply and demand as regulators of value. And later, in March and April, down near the bottom of this same laurel slope, in shy places about the roots, is going to bloom one of the prettiest of the wild flowers, the little pink trientalis. Some people call it the starflower, and I believe Gray, in his exhaustive coast survey botany, accepts this as the common name;

but many things are called the "starflower," and the saxifrage, which is as often called so as the trientalis, deserves the name better for its white color, and something especially starry in its fringing petals. This little dweller at the roots of the laurel is starry enough, however,—a rose-pink star, poised on a thread of stem that rises from the center of a whorl of leaves, large, and looking strong enough to bear up something much more solid than that fairy thread; such a slender thing, the pink star seems fairly floating in the air,—and you must carry it home carefully if you pick it, for sometimes it droops and there is nothing but a pitiful little wisp of wilted color hanging down at the end of a limp thread, instead of soaring up straight at the top, like a child's balloon; and sometimes it seems to absolutely float off at a touch, and there is only a forlorn, decapitated stem.

But this is all to come, when you come back to the laurel slope in April. Now the trientalis is not above ground; and the wet ground bids you have a care, in descending to find your flowering currant, for it is very steep,—the dark, moist, fragrant trees cling as if to the side of a wall. You are glad of them to hold on to, and make your way in a succession of slides and slips from one to the other, like Xenophon and his Greeks dodging the barbarians from tree to tree. And so, a last jump over the sharp break to the water's edge, and here goes the swift, brown little stream close at your feet. A few rods of wet grass and clover, and who knows what of spring-time weeds; but you must have rubbers on, of course, or better, goloshes, and a gossamer cloak, too, is wise, for you will want to go down on your knees in all this wet more than once,—not to adore,—you can do that in vaguer and less sentimental fashion all along,—but to reach a fern or examine a weed; and you will want to sit down flat sometimes; and you will do very well indeed if you

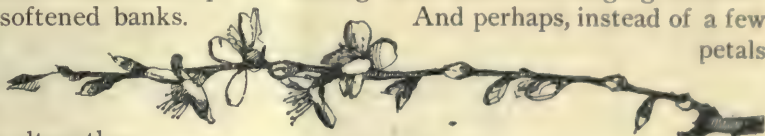


do not do both things involuntarily more than once, in getting back and forth across this full stream, and up and down these softened banks.

You can smell the currant before you come to it. It is not altogether pleasant close at hand, or rather, close at face; there is an undertone, so to speak, in it, like the taste of the ripened currant, and that is not good at all,—not sour, but puckery like a green persimmon. But at a little distance, the fragrance,—something spicy, something sweet, something fresh, and much that is wild and spring-like in it,—makes

very edge of the stream,—scarcely a green leaf unfolded, but the branches strung thick with the hanging racemes.

And perhaps, instead of a few petals



out of cover at the base of the racemes, and for the rest only buds, with a few fully pink clusters at the end of the most favorably placed branches, the whole great shrub is pale pink. Then you feel as if nature had taken advantage of you with her early season, bringing out the first currants without letting you know,—as if your comrades had got



A CAÑON PATH.

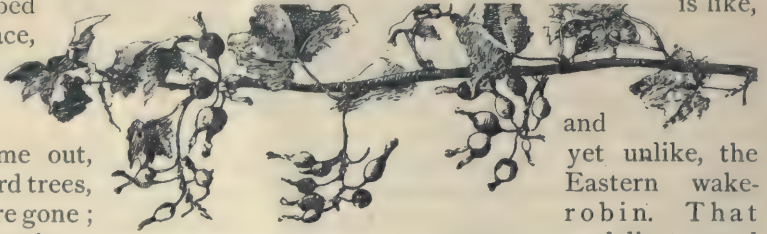
up a good part of the delight of the cañon smell. And there is the currant standing on a little tongue of level, grassy land that runs out into the

up early and gone off somewhere and forgotten to call you; and you make up your mind to be more vigilant next year.

The currant has a picturesque and

characteristic bough, suitable for a decorative "motive,"—perhaps more when the flowers are gone, and the small, green, calyx-tipped berries in their place, than when it is thick with petals and color. The leaves do not come out, like those of orchard trees, after the flowers are gone; but a little following them, so that the shrub begins by being clad with flowers alone, and ends with flower and leaf together. It is whimsical, however, and does not always observe the precedence of the flower, but brings out both at once sometimes. It does not seem to be in any respect a shrub of rigidly fixed habits; it transplants easily to gardens, and accepts sun or shade,

where in a shady spot, near the stream, perhaps at the foot of a clump of shrubs, there will be a great cluster of them. It is like,



CURRANT BOUGH.

and yet unlike, the Eastern wake-robin. That

seems too delicate and diminutive a name for the

large, strong, dark-colored, California trillium; if it calls the robin awake, it must be with a loud and trumpetlike call, adapted to a very sleepy robin who hates to get out of bed these cold mornings. Three wide and vigorous dark red—almost liver-colored—petals, set close into the center of three great dark green



MONTEREY TRILLIUM.

dry or wet, alike, merely accommodating itself to circumstances by putting forward smaller, pinker, more compact and less fragrant racemes, or larger, paler, and looser ones, as the case may be. Nor is it confined even for its native habitat to low, wet places; it grows away from the creek, some distance,—but still never very far,—up the hillside.

The trillium is likely to be in bloom not very far away at this same time. Some

leaves, and the thick fleshy stem that holds this double trio above the ground,—that is all there is to it. It is picturesque, but it is not graceful. In some places in the State the petals, instead of being "sessile" in the center of the leaves, are borne up above them, as in the wake-robin. I have seen a drawing of some trilliums from Monterey that looked just like the Eastern ones. But in these Contra Costa hills I never saw



one that had not the sessile flower. They are often of a lighter red, however, and sometimes white, though the white is quite rare. Perhaps I only think of the dark red one as the real, true trillium, and the others as variations upon that, because this was the color of my first trilliums; still, it is the color of the strongest and biggest ones, and is somehow more in keeping with a sort of magnificence there is about the style of the broad-leaved, simply-made thing.



WILD RADISH.

There is another wild flower that is pretty sure to be in bloom somewhere near by, — perhaps scattered across the grassy tongue of soil, farther back from the creek, and certainly up the low open slope still farther back, opposite the steep one where the laurels are. That is a delicate white flower of the crucifera family, touched with lilac shades. It grows quite profusely about some what damp and somewhat shady places, before its stronger and brighter cousin, the mustard, is to be seen. For some reason, people do not see it or notice it. I heard a man who lives where it grows in abundance every year, and who is not indifferent to flowers, declare his absolute ignorance of it, only the other day. I never was able to think of it exactly as a flower myself, but rather as a weed; though noting its graceful

stem and prettily lilac-tinted petals, I have taken myself to task for injustice more than once. I fancy it has something to do with the relationship; the resemblance to the mustard, the parsnip, the turnip, the radish, and cabbage, makes it prosaic to country people who know these homespun relatives so well. City people go back to town with their hands full of it, I observe, and artists like to sketch it. They are surprised and disappointed when they ask its

name, and are told "wild radish." It is melancholy that to have a distinctly prosaic and useful reputation may be worse than to have a bad one.

If I should tell a man that a flower he admired was a cousin to the deadly upas, it would not repel his interest as much as if I have to tell him it is of the worthy blood of the cabbage and rutabaga. And when it comes to the same sort of thing in human society, — let us be wicked, but let us not be humble and useful, if we wish the admiration of our fellow-beings. The nasturtiums are of the same family, too,

which shows that one *can* shake off one's humble relatives, with time and garden culture enough.

How cool and alone it is under the shadow of the laurel slope, among the cañon smells, and beside this going, going of the brown stream! It washes away, minute by minute, with that swift



ABOUT THE TREE ROOTS.

murmur and motion, all the hot and fretting accumulations out of one's brain. Perhaps, too, there are faiths and hopes about life and human nature,—your own no less than other people's—you had once for all said good bye to, but that seem not so impossible after all, here. "The groves were God's first temples," and not very good ones, as it turned out; for I fear the religion the sacred groves witnessed was not elevating, and that Josiah did very well to cut them down, and make the worshipers all come under the roof of the austere house at Jerusalem. But that was because people did not go to the groves alone. If we are going to "assemble and meet together to worship," let us go to church; but go forth to the fields and groves alone, and then, as the poets have long been telling us, "man in the bush may meet with God." Or if we bring there a more pagan frame of mind, perhaps instead of that awful fire of Jehovah in the bush, it will be only Pan; but surely a gentler and more Christian Pan than the Greek met there.

As the month goes on, and the current flowers wane, there come new spring flowers along the course of this little foothill stream. The next one after the trillium is probably the blue borage,—like a gigantic and somewhat coarsened forget-me-not. It is a relative of the little turquoise blue garden plant of the romantic name and story; but instead of turquoise blue, it is nearer lapis-lazuli, set with ivory points inside the blossom; instead of a slender little coiled raceme, it has a big straggly one; and instead of on a modest low plant, it grows up a couple of feet or more from the ground. Away from the stream, on bare open places, meanwhile, the yellow cowslips are abloom,—a flat rosette of smooth leaves spread out on the ground, with several long stems rising from the centre, bearing up each its bright gold saucer.

Then by the time the tall borage

stems are growing seedy, and the cowslip scarce, the rush of wild flowers is fairly come, and it is no use to try to count them longer, nor to keep calendar of them, unless one were to give one's time to it, instead of catching for it the rare intervals of a busy life. There will be the *trientalis* and white saxifrage that I have talked of already. There will be the *columbines*, and the pale lavender cloud of the *ceanothus* shrub, hanging out from the bank to roof side-hill roads; there will be the *nemophila*,—the "blue-bell," the "baby eyes,"—on the few hillsides and meadow corners from which it has not been driven away; it used to bloom in every vacant lot in Oakland, twenty years ago. It blooms now on Christmas cards and silken embroideries everywhere,—the bluest thing in nature, I verily believe, outside of the sky. Forget-me-nots are turquoise, and gentians are indigo, but where is the very azure of heaven wrought into a flower, save in the *nemophila*? There will be the beautiful little pale cream poppy that children call the "cream cup,"—a graceful flower, poised with the true poppy turn of neck, especially in the buds, on the tip of a long and slender hairy stem,—this, too, disappearing before cultivation, more is the pity. And buttercups there will be everywhere; only not exactly the buttercup of pictures, and stories, and poems,—and embroidered lambrequins, and millinery: this has a great many narrow petals, instead of five broad ones, but otherwise it is the buttercup of old. There will be all over the fields the tall orange *eschscholtzia*,—surely the typical California flower. Whenever people stop trying to manufacture folk-lore by deliberate intent, and see that a "national flower" cannot be "chosen," but must come, of its own accord, to be recognized by every one as the thing that somehow naturally represents his country to him,—either by natural fitness or by historic accident,—they will see that this



process of growing unconsciously into an emblem has already taken place as to the sections of the country, and probably never can become national. Everybody understands that the mayflower means New England, or the magnolia the South, as much as that the rose means old England, or that the corn-flower is the flower of Germany. Let it alone, and the red-gold poppy will probably grow to be our flower. It is not so beautiful as the nemophila, or the several varieties of the "mariposa,"—probably not so exclusively characteristic as the mariposa; for though I believe no one else has the eschscholtzia, there are nearer relatives of it all over the world than of the singular and individual calochortus (not but that I am prepared to withdraw this botanical statement if any one that is really learned in such things contradicts me). The southern counties, or the "northern citrus belt," may contend for the orange flower, but that is largely commercial. The lupine, in its many varieties, is I suppose our most abundant and widespread flower; it blooms almost all the year around, instead of for a time in spring; nevertheless, how many people know about the California poppy, for every one that knows about our lupines, or associates them with California? The early comers to this coast were tremendously impressed by the splendid pageant of the vast fields of poppies of those unfarmed

days; and all our poets and writers dwelt on it, and the knowledge of it, and a sense of the splendor of it, went forth through the world. Nothing else will ever reproduce that sense; the day of our fields of cloth of gold is over; and the historic association cannot be repeated or imitated.

A very few miles here about the bay make a great difference in the flora. One of the commonest flowers of the San Francisco peninsula hills, the blue-veined white iris, is never found, so far as I know, on the Contra Costa side. Neither is the white and yellow azalea of the Marin hills, just opposite. And any little stream, like the one I have been talking of, lacks the varieties from the higher hills brought down by the floods in the larger cañons. When a creek heads thirty or forty miles back, any high water year is followed by the appearance of new flowers, which for many a year had had to be sought with far climbing; or by a great increase of rare ones. In the neighborhood of this small creek, for instance, grows only one variety of the beautiful "mariposa lily," or calochortus, and that is limited to a couple of hillsides, a small patch on each, where it is yearly growing rarer. There seems no chance of its renewal, for clear up to the sources of the stream there is



WHITE AND  
YELLOW  
AZALEA.



VEINED IRIS.

no more of the kind. It is sensitive about its habitat, growing just in the edge of hillside thickets, not too far out in the sun, and not fairly in the shade,

like a timid creature that cannot live without venturing out for light and food, but keeps within sight of shelter, ready to run at need. It is a low-growing variety, with a single brown-eyed, shell pink, open bell to a stem, — a variety I have never seen described or named. In a large cañon not many miles away, there was also but one variety — this the more commonly known "silver bells," which grows in clusters on a tall stem, silver white, or lightly shaded with shell pink or brown. It was sparse, and nearly extinct, until for a year or two there had been a good deal of rain, and a full stream in the cañon. A full stream in one of these cañons that drains a considerable range of highland, is a majestic sight, — a torrent, sweeping down between the great barriers of the hillsides, drowning the road that wound through in other seasons, and carrying down the mountains to the plain in drift at the surface and rolling rocks at the bottom of the current. And when the flood is over, and the creek again in its course along the bottom of the cañon, up along the thickets, clinging to the steep sides, may be found the results of its contributions. So this time the colony of calochortus was re-enforced to numbers and vigor that no one remembered before. Moreover, far back, and high up along one of the tributary streams, are hosts of a vermillion red or bright orange mountain poppy, and of a rather rare and very showy flower, called by botanists *Mentzelia*, and by other people not called



COREOPSIS.

at all, so far as I know; and these too, long unknown in the lower cañon, followed the waters down.

Yet some flowers seem to cling persistently to the upper stream; if they are brought down, they refuse to grow. The splendid tall yellow calochortus grows above, but never does a stray flower show in the lower cañon. The pink and purple bells of the pentstemon bush cover rods of the slopes along the stream, but in the lower cañon the few scattered bushes grow fewer, rather than increase. The scarlet pentstemon holds to the few spots it already possesses below, but though it covers the ground in places above, establishes no new colonies. The red Washington lily, to be met with, though not in abundance, in the thickets on the sides of the upper cañon, never by any chance finds its way to the lower.

But I began to talk of the lowland and lower edges of the Contra Costa hills, "after the winter rain"; and those deep recesses and high cañons where all sorts of choice things dwell, — "with treasures of illuminat-



ACROSS THE LOWLAND.



ed manuscripts for the scholar, simple and kindly lessons for the worker, quiet, in pale cloisters for the thinker, glorious in holiness for the worshiper,"—I must not be tempted to enter. It is a pity, but on our lowland the wild flowers have retreated surely before cultivation of the soil. In sadly diminished state, the *eschscholtzia* holds its ground; there are spots where the cream-cups are still to be found; and the little brick-red *pimpernel*s and magenta wild *portulacca* still find some room every spring; but the display of orange, and blue, and golden fields is gone. Some of the wild *marigolds* and *coreopsis* still make splendid patches of color along uncultivated roadsides, in summer, and the reserve along the railroad tracks has been a great conservator of all these lowland flowers. In places where a small stream, the overflow of a spring at the edge of the hills, too small to cut itself a gully through the fields, makes its way leisurely across the level to the bay, its banks are often brilliant with these sunshiny disks, and a medley of more or less showy weeds, while daffodil-yellow *snapdragons*, and a sort of *blue lobelia* hover about the very water's edge. But in the main, the cañons are the refuge now of the flowers. They are not entirely without cultivation: as you drive along the mountain roads, you find in "coves," as Miss Murfree calls them in Tennessee, every here and there, dwellings, and even tiny school-houses. Now and then it is a Spanish house, a real relic of old time, with adobe walls, and

vines on a porch trellis, and a shadowing tree close by. But these mountaineers disturb Nature very little; she seems to have "adopted them into her race,"—the more as they are doubtless quite indifferent to her,—and blooms on undisturbed before their apathetic eyes.

In New England, cultivation does not seem to be hostile to wild flowers; the buttercups and "daisies,"—the tall white "*marguerite*,"—and the wild rose, and later the goldenrod and aster, bloom freely along the sides of the roads, and children bring in from any meadow the common wild lilies; while the rarer scarlet June lilies take fence corners here and there to unfold their perfect bloom, and the bittersweet drapes the very fence-posts and spreads itself along the rails. It is perhaps little appreciated, however, how much more waste land there is in even the best, and oldest, and most densely settled farming regions of New England, than in the most thoroughly cultivated districts about San Francisco Bay. The wood-lot also is a very important saviour of flowers. Here

the level land, without a rocky or marshy spot in it, divided into fields close fitted together as the pieces of a dissected map, and each one cultivated, well or ill, to its fences, or grazed, leaves little place for the wild flower. Then when the roads are in the hands of a district officer, with a liberal allowance of money, who is expected to make them from fence to fence good for driving and hauling, and lanes are few,—that circumscribes still more the room left. And finally, when the



AN ADOBE RELIC.

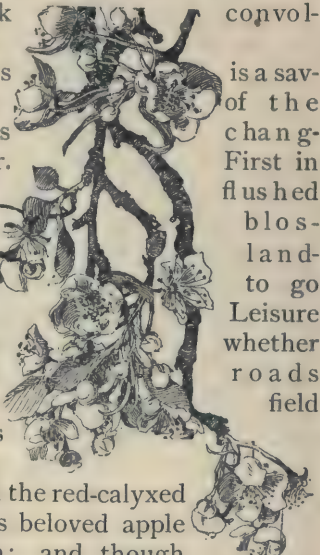
wheat fields are broken up for orchards, where the ground is cultivated and kept bare between the rows, year after year, the last persistent root, — unless it be the almost invincible pink convulvulus, — is routed.

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was more fascinating. Then, pinker and darker, the peach, and the ghostly white of the cherry blossoms, and the red-calyxed apricot, and brown-stamened pear, and last the always beloved apple blossoms. In April, too, the oranges are in bloom; and though there is only an occasional grove of them now in the bay region, they are bound to become more frequent, as people realize that they can have them. Their heavy clusters of flowers distributed among the dark leaves as other fruit blossoms do, but they will be a part of the beauty of spring in this region, and even the hidden orange groves, as one passes along the road, send out their fragrance.

But, however the orchards may make up for the loss of the old seas of wild flowers, Pan is not in them; they have nothing to say that is not of the day and of the world where we always live. In the cañons, where he lingers yet, the consciousness of a new life and a new spirit comes to one, — or perhaps of an older life and thought, — of a forgotten childhood, of a tender "light that never was on sea or land"; one becomes again the citizen of a world that never existed except in the mind of a child, and lets the real one dissolve from his knowledge and go down with the going of the stream. He will find it waiting for him soon enough, when he goes down out of the cañon gates again.

Charlotte Whitney.





## ROBERT BROWNING.

## "SUBTLEST ASSERTOR OF THE SOUL IN SONG."

ROBERT BROWNING was born in London early in 1812. His father was a scholarly man of refined tastes, by occupation a clerk in the Bank of England. If any value is placed on heredity, and especially on mixed strains of blood, it may be interesting to note that the elder Browning's father was an Englishman of west country stock and his mother a Creole, while his wife's father was German and her mother Scotch.

Young Browning was well instructed at home, became a student at the London University, and also pursued his studies in Italy. His writing of poetry began early. At eight years of age he had made a metrical translation from Horace, and by the time he was twelve he had enough verse of the conventional Byronic type to make a volume. Had he published it and died, he perhaps might have been a popular poet; but he had the good grace to destroy it, for about this time a chance volume of Shelley illuminated his mind, and poetry became to him something other. His mother, anxious to please her son, determined to get him all of Shelley's poems, but it was only after persistent search that she found where they could be bought. Finally, in an obscure quarter, she secured them, all but one in first editions. The almost forgotten Shelley had been three years dead. A volume of Keats completed the happiness of this youth, who thus early in life had determined to adopt poetry as a profession. He had discussed the matter with his father, asking why he should engage in any pursuit of wealth, since there would be abundant provision for his only sister,

and enough for him. His father consenting, he gave himself up to study and preparation for his life-work.

When he was twenty-one he wrote and read to the family a poem which he called "Pauline: a Fragment of a Confession." His aunt learning of it handed him the money to publish it, and thus, in 1833, began his literary career. It was published anonymously, and was not acknowledged by Browning for thirty years, being first included in the six volume edition of his works published in 1867.

It was favorably reviewed in the *Athenæum* and elsewhere. It attracted the attention of a few leading minds, but made no impression on the general public. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, then a youth, came across it in the British Museum reading-room, and was so struck by it as to transcribe it entirely.

In his preface to the 1867 edition Browning says that he acknowledges and retains it with repugnance, and refers to it as a crude, preliminary sketch, extravagant in scheme, and written on an impracticable scale, at a time of life "when good draughtmanship and right handling were far beyond the power of the artist."

It is striking, though, to see how much Browning there is in it, and to realize how firmly were planted in this young man of twenty-one the conceptions of life which have been characteristic of everything he has since written. His manner, too, which has been the subject of so much criticism, seems to have been a deliberate choice, for he says in "Pauline,"

"So I will sing as fast as fancies come,  
Rudely, the verse being as the mood it paints."

In 1834 Mr. Browning visited the continent, remaining for a considerable time at St. Petersburg. In two years he seems to have written little, publishing nothing excepting two short poems, "Porphyria's Lover," and "Joannes Agricola in Meditation."

In 1835 he published "Paracelsus," a poem of about 100 pages octavo. It was not, of course, popular, but it attracted the attention of the best judges, as the strong utterance of a fresh voice. Taking for his theme the life of that remarkable physicist of the 16th century, it sets forth aspiration for utmost knowledge, and an ambition reaching beyond the bounds of possible human attainment. It is in dialogue form, not unmusical, and strongly marked by the intellectual power that has always been Mr. Browning's characteristic.

The publication of "Paracelsus" led to the young poet's introduction to Macready, who became an enthusiastic admirer, and urged him to write a drama for stage production. At Macready's table, Browning met Wordsworth and also Landor, who became a life-long friend. The result of Macready's insistence was "Strafford," the first of Browning's eight dramas. The leading parts were taken by Macready and Helen Faucit, and it was greeted with a few full houses; but it could not revive the desperate fortunes of the theater, and was withdrawn after a brief run.

Two other dramas were written soon after, but no manager was found who cared to present them, and Browning returned to his original purpose of writing a poem which should tell the life-story of a soul, devoting two years to that formidable production, "Sordello," which proved then, and ever has been, something of a stumbling block.

Browning says that

"Who wills, may hear Sordello's story told,"

but as matter of fact the great majority of mankind will not. It is said to be luminous after a third reading, and has great beauty to reward those who persevere, but few poems, like few bills in the legislature, pass a third reading.

Next to the "Ring and the Book" it is Mr. Browning's longest poem. In the dedication to a friend, twenty-five years after, the author says it was written for a few, and freely acknowledges that his faults of expression were many. He adds characteristically: "I blame nobody, least of all myself, who did my best then and since; for I lately gave time and pains to turn my works into what the many might — instead of what the few must — like; but after all, I imagined another thing at first, and therefore leave as I find it. . . . My stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul; little else is worth study, — I, at least, always thought so; you, with many, known and unknown to me, think so; others may one day think so."

Sordello did not sell; none of the poet's works had sold. For eight years he had been before the public, and the cost of his publications had been met by his sympathetic and uncomplaining father. This he was unwilling to continue, and with the thought that in an inexpensive form his poems would find more readers, he gladly accepted the offer of Mr. Edward Moxon, the publisher, to issue a cheap sixteen-page, double column pamphlet, the publication to be continued if sales justified. In this manner, in 1841, began the series called "Bells and Pomegranates" (the title signifying an alternation of music and discourse), which reached eight numbers during the five years following.

In the first number appeared the delightful "Pippa Passes," which has been called Mr. Browning's most perfect poem. It won a popular approval far beyond any previous work, and gave the little pamphlet a fair sale. The suc-



ceeding issue was devoted to the drama "King Victor and King Charles," and in number three he collected a number of short poems under the general title of "Dramatic Lyrics."

Not having quite enough to fill the sixteen pages, he satisfied the printer's call for more copy by handing him a little poem he had written to amuse Willie Macready, with no thought of publication. This was "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," which is today one of the best known and most widely popular poems in our literature.

Strikingly parallel to this experience was that of Bret Harte, with "Plain Language from Truthful James," in the *OVERLAND MONTHLY*.

In the three numbers following appeared two tragedies,— "The Return of the Druses," and "A Blot in the Scutcheon," and the fine drama of "Colombe's Birthday." A Blot in the Scutcheon was put on the stage and opened brilliantly, but was snuffed out by one of Mr. Macready's periodic bankruptcies. This beautiful but most pathetic play was produced in San Francisco during one of Mr. Lawrence Barrett's visits a few years since.

Colombe's Birthday was also played, and awakened a brief enthusiasm. It is the most pleasing of any of the dramas, — or more properly, dramatic poems, — and introduces one of the loveliest of Mr. Browning's remarkable group of women.

The next number of the series, published in 1845, was devoted to dramatic romances and lyrics, and contained many of the most popular short poems. We find in it such favorites as "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "Pictor Ignotus," "Italy in England," "England in Italy," "Home Thoughts from Abroad," "The Tomb at St. Praxed's Church," "The Flight of the Duchess," and the first part of that noble poem, "Saul."

The following year appeared the last

issue, containing "Luria" and "A Soul's Tragedy."

Few lives divide so naturally into periods as Mr. Browning's. The first ends with this conclusion of the novel *Bells and Pomegranate* series, simultaneously, with the publication of the last of his dramas.

The second period dates from his marriage to Elizabeth Barrett in 1846. There seems to have been much romance in the meeting and mating of these two congenial poets. Miss Barrett, originally charmed with Pippa Passes, had alluded to Browning appreciatively in a published poem before they met. He must have been predisposed in her favor by the excellence of her work. She was three years his senior, and had for twenty-five years been writing poetry, much of it better than any English woman had ever written.

Their married life was exceptionally beautiful—ideal in mutual devotion, and therefore rich in gain to each. At the time of their marriage, Miss Barrett was delicate in health to the verge of invalidism, and they at once left England, taking up their residence in Italy, and living mostly in Florence for the fifteen happy years that Heaven vouchsafed before the lovely spirit parted from the fragile clay, and

"Took sanctuary within the holier blue."

At her death he returned with his son, twelve years of age, to England, and with his sister established the home in London where he lived to old age, in full vigor of body and mind.

These years of marriage were in accomplished work the least productive period, but they were without doubt the most important in growth, and influenced strongly his subsequent writings. His publications during this time consisted of "Christmas Eve," and "Easter Day," in 1850, and one small volume of short poems, "Men and Women," five years later. "Dramatis Personæ," another

volume of short poems, published in 1864, may perhaps be considered as properly belonging to this period.

These all show a change in manner. The dramatic form is laid aside and also the long philosophical meditation. The poems are generally short, describing a simple incident or a single character. There is no change in his central idea, nor in his thought, save natural growth and unfolding; but there is more vitality, less speculation, more spirit and action, more "red-ripe of the heart."

Among the short poems, we have the striking "Karshish" epistle, "By the Fireside," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Andrea del Sarto," "Childe Roland," "Bishop Blougram's Apology," "Cleon," and that most beautiful of dedicatory poems, "One Word More," written to his wife in 1855. If this period of short poems includes the volume published three years after his wife's death, we must add other favorites; "Abt Vogler," "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "A Death in the Desert," "Caliban upon Setebos," "Prospice," "Youth and Art," "The Worst of It."

There are those who consider that Mr. Browning's enduring fame rests most securely on these short poems, so virile and commanding.

In 1868, with "The Ring and the Book," began the third period in Mr. Browning's work. This great epic is remarkable in many respects. Its 21,000 lines tell not a very long story, but they dare to tell it ten times. It is the greatest triumph of the monologue in literature. Each recital is so dramatic, so varied, and so true to the personality of the speaker, that there is to a Browning lover no monotony. It is marvelous in range of sympathy, in subtlety of expression, and in character-drawing. Guido, Caponsacchi, and The Pope stand as clearly before us as Iago, Prospero, or Lear, while Pompilia has hardly a mate even in Shakspeare. It is a great poem, but its length must limit its number of readers. Time is fleeting, and

most of us want our poetry "cut short." Many, too, tire before they get into it, and never reach the really interesting part. If one first reads Pompilia's story he is quite likely to gain an interest that will cause him to go back and take the book as a whole.

The new vein opened by *The Ring and the Book* Mr. Browning worked to the end. He occasionally returned to the upper levels, and gave us stirring lyrics like "Hervé Riel," "Pheidippides," or "Muléykeh," humorous poems like "Ned Bratts," or dramatic idyls like "Martin Relph" or "Ivan Ivanovitch," but his principal later works are akin to his great dramatic poem: "The Inn Album," "Red Cotton Night-Cap Country," "Fifine at the Fair," "Aristophanes' Apology"—poems which the critics call "a philosophical presentation of a dramatic motif."

We have also profound studies of the deepest themes, like "La Saisiaz," wherein he reasons of God, the soul, and immortality; and dainty love songs like those scattered through "Ferishtah's Fancies." This characteristic poem and "The Parleyings with certain People of Importance," published in 1884, were his last work previous to the slight volume published on the day of his death.

In a brief review of this nature, but few of his poems can be even referred to, a general consideration of the order of the more important ones, and the light which it throws upon his life, being all that is aimed at.

In the admirable six-volume edition published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Browning's works cover 2,500 pages, one-half having been written previous to Mrs. Browning's death in 1861.

No other English poet save Shakspeare has written so much in quantity; and as to quality, so far as specific gravity is considered, it certainly is not light. These pages are packed with thought, and are a literature in themselves; so



that when we consider the writings of Browning as an achievement, we are lost in wonder at the fertility and power of the human intellect.

In form we have dramas, lyrics, and epics,—the entire range,—and a greater variety of metre than in any other writer. Browning, too, is a master in rhyming, and a purist in the use of language.

A classification by subject would be interesting, but must be foregone. It would show that there are few themes that did not engage his attention, and that his knowledge and sympathy were well-nigh universal.

With music, painting, and sculpture, he shows a depth of feeling and a thoroughness of understanding that no other poet has ever attained; and we can well believe the statement that he with difficulty restrained his desire to express himself through these arts, as well as by means of poetry.

As we turn to the consideration of Robert Browning and his work, we first think of him as a striking personality. His vigorous strength impresses us forcibly. He is a potent fact in the world of thought and in the literature of the age. He is not to be overlooked nor easily disposed of, and we certainly cannot afford to let him alone.

Here is a poet of acknowledged intellectual power, who has been steadily writing for over fifty years. What is the burden of his cry? What has he said that has brightened or bettered his fellow-men, and how shall we judge him? Was he a great poet, or only a voluminous one?

Let us leave for a moment the matter of his speech, and consider the manner of it. Browning's verse is surely original in style, and it cannot be maintained that it is always musical or beautiful. Musical it often is, and at times sublimely beautiful, but it is clear that those qualities are incidental, and not his main concern. He is too indifferent to them

to be adjudged a great poet by those whose standards measure beauty alone. Mr. Stedman in his critique defines a poet as "an artist of the beautiful, the inventor of harmonious numbers, which shall be a lure and a repose." Now that is exactly what Browning is not. If there is any one thing he is n't, it is "a lure and a repose," and heaven help us if the highest aim of poetry is to induce repose, and "music and rest" are the qualities in verse that prove the genius of the writer. If pleasure were the end of being, this hypothesis might stand; but poetry may surely serve the highest, and there is something better in life than pleasure.

And then as to manner, there are various kinds of beauty, just as in the physical world there is the gentle beauty of the well trimmed lawn and the rugged beauty of the mountain side. Standards of style change, but there is always a conventional form, and when a strong soul strikes out and finds expression in the way that is natural to him, little natures are struck aghast, and being unable to classify, reject. Wagner's music shocked the conventional world and offended the established canons of art, but there were a few, independent, unprejudiced, who heard him gladly; and soon that good-natured mass we call the world concluded they rather liked it. Melody was still good, but it was found that there were other things also good, and the standards were advanced.

It must be admitted that from a strictly poetical point of view Mr. Browning has placed relatively too little value on form of expression. He is so much more concerned with what he is saying than with how he is saying it, that he is either in a degree indifferent to the latter, or he feels it disloyal to his thought to be so particular in the dress he shall give it.

Browning is so anxious for strength that he sacrifices much to it, and in his condensed sentences sometimes errs by

'making them too strong for intellectual digestion. He seems, too, to have a contempt for anything smooth and commonplace, and has probably hardened in a style originally adopted from fear of over-refinement. His lines are often rugged, but not from carelessness or perversity. It is his way, and it is forcible. We may not find it pleasing always, but there are times when we turn from our odor-laden conservatories to the ocean beach for a good salt breeze.

"But Browning is obscure," we are constantly told, especially by those who have never read him. This persistent criticism is most clearly met by Mr. Augustine Birrell, in the first volume of *Obiter Dicta*. He says: "A great poet may tax our brains, but he ought not to puzzle our wits. We may often have to ask in humility, 'What does he mean?' but not in despair, 'What can he mean?' Dreamy and inconclusive the poet sometimes, nay, often, cannot help being; for dreaminess and inconclusiveness are conditions of thought when dwelling on the very subjects that most demand poetical treatment. Misty, therefore, the poet has our kind permission sometimes to be; but muddy, never! A great poet, like a great peak, must sometimes be allowed to have his head in the clouds, and to disappoint us of the wide prospect we had hoped to gain; but the clouds which envelop him must be attracted to and not made by him."

He proceeds to apply these tests and shows that the charge of unintelligibility does not hold against the great bulk of Mr. Browning's writings. He admits exceptions, and maintains that "we need be at no pains to find a meaning for everything Mr. Browning has written, but when all is said and done,—when these few freaks of a crowded brain are thrown overboard to the sharks of verbal criticism who feed on such things,—Mr. Browning and his great poetical achievement remain behind, to be dealt with and accounted for."

Mr. Swinburne, too, most loyally defends his brother poet, and says the accusation "was never misapplied more persistently and perversely than to Robert Browning." He says that "he is something too much the reverse of obscure. He never thinks but at full speed; and the rate of his thought is to that of another man's as the speed of a railway to that of a wagon"; and that the proper mood in which to study for the first time a book of Mr. Browning's is the freshest, clearest, most active mood of the mind, in its brightest and keenest hours of work.

It is quite true that a very large part of Mr. Browning's verse is not easy reading. He once said in a letter: "I never pretended to offer such literature as should be a substitute for a cigar or a game at dominoes to an idle man." He is a poet tremendously in earnest, often choosing for his themes the ultimate questions of life, and giving us profound studies of the human soul; and it is not reasonable to expect that at a glance we can catch the full meaning of the lines in which he has embodied his deepest thoughts and loftiest aspirations.

His style is not clear. He does "something lack" in lucidity, and many of his sentences seem gratuitously involved; but if ordinary intelligence, backed by any fair purpose or desire of understanding, be applied to his verse, it will be found quite other than a succession of enigmas to be patiently unraveled. Varying with the theme, and it must be confessed with the poet's mood, it is reasonably comprehensible. If it could be exhausted with a single half-asleep reading at the fag end of a busy day, it would not be worth reading at all.

Rev. A. W. Jackson once said to me: "Usually, the first time I read one of Browning's poems it is somewhat obscure, the second time it is fairly plain; — the third time it is beautiful — and after that an added joy to my life."

The principal obstacle to the appreci-



ation of Browning by those intellectually capable of appreciating him is clearly laziness. We are not willing to study a poem, having a traditional idea that it ought to be a pretty kind of a thing, bound to please us at sight; something that will tickle our feelings, not tax our brains. It must always be beautiful, and its beauty must be quite open and easy of apprehension. There is that kind, and it is good,—but there are other kinds. There are poems, as there are women, that *grow* beautiful as we learn to know them, and there are those whose beauties are hidden, like those of the arbutus of our boyhood, the earliest and loveliest of New England's flowers. Half its charm was in its discovery. No glaring dandelion that one could not help seeing ever moved us as the fragrant May flower, hidden beneath its dull foliage, and found through faith and patience.

But there is much misapprehension as to the actual obscurity of Browning's writings. A few unfortunate instances prejudice the whole, and give him an undeserved reputation. In the dramas no one can pretend there is any lack of clearness; most of the dramatic pieces are intelligible at first reading; there are few lines in *The Ring and the Book* that send one back to hunt for their meaning. It is especially to be regretted that some of the shortest poems, which are very apt to be the ones picked out when an inquirer turns to Browning, are the most puzzling, and in some instances incomprehensible. It does seem that they are needlessly so, and it cannot be claimed that his work improved in this respect with experience and matured powers. *Ferishtah's Fancies* furnishes quite as many nuts to crack as did *Paracelsus*. But as has been truly said: "It is not necessarily a literary crime to write in such way as to exact thought and study from the reader, if only results justify the labor," and no one can deny that in Browning's case they do.

There are worse things than obscurity. There are alleged poets who give us but "words, words." They flow as smoothly as maple syrup, they tinkle as prettily as one of their babbling rills, but there is nothing under them,—no thought, no purpose, no inspiration. They have their end. Sedatives are good, but intellectually and spiritually most of us need a stimulant, and in Browning we get it. There is a stalwart strength in him that communicates itself. If his poems are rough and disjointed they at least have character, and that is the essential thing. At any rate, he is what he is. Browning is Browning, and we can take him or leave him. If we leave him we leave much, and if we take him, a life-time cannot exhaust the marvelous mine. And when we have taken him, and are somewhat wonted to his manner, much of the initial difficulty will be found to pass away. We will find that as in all writing, prose equally with verse, facility of comprehension will largely depend upon the subject treated. Abstract things, and simple objects, characters, or ideas, will be simply or lucidly described or stated, naturally and fittingly; while subtler and more complex thoughts will as naturally find expression in language less clear, and in sentences whose construction must be considered.

Let us take an instance, a poem descriptive of nature, colored with a simple thought like love of home. What is there obscure or involved in "Home Thoughts from Abroad"?

Oh, to be in England  
Now that April's there,  
And whoever wakes in England  
Sees, some morning, unaware,  
That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf  
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,  
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough  
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,  
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!  
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge  
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover

Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge,—  
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice  
over,  
Lest you should think he never could recapture  
The first fine, careless rapture!  
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,  
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew  
The buttercups, the little children's dower,—  
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!"

What can be clearer than the fresh,  
lovely landscape that grows before our  
eyes as we read these fine lines? Where  
will better verse painting be found?

Stedman, in his generally severe and  
unsympathetic criticism, is constrained  
to praise this poem. He particularly  
quotes the three lines:

That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice  
over,  
Lest you should think he never could recapture  
The first fine careless rapture,

and says, "Having in mind Shakspeare  
and Shelley, I nevertheless think these  
lines the finest ever written touching  
the song of a bird."

Take another short poem, addressed  
to his wife, and note the contrast.

#### MY STAR.

All that I know  
Of a certain star  
Is, it can throw  
(Like the angled spar)  
Now a dart of red,  
Now a dart of blue;  
Till my friends have said  
They would fain see, too,  
My star that darkles, the red and the blue!  
Then it stops like a bird, like a flower hangs furl'd:  
They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it,  
What matter to me if their star is a world?  
Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it.

This is a fancy; it is not plain,—it is  
not intended to be. It suggests, it does  
not picture or explain. One likes to  
read it over and over, and wonder if he  
sees what Browning saw, feels what he  
felt. In its veiled meaning lies its charm.  
This quality makes the poems of endur-  
ing interest. As in Shakspeare, no famil-  
iarity exhausts, and one expects, however  
often he may read, to find new beauties

of thought, new revelations of meaning.

Browning's descriptive power is won-  
derful. In a few strong lines the picture  
is complete. Take the storm in the first  
scene of *Pippa Passes*, Ottima speaking:

"Buried in woods we lay, you recollect;  
Swift ran the searching tempest overhead;  
And ever and anon some bright white shaft  
Burned thro' the pine-tree roof—here burned and  
there,  
As if God's messenger thro' the close wood screen  
Plunged and replunged his weapon at a venture,  
Feeling for guilty thee and me: then broke  
The thunder like a whole sea overhead."

A powerful figure, never to be forgotten.

Or take, in quite another vein, the  
opening lines of *Pippa Passes*, describing  
the breaking of day:

"Day!  
Faster and more fast,  
O'er night's brim, day boils at last;  
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim  
Where spurting and suppressed it lay—  
For not a froth-flake touched the rim  
Of yonder gap in the solid gray  
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away  
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,  
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,  
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast  
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the  
world."

It has been said that Browning's char-  
acters all talk like Browning—that  
"*Pippa* is a Paracelsus in pantalets." In  
a degree, there is truth in the criticism.  
Browning is no photographer. He is  
an artist and prefers to sketch, and he  
idealizes, which is the poet's office; and  
so while his characters are very human,  
and very sharply drawn, they do express  
themselves in the general manner of Mr.  
Browning.

This is almost equally true of Shaks-  
peare, whose characters use the same  
style of language, modified by their sta-  
tion. There is as much difference be-  
tween the language of Sludge and Pa-  
racelsus as there is between that of  
Touchstone and Hamlet. In verse this  
must always be, and Mr. Browning's  
characters are none the less vivid and



real, that they all use the English language somewhat after his fashion.

James Russell Lowell, who was one of the first in America to appreciate Browning, in a paper written forty years ago, said: "His men and women *are* men and women; and not Mr. Browning masquerading in different colored dominoes."

However he has done it, his personages take hold strongly, and are not to be forgotten, once we know them. As the author of "Obiter Dicta" remarks: "It is plain truth to say that no other English poet, living or dead, Shakspeare excepted, has so heaped up human interest for his readers as has Robert Browning."

He has, too, treated themes of the greatest significance, and in a robust and forceful manner. Mr. John Morley, in his review of the *The Ring and the Book* refers to our having been "so debilitated by pastorals and the little ethics of the rectory-parlor set to sweet music, the respectable aspiration of the sentimental curate married to exquisite verse, and the everlasting glorification of the domestic sentiment, that we are in danger of turning into flat valetudinarians." Browning is a relief from such writing. He is never nambypamby.

His knowledge seems practically boundless, and he is conscientiously accurate when he condenses the spirit of an era into a few lines. Ruskin, speaking of his treatment of the Middle Ages, says he "is unerring in every sentence he writes; always vital, right, and profound"; and that in thirty lines of "The Bishop orders his Tomb at St. Praxed's Church," Browning has said nearly all regarding the Central Renaissance that *he* had said in thirty pages. He adds: "The worst of it is that this kind of concentrated writing needs so much *solution* before the reader can fairly get the good of it, that people's patience fails them, and they give up the thing as insoluble; though truly it ought to be to the current of common thought

like Saladin's talisman dipped in clear water, not soluble altogether, but making the element medicinale."

Browning suffers in popularity from his habit of dealing with the individual rather than the general. He is not attracted to that poetical expression of feelings common to all, which is the basis of much popular poetry. As we most enjoy at the opera the passages that are familiar to us, so in poetry we enjoy coming across our own feelings and thoughts arrayed in tuneful numbers. But Browning takes an individual soul, and commonly a complex one, and studies its growth or decadence. They are not always lovely or interesting as individuals, and generally we must get pretty well acquainted with them, before we can feel that we understand or sympathize with them. They commonly prove worth cultivating, but most readers prefer the kindly, good-mannered, agreeable people who do not require to be cultivated in order to be understood. It has been truly said, that when the head has to be exercised before the heart there is chilling of sympathy; but it is equally true than when the heart and head move together, the sympathy if not wider is deeper and truer.

Some one has said that "the best poetry is that which reproduces most of life." If this is so, Browning must rank among the great poets, even though in art he may fall short of our ideals. Birrell writes: "Poetry should be vital, either stirring our blood by its divine movement, or snatching our breath by its divine perfection. To do both is supreme glory; to do either is enduring fame." Applying this dictum, Browning's perfection as artist allows us to breathe normally, hence supreme glory is not his; but his poetry, if anything, is vital, and does stir our blood by its divine movement, hence we must grant him enduring fame.

But what is the burden of his song?

If he is a voice crying in the wilderness, what is his cry? For what does Robert Browning stand?

These questions cannot be answered satisfactorily in the brief space remaining. I hope the meagreness of statement will induce a careful reading of the two chapters in Dowden's *Studies in Literature*, "The Transcendental Movement," and "Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning—a comparative study,"—in which are admirably stated Mr. Browning's place in literature, and his central idea. It seems to me what he most truly is, is best expressed by his friend Domett's epigram:

"Robert Browning, subtlest assertor of the Soul in Song."

He is the prophet of spiritual life. The supreme realities to him are God and the human soul, and his interest in man centers in his thought and being. He is a reconciler of the finite and the infinite. Life is good. He accepts it for its own sake, but finds its highest value in its being the school of the life to come. All its gifts: knowledge, passion, power, pleasure are ours to enjoy, but not to rest in. If they satisfy, they are fatal. They fulfill their purpose in proportion as we use them, and still aspiring pass through them and by them, seeking God, our final rest.

O 't were too absurd to slight  
For the hereafter, the today's delight!  
Quench thirst at this, then next well-spring,  
Wear home-lilies ere strange lotus in thy hair.

Life is probation, and this earth no goal,  
But starting point of man.

Why stay we on the earth unless to grow?

I count life just a stuff  
To try the soul's strength on.

Life's inadequate to joy  
As the soul sees joy.

Browning is the loftiest of optimists. His belief in God is so strong, his trust

is so profound, that he always hopes and he always dares. He is courage itself, and if there is anything he hates it is cowardice, and the weak doubt that stands in the way of action and progress. He would have man do and risk failure, rather than do nothing and petrify. He is always for action, and distrust is about the worst sin. In a strong, healthy way he is the most religious of poets; not that he preaches, but his unwavering faith finds constant expression, and in everything he writes he shows that absolute reliance on the almighty goodness, wisdom, and power that is the essence of all true religion.

He is thoroughly Christian, too; not in any dogmatic sense, but in sympathy with its spirit and its promise of the life beyond the grave. The ethic principle is always the controlling one, and when we consider that the keynote he struck in his first poem has been steadily held to his last, that however they may have varied in art they have every one been true to his noble conceptions of life, and the relation of man to his Creator, we must conclude that in the highest sense Browning is the poet of religion, as Shakspeare was the poet of humanity. God is all in all, and ever immanent. The world of matter is but a manifestation of God, through which his power, and will, and love reach his children.

He dwells in all  
From life's minutest beginnings up at last  
To man—the consummation of this scheme of being  
The completion of the sphere of life.

God to him is something more than "a stream of tendency not ourselves," and nature with a capital N does not satisfy him. The Infinite One is Creator, Preserver, Inspirer and End of all. He is not the material world, but he feels with it. In spring-time,

The lark  
Soars upward, shivering for very joy;  
Afar the ocean sleeps; white fishing gulls  
Flit where the strand is purple with its tribe





Truth is the strong thing  
Let man's life be true.

With truth and purity go other gifts!  
All gifts come clustering to that.

Truth's golden o'er us, although we refuse it.  
And from his firm faith flows the  
serenest trust and cheerfulness.

For God  
We're good enough, tho' the world casts us out.

Sorrow is vain, and despondency sinful.

No work began shall ever pause for death.

I trust in the compensating, great God.

There shall never be one lost good; what was shall  
live as before,—  
On the earth the broken arcs;—in the heaven a  
perfect round.

Very imperfect and incomplete is this statement of Browning's creed, nor can more than reference be made to the application of the same lofty conceptions to every theme he touches, to music, sculpture, and painting, to woman, human love, and every aspect of life and thought.

We may call him poet or no poet, but we must surely acknowledge that he is a strong and helpful soul. He is one of the great seers and prophets of mankind. Materialism may grow big with conceit till it overshadows the world, it never darkens his spirit. Agnosticism may be ever so confident, and draw where it pleases the limit of man's knowledge,—it matters not to him,—*he* knows. Pessimism may wear the darkest of spectacles, and see the dismal only; he sees the evil also, yet still the world to him is good. And if one man can see, he will suffer no doubt, though ten thousand do not. Here is an intellect of unsurpassed power, which has been devoted as assiduously to the study of the highest form of life,—that of the soul,—as has that of any scientist in the land to the lower. All praise to the latter. Their discoveries and hypotheses are wonder-

ful and fascinating, but what of man? Have we exhausted or lost interest in him? And what of God? Shall we not equally listen to the report of an untrammelled, courageous, keen, and able mind, which has studied the nature and relation of the human and the divine? Here is one, independent of gain, unrestrained by calling, not bound by precedent, quite careless of the world's flattery or scorn, who has for half a century given to his fellow-men his best of thought and feeling! His life has been a true and noble one, unspotted, unselfish. To him as to others pure of heart, it has been revealed to see God, and shall we not take on faith his testimony?

Browning does not antagonize science. He is inclusive, and he reconciles many kinds of truth. He can say with his noble shepherd boy, David, when he sings to the truly royal Saul:

I have gone the whole round of creation; I saw and  
I spoke:  
I, a work of God's hand for that purpose, received  
in my brain  
And pronounced on the rest of his handwork, re-  
turned him again  
His creation's approval or censure, I spoke as I saw.  
I report, as a man may of God's work, all's love,  
yet all's law.

Robert Browning has assuredly done the world good service in upholding the spiritual, the ideal, the transcendental. The cant to materialism is so strong, and the cant of materialism is so blatant, that some strong voice is needed whose tones can be heard above the din, to assure us that

God's in his heaven,  
All's right with the world.

These two lines, the last of Pippa's song as she passes by Ottima and Sebald, seem to epitomize Browning's philosophy of life. How they ring and cheer when spoken by a strong soul who believes them!

Browning's poetry, as poetry, falls



short of the highest standards in that its beauty is subordinate. Tried by the test that the end of poetry is to please, much of it might be excluded altogether ; but taking him as a whole, judging him as he is, admitting grievous faults of manner, trying parentheses, unaccustomed ejaculations, tremendous rhyming, omnivorousness, obscurity, and all, there is certainly more than enough to counterbalance these in his lofty thought, his stimulating call to action, his noble conceptions of life, his fervent faith, his loyalty to the soul and his insistence on God.

He belongs to the world's great teachers and inspirers. He stands by Carlyle and Emerson, in protest against the low and unworthy in life and thought. If his teaching can be condensed into one

word, that word it seems to me is "aspire,"—and what call is more needed? There are in men and poets diversities of gifts, and many are good, but he who can help his fellow-man upward is most richly endowed. In hierarchy of souls he is first.

Here's the top peak : the multitude below

Live, for they can, there ;

This man decided not to Live but Know —

Bury this man there ?

Here — here 's his place, where meteors shoot,  
clouds form,

Lightnings are loosened,

Stars come and go ! Let joy break with the storm,

Peace let the dew send !

Lofty designs must close in like effects :

Loftily lying,

Leave him — still loftier than the world suspects,

Living and dying.

*Charles A. Murdock.*

## THE DESERTED CABIN.

TALL thistles grow about the door,  
And up and down the mouldy wall  
Through rotten wood black spiders crawl ;  
Across its roof the chipmunks run,  
The chinks let in the dying sun  
Who lays his red swords on the floor,  
But hark ! A dismal autumn blast  
Sweeps up the gulch and 'round apast  
The cabin, — now a sudden moan  
Within the chimney's mouth of stone,  
While on the hearth the blackened brands  
Are touched, are moved by unseen hands.

*Herbert Bashford.*

## EPISODES OF WESTERN LIFE.

### I—HUNTING A MURDERER ON BLOOMER ISLAND.

DEEDS of violence were common in California during the mining period. The pistol and the dagger were in frequent use. Men righted their own wrongs, without waiting for the tardy hand of justice. The sluice robber and the horse thief, if caught, were hanged. The murderer was either strung up to the nearest tree, or promptly acquitted by the self selected jury of miners. Mob law reigned at times even in San Francisco. In the interior towns it was of common occurrence.

No atrocious and bloody crime committed in the Golden State ever called forth a more determined purpose to punish the criminal, than one executed at Cherokee, California, on the night of the 17th of June, in 1871.

Among the residents of that rich mining camp was one George Sharkovitch, usually called Austrian George. He was an olive-skinned, black-eyed fellow, strong and agile, but illiterate and animal in his disposition and passions. He was a miner by occupation, and spent much of his leisure time about the store of Thomas McDanel, whom he often helped in work that required unusual strength. This gentleman had a beautiful daughter just budding into womanhood. From her charms of person and amiable disposition she was a favorite among young and old. Sharkovitch conceived a passion for her, and attempted in his boorish way to make her acquaintance. She totally ignored him, and in consequence he hated her and made threats against her life.

In a few months the father died. The Austrian saw Miss McDanel the object of general sympathy, and his hatred became intensified. She occasionally ac-

cepted the attentions of young gentlemen who visited her mother's home. Sharkovitch swore he would kill the girl if she married any of these. His words were thought mere idle talk, and no one paid any attention to them.

On the night in question Miss McDanel accompanied Doctor Sawyer and a friend, Miss Maria Glass, to a wedding, which was followed by a dance. During the night, Mr. M. H. Wells, an old friend of the family, noticed Austrian George peering into the windows of the hall from time to time. The threats of this man came to his mind, and he determined to watch him. While he was absent from the room a few moments, Doctor Sawyer and the two young ladies started home. On his return, Mr. Wells hastened to overtake them.

The moon was up, but gave a dim, uncertain light. The young ladies and their escort heard a man behind them. Miss McDanel said, "Maria, there is your father."

"No," was the reply, "it is not his step."

At that moment the person overtook them, but neither recognized who he was. The next instant he sprang forward, caught Susie McDanel by her hair, pulled her head suddenly backward, and drove a sharp, long-bladed knife into her heart. The deed was done so quickly that the Doctor, who was looking the other way, did not realize what had occurred, till Miss Glass cried, "My God! he has murdered Susie!" She was bending forward talking to her companion, and saw the cruel knife driven into the fair bosom. It was so sudden that she had no time to give a warning cry.

The murderer instantly turned and



fled. The Doctor drew a pistol, and fired once or twice at the fleeing assassin. Mr. Wells, who just a second too late overtook his friends, also fired two or three shots, but neither took effect. The poor girl ran forward a few steps, and fell dead without a word or groan. The body was taken to the nearest dwelling, but life had departed.

In a few moments the news spread that Austrian George had murdered Susie McDanel. To capture the assassin and avenge her death was the thought of all. A citizens' meeting was called, and the light of the early June morning had hardly flushed with crimson the surrounding hill-tops, when not less than fifty determined men started in pursuit of the fugitive.

Cherokee stands upon a high plateau, while two and a half miles east of it runs the North Feather, a wild and turbulent stream. Down the precipitous sides of this plateau Sharkovitch fled, with all the speed that fear lends to human feet. To the bank of this river he was tracked by his numerous pursuers.

Here an Indian was found, who said a white man had run down the hill, gun in hand, that night, and said to him, "Set me across the river in your boat, or I will shoot you." He described the man. It was Sharkovitch beyond a doubt.

East of the river rose a high and rugged mountain, known as Bloomer Hill. This reached a height of 3,000 feet; still beyond was a deep cañon, and from this started the main chain of the Sierras. Once he was amid the higher mountains it would be almost impossible to find the murderer. The only hope was to surround Bloomer Hill and cut off his escape. The North Feather encircled the mountain upon the west and north, leaving only the other two sides to be guarded. This was fortunate, for the distance was great, and the country covered with dense underbrush.

Messengers were dispatched to Sheriff

Miller, at Oroville, and a force of men started from that town. Guards were posted at every road and pass, with orders to shoot down the murderer unless he instantly surrendered. On that day fully one hundred men were on the track of the assassin, and all felt that he would be captured in a few hours.

A party of Indians started from Feather River, and tracked the fugitive step by step up the sides of Bloomer Hill, till he was traced to a dense thicket of underbrush, covering several acres. He was a desperate man, fully armed, and none of the natives dared to attack him in his retreat. They sent off runners to the nearest party of white men, and these hastened to the spot.

The place was now surrounded, and a few of the most daring entered the thicket. It was an anxious moment to all. None believed that the man would be captured alive, and it was thought one or more might be shot, ere he could be overpowered or killed.

The search lingered; no report of guns was heard. It was feared he had escaped. Others entered the thicket. Every nook was examined, but Sharkovitch was not found. Neither could any track of his leaving the place be seen, and for a time the searchers were at a stand-still. So rapid had been the pursuit that it was impossible for him to have left the mountain, and word was sent for additional men and the hunt continued. By noon on Saturday fully two hundred men were scouring the woods for the fugitive, and each hour increased the number of pursuers.

That night every man slept in the woods or upon the mountain top, eager for the morn, that they might resume the search. Sunday morning broke bright and fair, and every man was up and alert at break of day. Each thicket and ravine was examined with care; the thorny manzanita and the tough greasewood made an almost impenetrable underbrush, but foot by foot the vast

mountain was searched. No trace of the murderer of Susie McDanel could be found.

The guards at the roads and passes were certain he had never passed them, so once more the lines were drawn around Bloomer Hill. Now, however, a small army of men, not less than five hundred in number, encircled the great mountain. During the entire day every exertion was used to find some trace of the criminal. Every ravine, cave, old tunnel, and mining shaft was scrutinized, but not a trace of the man dead or alive could be found. Many began to think he must have escaped past the lines of guards and reached the high Sierras, but the leaders scouted this, and the guards were positive that he could not have passed them.

The long June day, however, came to a close, and the weary men had still found no trace of their human game. The sun sank behind the western hills, the young moon rose in the east, but still no word was brought that Sharkovitch had been captured.

The fugitive had fellow countrymen at Oroville, and the approaches to that town were closely watched. To reach it he would have to cross the Middle Feather. The stream was impassable except at Bidwell Bar, where it was spanned by a suspension bridge. Isaac Ketchum was the keeper of this bridge and kept a careful watch. Here, also, was stationed another armed man, named McBride.

Late on Sunday night, Mr. Ketchum opened the big gates to let four of the searchers cross to the north side of the river. Ten minutes later he heard a footman coming from the side to which they had just gone. As he stepped out to throw open the gate, this man had his gun lowered and bearing upon McBride, who did not seem to realize his own danger. In Mr. Ketchum's words:

"The moon was up sufficiently for me to see the traveler's face, and I never

beheld a countenance in which hate, fear, surprise and amazement were more blended in one than when I opened that gate gun in hand. The fellow evidently thought McBride was the keeper of the bridge, and I am confident that he meant to shoot him down in cold blood without asking for a right to pass.

"I ordered him into my office, holding my gun on him to enforce the order. He obeyed reluctantly. Once inside, we made him give up his gun. McBride asked him some questions, and the man said he was a Frenchman bound for Downieville. I was certain, however, that we had the right man, and tried to stop McBride, for I knew that if we accused him of being the murderer, he would make a fight for his life.

"Our light was nearly burned out, so we took the prisoner down town, where we could better secure him. On passing the residence of John Bendle, we stopped and woke him up, telling him of our suspicions. He came out of the gate, and some of our words must have been heard by the prisoner, for he suddenly thrust his hand into his bosom. 'Give me that knife,' cried Bendle, who stood next to him; at the same instant he struck the man's hand just as he drew forth a long-bladed knife, the same with which he had murdered Susie McDanel.

"The knife flew out of his hand from the force of the blow, but he instantly ran his hand inside of his vest a second time. Bendle intercepted him, and shoved his own hand in place, drawing forth a revolver. At that second, the fellow broke away and ran very quickly, followed by Bendle, pistol in hand. This he cocked and fired three times in quick succession. At the third shot the man fell, but we could not tell whether he had stumbled and fallen, or had been wounded. Bendle sprang upon him, crying, 'Lie still, you, lie still!'

"He instantly realized that the man was shot, and attempted to help him up. Sharkovitch gave a few short gasps, and



all was over. The murderer of Susie McDanel had paid the penalty of his crime with his own life. We examined the body, and saw that all three shots had taken effect,—one on the shoulder, one in the back, and the third in the head.”

Word was now sent to the various parties who were out, and by daylight all knew the murderer had been caught and killed.

It was evident from the condition of the man's body that he had taken no food during the three days he had been hidden upon Bloomer Hill. He was well armed, and had an abundance of ammunition; but so closely was he pursued that he did not dare to shoot any game for fear of discovery. It has always been a mystery how he could have

escaped being found, when it is known that he was upon that mountain, and that hundreds of men went over every foot of it.

Some of the miners were in favor of cutting off the murderer's head, and carrying it in triumph back to Cherokee; but better counsel prevailed, and a wagon was procured, in which his body was taken first to Oroville, and thence back to the scene of his crime. Here so great was the rage of the people that his house was torn down, the material made into a huge pile, and upon this was placed the body of the assassin. Gallons of coal oil were poured over the body and the pile of lumber. To this a match was then applied, a great flame burst forth, and in this perished the last vestige of Austrian George, the murderer.

*S. S. Boynton.*

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## II—ON THE OREGON EXPRESS.

TO C. M. G.

(*Pentameters.*)

“WAAL Jim! If it ain't twenty year since these eyes hev' hed sight of  
Your speckled old face, with the scar that you got at Cold Harbor!  
Froze out from Wisconsin and come to the land of the sunset?  
Right for you, my old friend, for this place is better than gold slugs.  
Be'n lookin' around for a home in the Wullamette Valley?  
No trouble in findin' it, sure, for this is the very  
Particular spot the Almighty preëmpted since 'way back,  
To raise all the garden truck needed for him and the angels.  
Lots of good land to be had—but not for the askin';  
Time's gone when the Injuns would trade off their forests and meadows.  
Gosh! even their bodies and souls, for a barrel of moonshine  
Cooked up from ten gallons of water, one gallon of whisky,  
A streak of old rum, an' brown sugar accordin' to likin'.  
Them *was* good times, before them blamed pesky railroads  
Made land so dear that only a rich man can own it.  
Sho, thar! I'm sick when I think how nearly I once came  
To bein' a rich man myself, and ownin' a railroad!  
How was it? Why simple enough.

You mind young Jerusha,  
 Whom you used to lick, and I too, at the old deestrik skewl  
 In Dane County, Wisconsin? Waal, after 'Rusha got married,  
 He come to the diggins in Fifty or 'hap Fifty-one.  
 He never was no good at diggin', warn't 'Rusha, at all,  
 An' his wife fallin' sick with the fever he pulled up his tent pins  
 And made a bee line for salt water, where th' air seemed to mend her.  
 Then, foll'win' the coast, he struck up the Sound till he settled  
 'Bout forty mile north of the mouth of the Puyallup River.  
 Warn't nothin' but forests an' Injuns when 'Rusha unhitched thar,  
 An' staked out a claim for hisself an' his sickly old father.  
 Soon the old one he went cross the Range, and 'Rusha was master  
 Of three hundred acres an' more, that warn't worth a nickel,  
 Except they had huntin' an' fishin' an' fire-wood a-plenty.  
 Six years 'Rusha lived thar, jist makin' a livin',  
 When one evenin' the Injuns fell on him as he was a-dryin'  
 His nets on that patch whar is built — but wait a bit longer!  
 The mother and two of the children wur' killed in the snap  
 Of a trigger, an' 'Rusha, with t' other two kids an' his rifle  
 Just reached his canoe an' escaped by the end of his scalp-lock.  
 This pretty well sickened Jerusha of Puget Sound land-claims,  
 So he fetched up agin' at the diggins an' worked there for four year,  
 When I ran across him an' took him to Portland, a-thinkin'  
 As how he was pretty well broke, an' needed a lift from his pardner.

We bunked one night at a hotel; next morn I was goin'  
 To Frisco on business, leavin' 'Rusha to tend to my store.  
 Two swells dropped in; began readin' t he names on the register,  
 Grew hot in their talk as they quarrelled 'bout somethin' they saw there.  
 "Jerusha McCrum, that 's the man, as I live," cried the younger;  
 "You're a darn fool, my boy," says the 'old un, "McHone is the man's name."  
 "Jerusha McCrum is a friend of mine, g ents." says I, puttin' my oar in;  
 "A mighty good feller he is, tho' now he is de'd broke."  
 "De'd broke?" says the old 'un a-winkin, "Come, thet 's pretty rich,  
 If he's the McHone located a claim up the Sound  
 Some ten year ago, forty mile north of Puyallup River."  
 "His name ain't McHone," — says I, fiery, "but 'Rusha McCrum,  
 An' here he is now," — as 'Rusha rolled in from the bar-room.  
 "Ah! Mr. McHone," says the old gent, a-raisin' his glasses,  
 "I think that you own some wild land up the Sound; is it not so?  
 Poor timber, but still I will give you, say, five hundred dollars  
 For three hundred acres."

Jerusha stood tongue-tied and flustered;  
 In all his born life he never had handled a fifty.  
 "Five hundred?" says t' other chap, swearin' a most monstrous cuss-word,  
 "I'll give you a thousand."  
 "Two thousand I'll raise you," says bald-head,  
 An' so they went at it, 'till *ten thousand dollars* was offered



For the ground that had brought 'Rusha formerly nothin' but graves  
For his wife and his children. — "Sure I'm daft, Ben," says he  
A-clutchin' my arm, an' starin' a' wildly about him.

"No, 'Rusha, but drunk," I replied; "they're only a-jokin'.  
Go to bed an' cool off; I'll find brother Tom, who's a real estate agint,  
He'll tell us the truth, if there's anything true to be found out."  
"Ben Smiley," says 'Rusha quite solemn, "*don't* go down to Frisco tomorrow  
But go with your chum up the Sound, an' we'll prospect on this thing;  
I'll give you a quarter of all that it's worth." But I, laughing,  
Replied that it probably war n't worth walking a mile for.

When I told brother Tom I hed 'Rusha in tow at the hotel,  
He seemed mighty pleased, an' said he'd come round in the mornin',  
But that I'd better go on to Frisco that night by the steamer,  
As the land warn't worth, at the most, more than seven hundred dollar.

We were ten days at sea in a 'drivin' an' howlin' sou'-wester,  
Another ten days, an' Jerusha writ me a letter  
In which he explained how he'd sold Brother Thomas, on margin,  
A sixth of his land for thirty and five thousand dollar,  
But should try to hang on to the rest for the chance of a rise in its valoo.  
It riz; an' at Christmas, Jerusha sent down by Wells Fargo  
Three hundred gold eagles, as presents to me an' Maria—.  
They was lost in the Sassafras mine — an' now, I'm a farmin'  
While 'Rusha is boss of two railroads, three banks, an' a creamery,  
Likewise a Sunday-skewl, restaurant, bakery,  
State Legislatoor, an' husban's picked up for his da'ters  
In London last month, when markises sold at a discount.  
Did I say where that land lay? That land of which I, Benny Smiley,  
Had ought to be'n ownin' a fourth but for Brother Tom's raskilry?  
That claim, sir, which 'Rusha took up an' came near a-losin'  
Bekuz of them Injuns that killed thar his wife an' his childern,  
And skeer'd him so bad that he tried to forget he *hed* lived there, —  
That claim, sir, runs clear thro' the heart of the city Seattle.

*L. DuP. Syle.*

### III—ABOUT THE STIKINE.

To the early voyagers and discoverers on the northwestern coast of North America, the region through which the Stikine River runs has been peculiarly attractive. The source of the Stikine is among the abrupt and towering elevations that were known to explorers and trappers as the Blue Mountains. The river flows into the Pacific, in latitude fifty-six degrees and forty-one minutes.

As early as 1834, the Hudson's Bay Company attempted the establishment of a trading post upon the banks of the Stikine; but the Russian authorities, learning of the movement, constructed a primitive fortification near the river's mouth, and an imperial corvette was sent thither, to prevent the encroachment of any foreign enterprise.

About this period of the fur trade ves

sels of different nationalities hovered about the western coasts from the peninsula of California to Cook's River ; and much rivalry existed relative to explorations as well as trade. In fact, no effort was spared to obtain the valuable peltries brought by the interior tribes for barter ; and sharp dealing was beyond question practiced by both the savage and his civilized cousin in many of their business transactions ; and it may have been a question in many cases which of the contracting parties was the more unscrupulous in negotiations.

Be that as it may, there has been many an adventurous spirit who found his way to those sombre shores, for the purpose of trade, trapping, or to gratify a restless inclination, and there remained, taking to himself an Indian wife, and the twain leading a wild, romantic life on river and seacoast, or wandering among the mountains and along the small streams of the interior, maintaining an existence by hunting, fishing, and trapping the furbearing animals that then abounded in those parts.

In the winter of 1865, on my passage from San Francisco to Sitka, official duties required me to call at the mouth of the Stikine. During my brief stay, I was visited by a Canadian *voyageur*, La Barge by name, who was accompanied by his Indian wife, with a chubby child, who looked nearly as broad as he was long, as he rolled on the cabin floor, and who, I was told, had seen six summers.

The mother was a good example of a *klootchman* (Chinook for woman) with a touch of white blood in her veins, and a tint from the same source in her complexion. In form she was dumpy, and of a muscular make-up, with a face that indicated determined character. Never was a child of the forest more happy than she, while passing an hour on ship-board with her husband, who was a fine representative of the *voyageur*, and evidently above the average of his clan in

intelligence,—as well as in his knowledge of remote regions of the interior, as to routes of travel and the haunts of game. And as he was fond of imparting his knowledge of those hyperborean wilds, and telling incidents of the chase and other adventures, he was interesting to talk with.

While speaking of the career he had led with his constant companion, he remarked with much earnestness :

"I shall never leave her, for no civilized being could have been more constant. She has followed me in all my expeditions on foot, as well as in those by canoe ; and but for her care I might have been food for the wolves long ago. To give you a faint idea of our rough life in the bush, I will tell you a little of what befell us during one of my trapping seasons, well up on the forks of the rivers.

"At the time, I was catching mink and beavers on a small tributary to the Stikine, when suddenly I was attacked with an ugly fever. For weeks I was so low that I was delirious ; and when at last the malady abated it left me quite helpless, and in my despair I fully believed I had done my last trapping. •I told Panchita I felt quite sure I would be devoured by the wolves and ravens."

At this juncture of his narration, La Barge was interrupted by his swarthy mate, who exclaimed : "You *tyee-man* [chief, or great man], you have not told half the story !" And the adage held good, in her case, that there is no controlling a loquacious tongue.

"We had travelled a long, long way," she said, "on an old trail, the day that La Barge became ill ; perhaps it seemed longer, because we had but little to eat, and we did not care, just then, to stop to cook meat. So we snatched from the bushes wild berries, as we passed them, and when, at last, we halted to camp for the night, we could just see the Stikine through a gorge in the mountains from our fire.

"But hardly had we prepared a shel-



ter, when La Barge fell, quite exhausted. We passed a sleepless night, for La Barge lay in great distress, while *ten-as-man* [man-child, — word used by many coast tribes], at my breast, was quite wakeful. Well, I prayed both for rest and for dawn; but before the sun shone over the peaks of the mountains, La Barge had become delirious, with a raging fever.

"For many days and nights I nursed him as best I could, and at last the sickness left him; but so weak was he that he lay quite helpless. I knew he must have nourishment quickly, or he would die. So I laid our child beside him, and said I would go and dig some *wapa-toos* ["Indian potatoes," an edible root], if nothing better could be found.

"As I wandered along the bank of the stream, I could hear the screams of hawks far down the valley. I hastened through the brambles and vines as best I could, towards the place from whence the sounds came; and at last I could see their brooding-place, high up on a beetling rock, that hung over the water. It was a giddy climb, even on its leaning side, but I lost no time in reaching the top, where, seizing two squabs, I snatched them from their nest, and hurried back to our campfire, to prepare some of their flesh for La Barge.

"But when I gave him a morsel, he could not eat. And in my alarm, I held him to my breast with *ten-as-man*. For days, I fed them both from my bosom, and until my husband could eat meat, when he soon became like himself again, though weeks passed before he was able to travel over the rough country about us.

"Meanwhile, I often walked from our camp to a bend in the river, where I could get a view both up and down the valley, though I had but little hope of seeing a passing canoe, or even a strolling *siwash* [Indian]. But it was the season for getting bark and picking berries; so every day, while La Barge would

be sleeping, I could not resist my anxiety to be on the move, and would pick my way along the bank of the stream, if only to gaze on the water, as it reflected the forest-lined shores. To have seen the smoke, even, of a distant campfire, or anything to break the gloomy monotony of our enforced seclusion, would have been hailed with delight, unless it had been the too near approach of some skulking savage, or the prowling of wolves.

"One morning, however, as I was wandering along the shore, the air seemed so fresh and still I thought I would halloo across the water, just to hear the echo. So I called out, '*Tillicum!* [man] *Tillicum!* *Tyee-man!* Do you hear my voice?' Hardly had the echoes ceased, when I saw an Indian alone in his canoe, lazily drifting down the stream, as he fished for salmon. I waited in silence for him to answer my call as he passed me; but he gave no heed, and very soon he glided out of sight behind a bushy point.

"Heartsick! at what had happened to me during my tiresome stroll, I hastened back to camp, that I might tell La Barge what I had seen; and to cheer him, I remarked that perhaps the stranger would return before nightfall, and bring us a fish. At which my husband replied with a smile; adding that all I had seen was some *cultus siwash* [worthless Indian] in a *memolose* canoe he had stolen. [A *memolose* canoe is one that has been used as a casket for the remains of a dead Indian.]

"Yet day after day I would — with *ten-as-man* hanging to my back — saunter along the river bank, still trusting that I might see other canoes, or perhaps some white trappers paddling by. But no living being was seen afoot or afloat, as the long, tedious days came and went. Yet all the while La Barge was gaining strength; and I was quite happy when at last we left our camp to hunt and fish along our trail until the

season was over. Then we made the best of our way to the post, where we trafficked our furs; and then we returned to the lodge of my father.

"But before we reached my old home, some strolling old women descried us at some distance, as we were approaching the shore, and very soon there were many of our tribe assembled to greet us. But we did not leave our canoe until my

father, who was chief of the village, came to say welcome.

"When he came, I was not long in recounting our adventures while we were among the mountains; and when I had finished my story, he replied with a leer, saying, 'My poor Panchita! you left us with your darling *voyageur*, and now you are home again with two nursing babies, — one tall white one and a *ten-as-man*! Welcome! Welcome!'"

C. M. Scammon.

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## HUGH CARRICK, MINER,

### DEAD IN THE SIERRAS.

BENEATH his white sombrero's drooping rim,  
I see the gracious contour of his face;  
And in his eyes those majesties I trace  
Which foulest wrong had never power to dim.  
I see the breadth and massiveness of limb,  
The strength of pose that Phidian marbles grace,  
The clean, white soul that held no instinct base,  
And that fair truth brave Nature gave to him.

Nay, but his heart was only known to few,  
E'en tho' his hand flung broadcast of his store,  
They had his aid, his smile, but nothing more,  
His miseries one only ever knew.  
Oh! soul, gone onward to that unknown shore,  
Mine eyes are wet, I cannot paint thee, Hugh!

Bruce Douglas.



## A PLANTATION EPISODE IN HAWAII.



It was an October morning — October in the Hawaiian wilderness. The sun was climbing steadily up the meridian, with never a cloud sail in all the blue ocean of sky. The darker ocean that met it at the horizon lay calm and placid as a sapphire lake, save where its margin, torn and frayed by the lava rocks, fretted itself into wreaths of foam. The lava itself stretched on and on interminably, — black, glistening fields that covered the lifeless land like a pall; and far off in the distance a column of white smoke told where the dread fire goddess hid herself in the pits and caverns of Kilauea.

But this plain of desolation down by the sea was backed by a glittering contrast of green cane fields, wooded valleys, and rugged mountain ranges, while in the farthest distance the dull blue dome of Mauna Loa, "the great mountain," kept watch over all.

Andrew Dexter, the new *luna* (overseer) for the Alapaha Plantation, had been dispatched with a gang of Portuguese to cut cane in a remote field up against the foot hills. The road was long and dusty, and the men made but slow progress, so that the *luna*, weary of checking his horse to keep pace with their tired feet, rode on at a gentle trot, and was soon at the entrance to the field, a good mile ahead of his men.

Swinging back the clumsy barred gate,

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he found himself in an avenue of blue gum trees, at the farther end of which stood a cottage, dingy and unattractive as are most Portuguese dwellings, but shaded by a spreading peach tree, and with a row of scarlet geraniums like tufted sentinels guarding the bare walls.

As he neared the house, his glance fell upon a figure at the window bending over the geraniums, and suddenly a pair of lustrous eyes were lifted to his, and a voice murmured, "Bons dias, Senhor!"

"Good morning!" answered the young man, with an awkward jerk to his hat, his clear, metallic accents contrasting sharply with the velvety tones of the southern tongue, and with another comprehensive glance at the lovely face before him he rode on into the adjacent cane field, whistling softly to himself.

Virginia lingered at the low window, her arms propped upon the sill, dreamily watching the bees hovering over the clumps of scarlet geraniums in the little garden bed, and humming a Portuguese love song to which her fingers beat languid time.

She was thinking of the last time Manoel had sung it to her, and how the soft tones, and the tinkling guitar, and the moonlight had somehow bewitched her fancy, till she had answered the pleading of his eyes with a little responsive thrill, and then, before she knew it, she had promised to be his wife.

Then the bewilderment of it all when he had begged her to go with him to the padre without her parents' knowledge, and be married before any one should know; and how she had stolen out in the twilight to the gate where he was waiting, and just as he was lifting her on his horse, her brother had started up from behind the stone wall, and catching the bridle rein, cried out:

"Not so fast, my sister; our mother would have a word with you first."

And Manoel had tried to snatch her back, but suddenly the spell was broken, and she pushed him from her, saying:

"No, no; I will *not* go with you, — I will go back to my mother!" And then her brother Joã had led her weeping back to the house.

As to Manoel, she did not know what had become of him, — she had not seen him since; but she was not sorry he had gone away without her; she did not love him — she was sure of that.

She watched the shadows of the blue gum trees growing shorter and less slanting, until it suddenly occurred to her that she had idled the morning away, and that it was time to carry her father's dinner to the field. With a quick motion she caught up a yellow silk kerchief from a chair, tied it over her pretty head, giving a coquettish twist to the ends under her chin; then slipping the dinner pail over her arm, and lifting a stone jar to her head, she walked out lithe and straight, steadying the heavy jar with one brown hand. On through the long, coarse grass till she reached the fence at the end of the field, where the blue and red blanket coats of the men were hanging beside their pails, for it still lacked a few minutes of the dinner hour.

She rested her jar on the ground a moment while her eyes scanned the row of men at work, their cane knives flashing in the sun, as the tops were severed from the tall stalks, and the cane tossed in a heap on the ground. Her father stood at the further end of the row, the new *luna* just beyond, and with a smile Virginia let down the bars, lifted the jar again to her head, and passed on.

Dexter saw her coming and advancing leisurely towards her touched his hat, as he asked respectfully: "Can I do anything for you?"

The bright eyes were lowered instantly, and the soft voice faltered, "Me des-ejo papa."

"Is your father in the gang?"

"Si, Senhor."

"Which one?"

"Plaqui"; and she pointed to the sturdy, rough-visaged figure at the end of the row.

"The biggest rascal of the lot," commented Dexter inwardly; then as he watched the color come and go in the delicate olive cheeks, he queried abruptly: "Why don't you speak English?"

"Me no sei," with a coquettish smile.

"Yes, you do; you understand every word I say."

"Ah! Senhor speak bon, me no speak, me comprehendo."

"It's time you did, then; you are too pretty to waste your breath on that heathenish jargon," exclaimed the young man bluntly.

Again the long lashes swept her cheek — it was evident she did comprehend; then with another bright smile, showing a row of tiny white teeth, "Senhor sabe Portuguese?"

"No, I don't, and I don't want to; English is good enough for me."

A shadow darkened the pretty brow, and the mobile lips drooped with the expression of a grieved child.

At that instant the twelve o'clock whistle at the mill, three miles away, sounded out shrill and clear. With one accord the cane knives fell to the ground, and the men, shouting and gesticulating, ran for their dinner pails, and hungrily began upon the noonday meal.

Virginia noted the scowl of impatience on her father's face, and hurriedly snatching her water jar from the ground she carried it to him, with a meek apology for her tardiness, calculated to avert the paternal wrath. But Antonio Rozario was not disposed to scold his pretty daughter so long as his dinner was forthcoming; he had his ambitions, this weather-beaten Portuguese laborer, and to see his family well established was one of them.

The girl waited while he devoured the



boiled beans and coarse bread, her hands clasped and her eyes on the distant ocean, taking no notice of the admiring glances of the men, or the rough gallantry of their remarks, as they passed her and threw themselves down on the litter of cane leaves near her father for a noontide chat.

At the further end of the field her old lover Manoel stood leaning against the fence, moodily watching her, but though she had seen him when she first entered the field, she vouchsafed him never a glance.

When the dinner pail was emptied and the water jar passed round the little group of intimates, she gathered the things together, and again placing the jar on her head slowly left the field.

As she reached the fence where Manoel had stationed himself, he started forward.

"Would'st thou pass me without one word, Virginia?"

"O Manoel! art thou there?" queried the girl with a little start.

The youth's eyes flashed as he retorted hotly: "Hast no eyes for any but the milk-faced American yonder! Virginia, if thou lovest me no longer I will kill myself!"

"Bravo, Manoel, thou would'st make such a beautiful corpse!" and she laughed scornfully at the discomfited suitor.

Again the mill whistle sounded forth, and the *luna* called out, "All hands to work!" The men began to fall into line, and the cane knives again flashed out in the sunlight; but Manoel still stood by the fence, barring the way and gazing imploringly into the beautiful face before him.

Dexter's keen eye espied the laggard, and with swift strides he advanced upon him, calling, "Gomez, go to work!" The youth paid no heed, but bending toward Virginia, said pleadingly, "Be a little kind to me, *bella minha*!"

She heard the quick step of the ap-

proaching overseer, and snatching the red geranium from her belt, pressed it into Manoel's hand, exclaiming: "Take it, *amigo*; I love thee not, but I would not have thee angry with me."

He caught it to his lips, then thrusting it into his bosom, sprang into line just as Dexter was upon him. The *luna* seeming to take no notice strode on and let down the bars, stepping aside for Virginia to pass through.

With a murmured: "Da gracias, Senhor," she was hurrying on, but he stopped her, saying abruptly: "What were you talking about so long with that young scapegrace, Gomez?"

"Ah! Senhor no speak Portuguse!"

"Well, you might forgive me for that—I didn't mean to hurt your feelings," he returned awkwardly.

She made no reply, and he began to grow strangely embarrassed before this Portuguese maiden. At last, feeling that he must end the scene somehow, he said in softer tones than were his wont, "When I pass your house on the way home tonight, will you give me a flower, as you did Gomez? Just to prove we've made up, you know?"

A bright blush suffused the delicate olive cheeks, and he could hardly catch the murmured, "Si, Senhor."

He stepped aside then and let her pass, going back to his work with a merry whistle.

Manoel, who had been intently watching the colloquy from his place in the cane row, ground his teeth together, and besought the devil to fly away with the cursed Americano.

## II.

"MARIA! O Maria! Hoo!" and old Francesca waved her kerchief wildly in the air to attract the attention of a countrywoman, who was passing down the road at a jog trot, seated astride a little gray mule, with well filled panniers strapped each side of the saddle, and

her feet thrust forward at an acute angle by reason of the protuberance.

The mule was brought to a sudden standstill, and his rider with a shrill voice ejaculated, "Quia?"

"Stop a bit, and let a friend chat with you; Santa Maria, one would think you were in too great haste to look to right or left this hot day!"

"Very true; I am carrying fruit to the Patra's house, and then I must get our week's flour at the store, and be back in time to send Felixo his dinner. The *luna*, evil take him, has sent the poor man to watch the flume, and keep the cattle off, so his wife must needs do the work for two."

"O, leave Felixo to find an easy job for himself; come you and sit in the shade a little,—I am perishing for a bit of news, and I can listen well and wring out my clothes at the same time. *Sanctissima!* what a wash the Senhor Dext has—there are no less than four white shirts to iron for him this week. If he did not pay so well I'd see him hanged before I'd break my back bending over this flume every Monday, trying to bail out water enough to fill my tubs."

"Ah! yes," answered the bustling Maria, dropping the reins, and placing both hands on her hips. "That same Senhor Dext has so much courting to do evenings, he needs all his white shirts. Pest on the man! he hangs around Virginia's window as though he had no other aim in life than to get a glimpse of her pretty face, or a pert word from her saucy mouth."

"Neither has he!" chuckled old Francesca, giving the objectionable shirts a vigorous thrust in the wash tub. Tell me, think you Virginia really wants to marry the Senhor? And what do the old people say? Her mother will never give her consent after poor Helena's experience with that demon Moran!"

"To think of his beating her so she had to come home to her mother, and he so devoted before they were married!

That is the way with those Americanos, and Helena will not keep her mouth shut; now when Felixo tells me to shut up my mouth, I do it, and there is an end. But listen. Leopoldina has made a little plan to dispose of Virginia for a time, and this evening the Senhor will be disappointed when he shows himself at the window."

"Good! what have they done?" and the old woman's wrinkled face beamed with interest in the recital.

"This have they done. Last week Moran came over and begged for his wife back again, and Helena, little fool that she is, trusted all his promises, and declared she would go home with him. Nothing would keep her, and she deserves all the beatings she'll get, say I."

"But Virginia—"

"Just wait, I am coming to that. Moran was so eager to get his wife back he was very amiable, and told the family they were welcome to come to his house at Alihe and stay as long as they would. *Bon!* the mother will take Virginia over there tomorrow, and leave her till she forgets the Senhor, or till his fancy lights on some other pretty face. Virginia is a fool to have anything to do with him."

"Ah! but the little one's head is level on her shoulders," interpolated old Francesca, wagging her own impressively. "The Senhor has a good position and plenty of money; Virginia would be a fine lady if she married him, and live in a good house. To be sure, he was drunk the other day, but then he was led off by evil companions; there's not a Portuguese of us all but would drink at his pleasure, and expect the girls to smile on him none the less."

"Ah these girls! they know not their minds two days together, until they are opposed, and then the devil may take them, but they will have their own way." With a gesture of impatience Maria gathered up the reins and clucked admonishingly to the little mule, who pricked up



his ears as if nothing loath to move on.

"What, are you off? We have not finished the hundredth part of what I would ask you." Francesca leaned against the flume and motioned coaxingly to her friend, but the busy woman was not to be persuaded, and the gray mule went trotting down the road, raising a cloud of dust that soon hid his rider from sight.

### III.

FOR some weeks the gossips were quiet. Virginia had been removed to Alihe, and nothing was heard from there more than that Dexter rode over there every Sunday, with the small satisfaction of seeing her in church and catching a coy smile as she passed him on the road.

But this state of affairs was comparatively brief; Christmas week came, the "Natal" of the Portuguese, and Virginia returned to pass the holy season in the bosom of her family.

Each little cottage had its shrine gaily decorated with artificial flowers, fruit, and toys, and the women vied with one another as to whose household altar should be brightest with pictures, and odd bits of color picked up at random. Even the labels on old fruit cans were greedily sought after, and Slicer's Peaches, or Lunt Tomatoes, were side by side with a toy sheep, or a rough cut of the Virgin and holy St. Francis. All were laid at the foot of the crucifix that looked down from the wall of the humble hovel, each new treasure being brought eagerly with the simple words, "Por Jesus."

Virginia brought a great bunch of her favorite scarlet geraniums and laid them at the feet of the Christ, with a wistful look in her soft brown eyes; then, kneeling till the little curls on her forehead touched the altar, she raised the wooden cross of her rosary to her lips and murmured her Ave Maria with the silent

tears falling from beneath the long, dark lashes.

All through the holy Christmas eve the church bell had pealed forth its uncertain notes on the still night air, now fast and furiously, now solemn and slow, till the wondering people had bewailed the devotion of the padre that thus untimely disturbed their slumbers.

But this morning, the joyous Christmas morning, a boy from the quarters below had told Virginia, in the presence of all the family, that her lover, the Senhor Dext, had gotten gloriously drunk the evening before, and making his way into the belfry of the church had rung the bell, in despite of the padre or any one else that tried to dissuade him, vowing he would ring until Virginia heard and came to him; but abused nature had claimed her due at last, and the senhor had fallen into a drunken sleep, and been carried to his house.

Loud had been the maledictions on the cursed Americano from old Rozario and his virago of a wife, and in the midst of the hot discussion that followed Virginia had stolen away to gather her flowers, "for Jesus" before the dew had left them.

She rose now from her knees with a determined look in the velvety eyes, and busied herself silently with the preparations for church. At length the family was ready to start. Old Antono mounted his sturdy mule, with his wife on a pillion behind him; Virginia rode the family pack horse, and Joã walked by his sister's side, with one hand on the bridle, as if to guard her from all intruders.

The three miles to the church were traversed, and the Rozario family mingled with the rest of the congregation in the little porch. Many were the glances cast at Virginia by young and old, as the heroine of the village gossip walked past them all with a haughty little toss of her pretty head, and seated herself in the front row of benches,

where she was left alone, not even her girl friends daring to face public remark by sitting with her.

The two little acolytes came stumbling in, with despairing glances at their long gowns, and paying more attention to their comrades in the congregation than to the lighted tapers they were carrying. Then followed the old padre in his gorgeous purple robe embroidered with tinsel. The singers intoned the Kyrie Eleison, and high mass began.

All went well till about the middle of service, when there was a stir amongst the worshipers near the door, and an unsteady voice was heard demanding entrance. The people kneeling in the aisle shrank back against the rows of benches, and Dexter with his hat on, breathless and excited, his face red and bloated from his late orgies, pushed his way up the aisle and dropped into the seat by Virginia's side.

The girl gave him one look, then turned away her head and went resolutely on with her prayers. But the young man was still too intoxicated to know what he was about, and persisted in talking to her in a loud voice.

The padre stopped in the midst of his prayer and said in slow, stern accents, "Meester Dexter, you have deesturb ze sacred service of zis church ; except you are silent, I must request zat you remove yourself!"

"O, all right, Father, I'll be quiet. Go on with your prayers," returned the young man cheerfully.

The padre continued the service, and Dexter remained quiet until the time for the collection came round, when, snatching his hat from his head where he had persistently worn it, he carried it to each worshiper in the room, loudly demanding a contribution, if any reluctance were shown by the startled people to place their offerings in his hands. When the last dime was collected, he strode up to the padre, and turning the contents of his hat on the altar steps,

he emptied his pockets at the same time, exclaiming : "There, Father, I'm sorry I disturbed you,—that's to pay for it," and so picked up his hat and left the church.

A few days later, Dexter, sobered and thoroughly ashamed of himself, chanced upon Virginia on the government road. The girl was usually well guarded, but the temptation for a bit of friendly gossip at the village store had been too much for the mother's discretion, and anticipating no ill consequences, it being in the middle of the afternoon, she had bidden Virginia ride slowly homeward, promising herself to overtake her presently.

Dexter's face flushed with honest shame as he met her, and he removed his hat with more reverence than was wont to grace his salutations ; but seeing that the girl was about to pass him, his customary boldness reasserted itself, and stopping his horse directly in front of her, he said awkwardly, "Are n't you going to speak to me, Virginia?"

"Ah, Senhor no bon," she answered reproachfully.

"I know, I made a confounded ass of myself, and I'm ashamed and sorry, and feel as if I ought n't to hold my head up before you ; but I can't let you go by without a word — without some sort of an explanation. I was desperate, Virginia ! They carried you off to Alihe, where I could n't so much as get a glimpse of you except on Sundays, and then you smiled at me sometimes, but you never tried to give me a chance to speak to you ; and when you came home they kept you caged night and day, and I thought the game was all up. You couldn't blame me for feeling lonely and discouraged — plantation life is n't so mighty elevating that it helps a man much when he's got no one to love him, or speak a kind word to him. And so, when some of the fellows asked me to keep Christmas with them, I went ; I could n't stand it at home alone. And of course they



had plenty of drink and that finished me. It don't take much to go to my head, and it makes me crazy — I did n't know what I was doing, Virginia. But you are not going to throw me over for that? I'll swear I'll never do it again! You might be a little sorry for me, when it was all for love of you; I have n't done it more than twice in a lifetime before."

He looked at her pleadingly, to see what effect his words had upon her, but her eyes were downcast, and it was hard to read the meaning of the compressed lips. Suddenly she spoke. "Me no care, me love Senhor! Mamma take me Alihe, Mamma speak me forgot Senhor; me no forget — me no —"

She faltered as if frightened at the boldness of her confession; but Dexter required no further encouragement. Spurring his horse close to hers, he seized one of her hands, and holding it fast in his broad, rough palm, cried exultingly: "You *will* come to me then, Virginia, you will be my wife in spite of them all! Your father promised you to me, long ago, one day in the field, and it is only your mother who stands in the way. The padre will be here again this week, and he will marry us. Promise me — won't you, my darling?"

She looked fearlessly into his eyes as she answered, "Si, Senhor."

"That's my own brave girl! Now for business. You said Felixo's wife was your aunt and a good friend to you; will she help us out now? Yes? Then I'll take you there, till I can settle it with the padre. I can't do it tonight — there's the seventy acre lot to burn off, and it will take all the evening. I'm going now to order my dinner sent up there. But tomorrow night — will you meet me at dark where the east flume crosses the hill back of your house? Can you be there alone, dear?"

She acquiesced readily, and then, for prudence's sake, they separated long before Leopoldina and her sturdy mule were seen jogging along the road.

## IV.

It was evening. The men, tired with the long day's work in the hot sun, were quietly smoking in their doorways, or talking in little groups on the long verandas of the eating houses. Some few were gathered round the gaming table in the Chinese quarters, but most of the Portuguese were too wary of their small savings to throw them away in that fashion. The negro stable-man had brought his accordeon up to the mess-room veranda, and was playing his well worn collection of plantation melodies for the edification of the *lunas* and mill hands, while an admiring knot of Portuguese youths and maidens chatted in the road, beating time boisterously to the music, and executing a rude dance at intervals.

Manoel Gomez sat in a low doorway, moodily watching their proceedings, with no inclination to join in the merry-making. In the house his mother was grinding roasted corn for the next morning's coffee, while his step-father smoked in a corner, and the small children fought with each other over the remains of the supper on the table.

The noise and confusion all about irritated him, and starting up suddenly, he strode past the merry young people, who called scornfully after him, on over stones and gullies, all heedless of the road, till he struck his head against one of the tall posts that upheld the high east flume.

Somewhat stunned by the blow, he gazed stupidly about him. He was quite alone; the quarters were left far behind him, and the weird notes of the accordeon were the only sounds that reached him through the stillness. The new moon was just setting over the hills, and darkness was creeping over the deserted fields. Suddenly a point of flame caught his eye in the seventy acre lot on the hill; they had finished cutting there that afternoon, and the trash was to be burned off as soon as the wind went down. He watched the spot intently, and soon an-

other flame point started up from the opposite corner of the field, then another and another, till four bright beacons were shining out of the gloom. Then the points expanded and reached out long arms towards each other, till a dark, red line like a sinuous fiery serpent trailed its length around the boundaries of the field. It widened and brightened, sending out tongues of flame hither and thither, till suddenly blending in one fiery whole, the field was ablaze with light. The smoke rolled up in columns as from some great conflagration, forming a dense, murky background for the brilliant picture; while the crescent moon, pale and subdued through the smoke, hung like a silver horse-shoe over the burning mass below. The distant flumes and the huts of the laborers stood out distinctly in the light of the flames, and in bold relief the figures of the men who had fired the trash, and were watching anxiously lest the flames should exceed their bounds.

Beside them towered a figure on horse-back that was only too familiar to the watchful Manoel — the hated *luna*, Andrew Dexter, just come perchance from a tryst with Virginia, with the fire of her dark eyes burning in his heart, and her soft farewell sounding in his ears. Manoel clenched his fist, and shook it passionately as he watched him, calling down all the anathemas of Heaven upon his head. He, a stranger, a cursed, white-faced Americano, had come in between him and happiness, had stolen the love of his sweetheart, his own — for had she not promised herself to him? And he was discarded like a broken toy for the blue eyes and flattering words of this fine Senhor!

The flames burned higher and higher until the whole world seemed on fire, and the notes of the accordeon came sobbing up from the quarters like the wail of a lost soul in torment.

Manoel's spirit rose with a leap of passionate despair. He would be

avenged,—he would brave the cheating villain face to face, and the saints should decide which should be victor. He, a Gomez de Silva, to sit down and see this white-faced adventurer carry off the girl he loved! But Virginia — ah! here his heart failed him. Suppose he should kill her lover; would she come to his arms any more gladly? He could hear the hiss of scorn from her set lips; he could feel the hate from her eyes cutting through his heart like steel; and with the thought his passion cooled, and great drops of perspiration stood out on his brow.

At the same instant the flames sank out of sight as suddenly as they had started into life. The trash was burned out, and nothing but a smoldering heap of ashes left upon the blackened field. The moon disappeared behind the darkened hills; the land breeze crept down bleak and chill from the snow-wrapped summit of Mauna Loa; the music of the accordeon grew fainter and fainter till it softened into silence; and Manoel, resting his head against the rough framework of the flume, voiced his heart-break in one great, choking sob.

## V.

THE sun was setting the next evening as Virginia wrapped a dark blue blanket shawl-wise about her shoulders, tied the yellow kerchief over her wavy brown hair, and with one backward glance at her father busily chatting with a group of men on the little porch, stole softly out of the kitchen door, down through the long grass, to an opening in the low stone wall.

In the far distance lay the sea, a misty purple, with a bank of cold white clouds outlining the horizon where the sun had passed over and left them alone. Above, an azure sky, flecked with downy puffs of softest salmon lighted to gold, faded slowly to paler tints, until all the brightness was finally swallowed up by the



hungry gray cloud monsters\* that came sweeping down with the land breeze.

Virginia gathered her rough blanket more closely around her. The evening wind chilled her, blowing back her kerchief and loosening the soft rings of hair; and she hurried on, over the wall and across the rolling pasture land, till she reached the flume. There, out of sight of the house, she drew breath, and finding herself quite alone, sat down on the damp grass to wait. Her thoughts went back somewhat ruefully to that other evening when she had promised to go away with Manoel. Would this scheme prove as futile as that had done?

It was past the hour that the Senhor had appointed, and still there were no signs of him. At any moment her mother might return, and then there would be questions and dismay, and before many moments the whole assemblage, father, mother, and friends, would be searching for her.

She crouched close to the flume, which was low there on the hill top, and her pretty forehead was drawn in anxious lines as she peered through the gathering darkness for the figure of her tardy cavalier.

A band of cattle came bounding across the hill to drink at the flume, and her heart beat faster as the tramp of their hoofs shook the frame-work against which she was leaning, and echoed back from the cavernous ground beneath. She was cold and frightened, alone there with the untamed brutes, and night closing in darker around her; and at last, burying her head in the prickly blanket, she sobbed like a frightened child.

The cattle gave a sudden start, and ran snorting away at the approach of a galloping horse, but she was lost to everything now but her own misery and heard no sound, till a strong hand was laid kindly on her shoulder, and a manly voice exclaimed, "What, crying, little one!"

She raised her head for one glance at

his face, then dropped it again and burst into a fresh flood of tears.

Andrew Dexter looked at her in dismay. It was not the reception he had been picturing to himself along the rough road, as he hurried his horse over the stones and gullies in heedless haste to reach his pretty little *fiancé*.

Bending over her he tried to draw her hands away from her face, saying, "What is the matter, sweetheart? Come, we have no time to lose!"

She resisted his touch, but lifting her face all streaming with tears she murmured with a pathetic little sob, "Senhor come too late — me afraid."

"I know, dear, I was detained; but come, it's all right now, and I'm going to take you to your friends."

"Senhor no care me stop too long. Senhor no speak sorry," returned the girl reproachfully.

"I *am* sorry — come now, don't cry any more; I've got something pretty in my pocket for you, and we must get away from here before your folks begin hunting for you. I'll put you on my horse and walk along by your side; it isn't more than two miles to Felixo's house."

He gathered her up in his arms and placed her in the saddle, taking the reins in his hand, and walking along at a brisk pace. Virginia's tears had ceased flowing, and she sat passively on the horse without a word.

Thus they progressed in silence over more than half the distance, the horse finding the trail by instinct, and Dexter following in his wake, for the night was dark and cloudy.

But as they neared the cane fields adjoining Felixo's house, Dexter tightened the reins, and slowing down rested one hand on the saddle, looking up into Virginia's face as if trying to make out its expression in the darkness. She gave no answering sign, but the young man, nothing daunted, slipped his arm about her waist, whispering, "Virginia,

you have n't given me one kiss tonight!"

He felt her slight form tremble, but there was no further answer to his appeal.

"After walking all this way over the stones, don't you think I ought to have a little reward? It's a rough tramp, after working all day in the fields, and I thought, when I was coming to get you, that—that you'd be different, somehow."

One little hand stole up and stroked his cheek. "Poor Senhor!" she said softly.

The horse kept plodding on over the rocky trail, and the end of their route drew nearer and nearer. The bark of a dog warned them of their proximity to Felixo's cottage, and the sound of the water in the flume, rushing and bubbling down the grade, told them they were near the bars that opened into the cane field.

Dexter drew himself up, and taking a little package from his pocket, said in his usual steady tones: "I must leave you at the gate, Virginia, and you will go in alone. You say they'll be kind to you, and tomorrow—tomorrow, sweetheart, we'll go together to the little church, and the padre shall make you all my own. He promised me to be there at vespers. And once you are mine I'll hold you against the whole world. Will you be glad? tell me, dear, will you be glad to come to me, never to know any home but mine? Can you be happy without your old friends, happy with me alone?"

There was a suggestion of tears in the low-voiced—"Si, Senhor," and a fluttering sigh reached his intent ear.

"You are not afraid, are you, my darling? You won't be afraid of me—see what I've brought you," and he held up the object in his hand. "It is for you to wear to our wedding; they won't make you any prettier,—nothing could do that,—but you'll think, when you put them on, how much Andrew Dexter

loves you. Here, you can't see in the dark," and quickly striking a match on the sole of his boot, he shaded it with his hand while he laid the little box in her lap.

With eager fingers she lifted the cover, and a bright smile broke over her face as her eyes fell on a pair of dainty gold ear-drops. "Oh! bella!" she cried, with the exultation of a child over a new toy. Then, as the match flickered out into darkness, her two arms were laid shyly around his neck, and her soft cheek pressed against his.

"Do you love me, Virginia?" catching her close to his heart; "tell me, sweet!"

For all answer the arms about his neck were clasped a little closer, the pretty head drooped lower and lower, and two soft lips met his in a long, trembling kiss.

He lifted her from the saddle, holding her in his arms for a moment, then putting her down gently, he unfastened the bars, and with a lingering clasp of her little hand, whispered: "Goodnight, darling—till tomorrow!"

"Amanha; bona nuitos, Senhor." With a quick motion she raised his hand to her lips, then sped away like a frightened bird into the dark.

## VI.

THE morrow's sun found Virginia trudging wearily along the dusty government road, her face set in hard lines and an ominous light in her dark eyes. Beside her, on horseback rode the district policeman, a Hawaiian functionary, whose principal labors consisted in arresting an occasional drunk, or escorting some contumacious field hand to trial before the little district court at Lunapuu. Such an onerous task as arresting a young girl for resisting her parents' authority and running away from home had never before fallen to his lot, but he acquitted himself as beseemed the dig-



nity of the occasion, and rode close to his youthful prisoner, now and then cracking the long whip he carried in one hand, as if to warn her that any attempt at escape would be visited with condign punishment. The singular procession was completed by the injured parents following on behind, both mounted on one little mule, whose sturdy back was well used to the double load.

As they neared the plantation houses and the one small store Virginia drew herself up proudly, and two fierce red spots burned on either cheek. The store was a gathering place for gossiping idlers, and the novel sight of a beautiful Portuguese girl under arrest, walking the five weary miles to court, would not fail of causing a sensation. The poor girl's heart was beating fast, but she proudly kept back the rising tears, and set herself to meet the disgrace as best she might.

As she passed the group of loungers, with head erect and averted face, the Patrã's wife caught sight of her from the door of her house, and coming quickly to her side, asked kindly: "What is the matter, Virginia; what does all this mean?"

The girl told in her pretty, broken English how the Senhor Dexter had carried her away from home the night before to her aunt's cottage, for protection, and this morning, on her mother's discovering the hiding place, she had been arrested, and was to be tried in court at Lunapuu.

"Your parents ought to be ashamed of themselves!" exclaimed the young wife indignantly.

"O, me no care,—better me go prison; me stop home, be kill — prison better," answered the girl with a dry sob.

"But at least they might let you ride — it is cruel for them to make you walk all that distance. Are n't you ashamed of yourself?" she cried, turning to old Rozario, "to sit there on that mule while your daughter walks?"

"Me no want Virginia go prison — Leopoldina, want," he returned sulkily, giving his wife a push with his elbow, whereupon she poured forth a volley of Portuguese invectives, returning the push with vigor, and scowling vindictively at the Patrã's wife.

The policeman cracked his whip and requested the party to move on.

"Goodbye Virginia, I hope you will come out all right!" called the sympathetic little woman after them.

The girl turned back with a smile, and waved her hand in farewell as they disappeared round the corner.

About three o'clock of the same day, a Portuguese boy who had acquired a fair amount of English in the plantation school presented himself before Dexter in the field, and informed him of what had happened, saying Felixo's wife had sent him to tell the Senhor.

Dexter sprang to his horse with an oath, dug the spurs into the poor beast's flank, and tore over the rough road at a breakneck pace, till he drew rein just half an hour later at the door of the Lunapuu school-house, where the district court was in session.

Leaping to the ground he strode into the room all flushed and panting with his headlong race, his spurs clanking over the bare board floor, and in a bold voice demanded, "What right has any one to arrest that girl?"

The judge, a fine looking native, well versed in the English language, requested him with some dignity to come to order; then, as the young man still stood waiting an answer, he explained in his slow, suave tones that the girl in question, being under age, was subject to her parents' authority, and they, being displeased with her actions, had seen fit to place her in custody.

"She will be of age next month," retorted Dexter hotly. "And I'll sue them for threatening her life, if they don't let her go quietly. I have made her an honest offer of marriage and that

old rascal there has given his consent to it," indicating Rozario with an indignant gesture. "You old pirate, I'll make you sweat for this!"

"Mr. Dexter, this language is offensive to the court," remarked the judge sternly. "I, myself," he continued, in his slow, deliberate way, "have endeavored to persuade the plaintiffs to withdraw the suit; and I would advise them to accept the offer of your hand rather than allow their daughter to be compromised by further proceedings. Antonio Rozario, are you willing to forego this suit, and give your daughter in marriage to Andrew Dexter as a peaceable settlement of the affair?"

The old man scratched his head meditatively for a moment; then coming forward he announced in brief terms: "Senhor want marry Virginia, das all right. Leopoldina no like — Leopoldina fight; me no care!" and settling his cap on his head he stalked out of the room.

With Leopoldina it was another matter. She held her ground tenaciously, storming at Virginia, shaking her fist at Dexter, and overwhelming the judge with a torrent of Portuguese whenever he attempted to bring her to order.

All this while the girl sat on a bench in front of the judge, closely watching every motion of his face, and glancing appealingly now and then at her impatient lover. She looked pale and tired, and there was a pathetic droop to the corners of her pretty mouth.

Dexter moved nearer to her, resting his arm protectingly on the back of the bench. "Don't mind, dear, I'll fix her in a minute," he whispered. Then turning to the judge, and speaking in his usual business-like way, he said quietly: "It seems to me, your honor, that this has gone far enough. The father has consented to the marriage and it is wasting valuable time to stand here listening to the old woman's jaw. If you'll dismiss the case, I'll make it all right with her when we get outside."

The judge concurred in this opinion, and the case was dismissed. Dexter took Virginia's hand, and drawing her with him to the door signaled to Rozario, who was seated on an old stone wall, calmly smoking his pipe. As the old man approached, his would-be son-in-law drew a note-book from his pocket and tearing out one of the leaves, flattened it against the door post, while he hastily scribbled on it with the stump of a pencil. Then, holding it out to Rozario, he demanded his signature as a witness.

"That's a contract to pay your wife fifty dollars the day I marry Virginia; that will keep her mouth shut, or I am very much mistaken, and hurry up the day into the bargain," and he glanced triumphantly at the angry woman, who stood watching the proceeding with a suspicious scowl. Her face relaxed as her husband explained the paper to her, but she still demurred at the smallness of the sum proposed.

"Do you think I am a millionaire?" retorted Dexter with an oath. "You never had fifty dollars in your hand at once in your life, and you know it. I am not *buying* your daughter — she has given herself to me, and all I want now is to marry her without any more fuss. If you don't like the contract you can tear it up; it's all you'll get from me."

The woman, fearing she had gone too far, sulkily acquiesced, and Rozario affixed his mark to the document; then carefully folded it and placed it inside his cap.

Virginia looked up at Dexter with the tears shining in her eyes. "Senhor, take me home — me 'fraid," she faltered.

"Poor little girl!" he answered, laying his hand gently on her hair. "They've made it pretty rough for you, but it will be all right now. They daren't treat you meanly after this, and tomorrow I'll take you home where they can never touch you again."

He led her to the mule on which her parents had ridden to court, and placed



her in the saddle; then turning to her mother, said gruffly: "If you want to ride, you can get up behind her. As for you, you lazy rascal, you can walk!"

"Si, Senhor!" muttered old Rozario respectfully, touching his cap, and striding off in the direction indicated.

Dexter, with small show of gallantry, helped his future mother-in-law on the mule; then mounting his horse, rode along at their side, and so the strange company passed out of sight.

## VII.

SUNDAY morning rose bright and clear; the low range of foothills stood out in sharply defined lines against the warm blue of the sky, and the snow-shrouded summit of Mauna Loa towered over them like a giant guarding his offspring. The sunlight danced and rippled over the rustling cane fields, and shone down the winding length of the flume, making it glisten like a silver ribbon on the hillsides, and breaking up the drops that filtered through the boards into a mist of rainbows.

The little church was filled with an eager crowd, waiting in hushed expectancy for the wedding ceremony to commence. Mass was over, but the padre still knelt before the altar, his purple vestments heavy with embroidery seeming to weigh him down; while the flickering light from the high candles threw a ghastly hue over his wrinkled face, pale and worn from his late fast. The little acolytes in their long robes wriggled uneasily from one knee to the other, and cast mocking glances at their envious comrades kicking their heels on the benches below.

The Patr a's wife had graced the occasion with her presence, and the *lunas* and mill hands were there in full muster. All on the plantation had been interested in the little drama, and were heartily glad of its happy termination.

At last the padre rose from his knees and facing the congregation pronounced

the names of Andrew Dexter and Virginia de Rozario. They arose from the foremost bench and came toward the altar, Dexter flushed and awkward, the girl beautiful as a picture in her simple white dress, with the soft rings of hair falling on her low forehead, and a touch of color in the delicate olive of her cheek. There was a shy, tender light in the dusky eyes, and a tremulous curve about the rosy mouth, but otherwise there were no signs of emotion, and she stood before the padre with a sweet calm on her face, waiting for the words that should give her wholly into her lover's keeping.

Her parents and brother, with long wax tapers in their hands, stood just behind, while Felixo distributed similar lighted tapers to the relatives and friends and all the plantation dignitaries there present.

Then the congregation rose, while the padre repeated the marriage service in Portuguese. And the tapers flickered, and the altar candles gleamed over their heads, and the soft sea breeze stole in through the open windows, and played with the rings of Virginia's hair.

Then for Dexter's benefit, to whom Portuguese was a dead letter, the padre stammered in his broken English: "Do you, Andrew Dexter, take zis woman to be your wife—and do you, Virginia, take zis man to be your husband? Zen I pronounce you man and wife. Zat is all!" he concluded, nodding to Dexter, and descending the altar steps.

The young man grasped his hand with a cordial pressure, while Virginia's female relatives swarmed about her, kissing her rapturously and giving vent to their long suppressed emotions in voluble language. A general hand-shaking ensued, and the bridal party prepared to leave the church.

As they neared the door, a handsome young Portuguese pushed his way through the throng, until he stood directly in front of the bride. She started back with a little cry, "Manoel!"

"Yes, Manoel," he returned fiercely; "You will not refuse me a wedding kiss, Virginia!" and seizing her hands in his strong grasp, he pressed two passionate kisses on her red lips. Then with one vengeful glance at Dexter and a muttered imprecation, he bounded through the open door, leaped on his horse, and dashed down the government road as if the furies were after him.

Poor Manoel! The furies in his heart were lashing him as with a whip of small cords, but he was too much of a child to control his wrath, and too cowardly to carry out his revengeful threats; and so he was tossed about on a sea of passion till the very intensity of his feelings overmastered him, and after the storm there was a great calm. His was the quick, passionate southern nature that brooked no control and yet was change-

able as the will of a little child. The first outburst of feeling over, he found it as easy to forget and make love to the next pretty face as though Virginia had never existed.

And Virginia—might she not have been happier with one of her own race, whose heart her stronger nature might sway as it would; who could never feel a stranger's jealousy of her friends, her language, nay, of her glad girlhood itself? Who shall say?

But that night as she stood under the trees of her new home, watching the moon rise out of the sea, with her husband's arm around her and his eyes smiling down into hers, she crept closer to his heart, and with upturned face and a sweet, shy smile, whispered: "Me love Senhor!"

*Neivel Douglas.*

## LOVE IS KING.

THE Huntsman galloped o'er hill and plain,  
And the deer through the forest sped wild and free;  
But the King—ah, little for this cared he;  
He drew his rein with his princely train  
By the sun-lit birches that fringe the wood,  
Where the circle of awe-struck peasants stood:  
"Ah, beautiful Maiden, pure and good,  
I have watched thee long and I love thee well;  
I care not if thou but a peasant be,  
Tomorrow shall echo the marriage bell,  
Tomorrow I marry thee."

*On a sudden paused the breeze;  
Ceased their trembling and their whispering all the leaves upon the trees,  
And the wild bird stopped her fluttering to and fro;  
All the grasses on the meadow  
Ceased their dance with sun and shadow;  
In their midst the fiery poppies stood a breathless, listening row:  
For I'll tell to you in secret a secret we all know,  
They are always listening, listening, flowers and grasses, leaves and birds,  
To Love's words.*

The sunlight blazed in a golden flood  
On the royal brow with its darkening frown;  
But there where the maiden in silence stood,  
It tenderly, lovingly lingered there,  
On the golden ripples of shining hair,  
The wild-rose cheek,  
And the eyes of velvet brown



"Thou hast no answering word? Thou wilt not speak?  
 —Stand back, thou clownish peasant, who art thou  
 That dares approach her? Day by day  
 Mine eyes have watched thee haunt her homeward way;  
 Save as thy Queen thou dar'st not greet her now;  
 A King has claimed a maiden for his own;  
 A Queen has found her throne.

Speak thou, Belovèd, is not here thy place? —  
 I cannot read thy marvellous, changing face."

From cheek to brow the sudden rose-flush leaped,  
 As through her soul a strange, wild rapture swept,  
 A fierce, sweet pain close-linkèd crept; —  
 "O thou great King, I needs must anger thee;  
 Thou hast been patient; thou art kind and good;  
 I have not chosen Love; 't is Love has chosen me; —  
 Long has my heart withstood.  
 Before thine eyes, great Sire, my secret I unroll;  
 The truth — God's truth — has come to me at last:  
 I love him! Love him with my inmost soul;  
 He fills my life — my future and my past.  
 Or stay, I know no past since Love was still unknown,  
 And spake with muffled voice my dull ear failed to heed;  
 But now thou art awake, awake, O heart of stone!  
 To say I cannot wed thee, Sire, what need?  
 I love him! him alone!"

*On a sudden laughed the breeze;  
 O the rustling and the whispering of the leaves upon the trees;  
 And the wild bird fluttered blithely to and fro;  
 All the grasses on the meadow  
 Madly danced with sun and shadow;  
 In their midst the fiery poppies reddened to a deeper glow.  
 For I'll tell to you in secret a secret we all know,  
 They are whispering low together, when they nod and sway and swing,  
 "Love is King!"*

Calm-browed and grave he watched her while she spoke;  
 Calm, clear and grave his voice the silence broke:  
 "I am a mighty King, — yet kings shall fall;  
 Love reigneth still as king above us all.  
 Go, free, pure soul, in thee I have no part;  
 Powerless my crown, my gold, my name, my fame to bring  
 One loving, human heart more near my human heart!  
 Not I, but Love is King."

*Charlotte W. Thurston.*

## IN THE PESTHOUSE.

"HELLO, uncle! Tell Doctor Ellis I want to see him." The speaker reined up before a tumbled-down fence, looking curiously at the ruinous farmhouse, and overgrown yard.

The white-haired negro addressed stared at the handsome, stern-faced young stranger, and exclaimed hurriedly: "Fo' goodness, massa, doan' you know dis am de pesthouse, whar we keep all de smallpox folks?"

"Of course I know it, or I'd have gone in instead of asking your doctor to come out. Hurry."

The old negro caught up an armful of wood and disappeared.

It was a warm, still day. The marred face of a convalescent appeared at an open window, and a weary nurse paused beside him to wrap him up, and breathe the air.

Meantime the old darkey, Uncle Ned, had entered a room full of patients in every stage of smallpox, announcing: "Gemman outside wants to see you, Massa Ellis."

Doctor Ellis nodded. He was a slight, undersized man, still young, although his forehead was deeply furrowed, and his dark hair streaked with silver by some heavy trouble, and his face had forgotten the look of gladness. For years he had made a specialty of contagious diseases, smallpox particularly, going wherever his services were needed, regardless of personal comfort or safety, and asking little more than his actual expenses. Tireless, watchful, sympathetic, and marvelously skillful, he had saved no one knows how many lives, but they must have been many.

He never spoke of himself. His family, boyhood, youth, were all unknown to his patients, but they had all his time, thought, and energy.

At Uncle Ned's summons, he only paused to hand a fevered patient a glass of lemonade, and went quietly out. But meeting the young stranger's stern smile, he stopped, turning white, as he exclaimed, "Roland Marlow!"

"I have found you at last, murderer." said the stranger bitterly.

"You have found me, yes," Doctor Ellis answered faintly, leaning heavily on the gatepost, as if unable to stand alone. "But what good will it do you? I cannot bring Howard back to life. Stand more to the windward, Roland, unless you have had the smallpox."

The youth moved as directed, but answered fiercely. "I can hang you for his murder, and I intend to do it."

"I don't think you can," was the weary answer. "And if you could, how would it benefit you?"

"It would be a satisfaction to avenge my brother's death."

"A poor satisfaction! Be reasonable, Roland; Howard did not want vengeance, and my death could do no good to any one, while my life is of advantage to many."

"They would get along without murderers. You waste your breath. I've no mercy for you. I shall have you arrested at once."

Doctor Ellis straightened up, and smiled faintly. "Is it so easy to find an officer who will take a man from the smallpox hospital, Roland?"

"You would not dare refuse to come when an officer commanded you?"

"There you are mistaken. I have a grim protector here, and I shall certainly avail myself of his deadly defense as long as I am necessary to the helpless ones inside."

"Then I am to wait till the scourge is over, and give you a chance to escape



meantime?" Roland questioned, sarcastically. "How charming! But I can't be baffled so easily. If I can't have you arrested now, I will have watchmen guard the place day and night to prevent your running off. You may make up your mind to the hangman's noose, Edmund Ellis."

He wheeled his horse sharply, but Doctor Ellis spoke hurriedly, "One moment, Roland. Tell me of Mary and Rosie. Are they well?"

"What does it matter to you? You will never see them again."

"But tell me. I have heard nothing of them for so long."

"Would it make you any happier if I told you that Mary had got a divorce and married again, and that Rosie only knows your name as that of her Uncle Howard's murderer, and holds you in utter abhorrence?"

"I *know* that it is not true," Doctor Ellis exclaimed passionately. "Mary would never get a divorce, far less let the child be trained to think unkindly of me. Go, if you will do nothing but torture me. I cannot neglect my duties longer."

As he turned back, his eyes fell on the open window and the shocked faces within. A flush came into his pale face, but the quiet voice betrayed neither anger nor confusion.

"You should not sit in a draught. Move him further from the window, Mrs. Leigh."

The stranger galloped away, the doctor re-entered the house and went on with his duties as if nothing had happened, while those who had heard looked at each other with white, scared faces. The day was so still, and the stranger's voice so clear that all near the window had heard his words. Two hours later every one around the pesthouse not raving in delirium knew all about the interview, and was in a fever of excitement.

What did it mean? Pains and symptoms were temporarily forgotten in their

curiosity. But in Doctor Ellis's presence they were dumb. His quiet manner forbade all questioning, and none dared to disobey. Yet though all conversation ceased the moment he entered the room, no sooner did he leave than it broke forth afresh.

No one believed the horrible charge. Did they not see him daily sacrificing every comfort, and risking life itself for earth's stricken ones? Patient, tireless, kindly, unselfish — were they to believe him a murderer on the unsupported word of a stranger? Never! And this stranger had coolly proposed to take their doctor away, leaving them to perish unaided! The idea was barbarous, inhuman, and no words could express their indignation.

As to the possible grounds of this dreadful accusation, theories differed. Some supposed a patient had once died under Doctor Ellis's care, possibly given a wrong medicine by mistake; others believed the whole story a malicious fabrication; but all watched anxiously to see if the watch would indeed be set.

It was. Two hours later a man had established himself on a hillock overlooking the rear of the isolated building, while another strolled carelessly about the stump pasture in front. Patients and nurses alike were in a fever of excitement, and indignation. Doctor Ellis was the coolest among them. He did not even see the sentries till the patients' eager eyes drew his attention to them. Then he smiled faintly, and went on with his duties unconcerned.

All day they kept their places, and at nightfall were reinforced, and began making regular rounds at the respectful distance. Wrathful imprecations were muttered inside, and Doctor Burnham, the town physician, and their sole connections with the outside world, was besieged with questions on his evening call.

But he could only confirm the report. "That's the story in town,—that

Ellis murdered his brother-in-law in a drunken fit ten years ago. They mean to arrest him as soon as possible, but with the help of General Smallpox we'll hold the fort for some time. Outrageous? That does n't half tell it. I could enjoy thrashing Marlow within an inch of his life. Hallo, Ellis, do you know what stories they are telling about you?"

"Yes. I wish you would look at Mrs. Peters. I don't like this fever."

"All right. But what are you going to do about it?"

"I wanted your advice. I intended to change the treatment."

"Bother the treatment! I'm talking about Marlow's charges."

"I have n't time to think of them. My patients keep my hands full."

No one dared pursue the subject further.

Three days passed. The guard was kept up by relays day and night. Convalescents and nurses watched them continually, and the patients laughed and stormed at them by turns.

Dr. Ellis alone never seemed to notice them; yet his manner changed visibly. He grew restless, his sleep was shorter and more broken, his appetite uncertain. But he went his rounds oftener than before, always quietly, but sometimes glancing restlessly from face to face, as if looking for some sign of doubt or dread.

He found none. If any one there distrusted or disliked him, he concealed it carefully. Every patient seemed to make his doctor's cause his own. Marlow's accusations were deemed outrages, and the guard a ridiculous indignity against each and every one. Several threatened to settle with Marlow as soon as they were well enough, and the anticipation of a trial for murder drove them wild.

But on the fourth day Doctor Burnham came in, looking vexed.

"Here's the very mischief to pay,"

he exclaimed to an old nurse, who had aided Doctor Ellis for years. "Young Marlow's down with the smallpox, and no place to bring him but here."

"Marlow here!" Sister Joanna gasped. "Well, there's room. Our patients are convalescing so fast."

"It's a shame to ask Ellis to nurse that man, but I suppose we can't let him die," Doctor Burnham grumbled. "What ails Ellis, anyhow? He looks like a ghost."

"I am afraid he is n't well. He has no appetite, and scarcely sleeps four hours in the night. I was hoping he could rest soon."

"And I must bring that young slanderer here to prevent it. He doesn't want to come,—begs and pleads to be left where he is, but of course that is impossible. I believe he would rather die than come under Ellis's nursing, and I should n't be inconsolable if he did."

Nevertheless, he brought him in carefully. Doctor Ellis coming in from another room met him at the door. Sister Joanna had not time to warn him before he recognized his accuser.

"Roland Marlow!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, you have me at your mercy now," Roland retorted bitterly.

The Doctor's only reply was a direction to the carriers, but his exclamation had aroused the room. Patients rose on their elbows, with a chorus of groans, hisses, taunts, and ironical welcomes.

"Come to arrest the Doctor, have you?"

"Come to see that he don't get away?"

"Awfully glad to see you—here!"

"Say, Doctor, don't bother over him. He believes smallpox patients don't need any doctoring."

Marlow glanced wildly about, seeing only enemies everywhere. Strong and well, he might have defied them, but now their taunts brought tears of weakness to his eyes. Doctor Ellis saw them, and spoke out clearly:



"This man is my brother-in-law, and I wish all my friends to treat him kindly."

Patients and nurses stared in amazement, but grew suddenly silent, while Doctor Ellis did all he could for the sufferer's relief. He said little, but his manner was kind, and Roland watched him with a bewildered expression.

His symptoms were not dangerous, and no one felt much sympathy for him, but no one wished to offend Doctor Ellis by annoying him, so the sensation soon died out. The sentries kept up their vigilance, though their employer now lay in the house they guarded. The patients laughed and stormed at them as usual. Doctor Ellis went his rounds, gentle and patient as ever, and Roland watched him closely, or when he was not in sight lay with closed eyes thinking deeply.

"Do you want to send word to your father?" Doctor Ellis asked once. "Burnham will telegraph if you wish."

"Yes," Roland said, wearily. "Tell him I am laid up a few days with the varioloid, but he must n't worry, for Edmund is with me — and ask him to send the packet Mary left."

Doctor Ellis turned a shade paler, but asked no questions, and the message was sent verbatim.

It was late in the second night before another allusion was made to the past. The night-lamps burned low and the house was silent; but Doctor Ellis, unable to rest, was making one more round among his sleeping patients, when Roland's eyes met his wakefully, and Roland asked quietly:

"Are you too tired to talk a little, Edmund?"

"No." He sat down at the bedside. "You are not worse?"

"No. But I have been thinking, and the more I think the more I am bewildered. I can't reconcile things."

"You mean Howard's death?" Doctor Ellis asked huskily.

"Yes. I can't understand it," looking

wistfully at the white face. "These people all worship you; Mary never would hear a word against you; and yet —"

"And yet Howard is dead," Doctor Ellis said hoarsely. "And no courage, no kindness, no devotion of mine can ever bring him back. But as God is my judge, Roland, I never meant to kill him. He was my dearest friend. I loved him as David loved Jonathan. It was through him I made Mary's acquaintance, and when we were brothers-in-law we seemed nearer than ever. You were at school then, but surely you can remember something of our friendship. He was as fond of Rosie as Mary or I, and almost made our house his home. If he were away, our circle seemed incomplete.

"I think we never quarreled till that fatal evening. We had been invited to a club where a juggler gave a private entertainment, some marvelous sword-tricks among others. He had three swords, sharp as razors, with which he seemed to set nature's laws at defiance.

"It was a fashionable club, and wine flowed freely. By ten o'clock the juggler was the only sober man in the room. Two theories were started as to how a particular trick was worked, and a general altercation sprang up. I took up one of the swords to illustrate my theory, and failed most awkwardly. Howard, who held to the other theory, laughed and made a sarcastic speech.

"In my drunken rage I forgot what I held, and struck at him furiously. He screamed and dropped heavily. Then I realized what I had done, and a panic seized me. In the confusion I escaped, and all the next day I wandered in the woods, a prey to every conceivable horror.

"At nightfall I grew desperate, and resolved to go home and know the worst. My own home was desolate and dark. I went over to your father's. I dared not ring, but entered softly, and fortunately met Mary, who greeted me joyfully.

"I am so glad you have come, Ed-

mund,' she said. 'Howard has been asking for you. Come. There is no one with him but me.'

"O, how my heart bounded as I followed to Howard's room!"

"I never heard of that!" Roland exclaimed.

"Did n't you? Perhaps Mary thought best not to tell. Yes, thank God, I saw him before the end. I could n't have borne it all these years but for that. He was ghastly white, but he smiled and held out his hand to me.

"'I am glad to see you, Ned,' he said. 'Goodness, old fellow, you look like a ghost.'

"I broke down then, and sobbed like a child, Howard trying gaily to comfort me. The worst was over now, he assured me; he should be well in a few weeks, and we would be as good friends as ever, only he thought we might as well both sign the temperance pledge. 'And perhaps you might as well go away for a while, Ned. Father and Roland are a bit vindictive just now, in spite of all I can say. Even now you have the best of it, for I shall hardly leave this bed for a fortnight.'

"Poor Howard! That was eleven o'clock. I saw by the papers afterwards that he died before midnight. It was the candle's last flare before going out.

"Rosie lay asleep on the lounge. I kissed her without waking her, pressed Howard's hand, and bade Mary goodbye for a few days—ten years ago, and I have n't seen her since.

"The papers two days later told me of Howard's death, and I fled. It was two years before I dared write to Mary, and then my letter came back inscribed, No such person here.'

"You want vengeance, Roland; but you would be satisfied if you knew the lonely, haunted life I have led. One moment of drunken madness, and my whole life is wrecked; Howard fills an early grave, Mary's heart is broken, and my little Rosie must bear a stain all her life!"

"It will never hurt Rosie any," Roland said huskily, as the doctor wiped the great drops of agony from his forehead. "Nor Mary either—again. They're both where sorrow never comes. Rosie died of the croup six months after Howard, and Mary did n't live the year out."

"Dead, years ago!" Doctor Ellis gasped, and covered his agonized face with his hands for many minutes. At last he said hoarsely:

"I ought to be glad she has n't been suffering all this time, but O, I can't—I can't! I wanted so much to see her again, to tell her that I've tried my best to do two men's work for the world. I wanted to kiss Rosie once more, and hear her say 'Papa,' (she was just learning to pronounce it then)—and now I never can this side the grave."

"She prattled of you to the last," Roland said, brokenly.

Doctor Ellis crossed hastily to the window, and stood looking out many minutes.

"After all, it does not matter," he said at last, wearily. "A few months, and I shall be with them. I am only thirty-three, but I may never see another snowfall."

Roland misunderstood him, and spoke impetuously. "No, no, Edmund. I did n't understand. If Howard felt no bitterness why should I? I'll have the sentries dismissed tomorrow,"

Doctor Ellis smiled bitterly. "Ah, Roland, it's much easier to start a bloodhound than to stop him. The officers of the law will not draw off because your feelings change. But no matter now," as Roland's face expressed his consternation. "Time enough to talk of that when my patients are recovering. Go to sleep, now. We have talked too long."

"You think I cannot stop the prosecution?" Roland asked in terror.

"I think not. You have made the charge, and the law will take its course."

"But you can escape—you must," the youth exclaimed in agony.



"Perhaps. But we can talk of that tomorrow. Just now I can only think that Mary and Rosie are dead."

Roland did at last sink to sleep, haunted by terrible visions, realizing his former hopes; but Doctor Ellis's eyes did not close that night, and Doctor Burnham's morning greeting was, "Good heavens, Ellis, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," Doctor Ellis said quietly. "I received bad news last night. That is all."

"Nonsense. You look like a corpse. Are you coming down with smallpox, or have those rascally guards driven you to suicide?"

"Neither. I am simply wearing out. But don't worry. I shall keep up until our patients are able to care for each other."

Doctor Burnham stared at him helplessly, while he flung a little packet to Roland, who caught it eagerly.

"Here, Edmund. Mary put it up herself, and charged us solemnly to give it to you as soon as possible," flushing a little, as he recalled a mental vow to give it only to a condemned felon.

Dr. Ellis opened it reverently, reckless of the curious eyes around, for some wakeful patient had heard the interview of last night and repeated it, deepening if possible the sympathy of his comrades, now that they understood.

There were two photographs, one of a lovely, laughing child, one of a sweet-faced young woman, a little golden curl, a silken tress of hair, and a long letter already yellow with age, in a woman's hand. They were comfort inexpressible to the tired, heartsick man, these relics of his loved ones, this proof of his wife's love and loyalty. She wrote fondly of their lost darling, and, telling of her own approaching death, poured out her love and trust, her hopes and prayers, for him.

"Dearest Edmund, I know you will suffer terribly," she wrote, "but life is short and eternity is long. I trust even yet that you will make the world better

and happier that you have lived, and bring many blessings on your head." And amidst his anguish it was comfort to know that her trust had been justified, and that she had foreseen what he had hoped so long to tell her.

In the next few days Roland made every possible effort to dismiss the prosecution, but in vain. The law's bloodhounds once aroused would not be quieted, and saw in Roland's changed sentiments only the influence of the physician over the mind of the patient. Then he begged and entreated Doctor Ellis to escape, but he only smiled sadly and shook his head.

He was failing fast, though his patients,—all convalescents now, for the scourge was abating,—refused to see it, while he kept about in the same quiet way. But on the day that Roland, last to recover, could walk about the room, he gave out utterly, and sat all the morning by the open window, with the treasured packet, looking at the loved faces, toying with the brown and golden locks, and re-reading the precious letter.

"You must bury them with me," he said to Roland, "there, under the apple tree."

"You must get well," Roland answered, chokingly.

"I shall see Mary, and Rosie, and Howard before another sunrise," he answered, smiling, and looked at the sentry, wearily pacing his beat in the hot sunshine. "He will be almost as glad of the end as I shall." Then, after a pause, "I am tired. Help me to bed, please, Burnham."

The general resentment against Roland had died out during his frantic efforts to dismiss the prosecution, and there was no feeling but one of deep grief in the pesthouse. All were united in sympathy now, while waiting the inevitable end.

It was late in the afternoon when Doctor Ellis started up, exclaiming gladly, ere quite awake,

"Hurrah, Rosie! Papa's coming. Lift her up, Howard. Why,—where are they?"

"You've been dreaming," Roland said soothingly.

"Only a dream? Well, no matter, it will be reality soon. But I want to see one more sunset. Help me to the window, please."

They placed him there, but while he slept great thunder-clouds had rolled up, blotting out sky and sun. He smiled.

"Never mind. One disappointment, more or less, doesn't count among so many. Poor watchman! He will be drenched. Where is my packet?"

Roland handed it to him, but he

seemed so faint that Doctor Burnham offered him a glass of wine. He pushed it away in shuddering horror.

"I can't. Wine means blood to me,—Howard's blood. I could as soon drink that as taste wine again. Keep clear of it, Roland."

He looked long and earnestly at the pictured faces, then out at the driving clouds. Great drops began spattering, came thicker and faster, and still he did not stir. At last, when the rain beat in upon him, Roland spoke, and touched him, but the fixed eyes did not stir, the hand was cold. The weary atonement was over, and Edmund Ellis had gone home.

*Ada E. Ferris.*





## THEIR AGREEMENT.



THE San Lorenzo ranch-house was an old Mexican mansion, a wide-spreading adobe building of one story.

For many years it had peered through its deep-set windows upon the country round about, and beheld its contemporaries crumble and disappear, yet it lingered, lusty in old age.

This ancient dwelling was in its prime more than a quarter of a century ago, when Ralph Miller weighed out its purchase price in unstamped gold. He was a pioneer, weary of the vicissitudes of life, who seeking quiet found it in the San Lorenzo Rancho, in the valley of Santa Monica, seven miles from the present city of Los Angeles. Here Miller lived in contented solitude, directing his Mexican ranch hands, improving his lands, and cultivating his garden. Business interests only induced him to hold intercourse with his neighbors, who considered him an eccentric recluse, devoid of social instinct, and indifferent to the well being of his fellowman. Memories of youth must, however, have found lodging in his brain, and love of kindred have influenced his later days; for dying he bequeathed his magnificent estate to the widow of his brother and their children.

Thus it chanced that in the spring of 1885, Mrs. Samuel Miller and her son and daughter took possession of the San Lorenzo Ranch. They came from a small but irreproachable dwelling, in an eminently respectable-quarter of Phila-

delphia, to the old-fashioned adobe ranch house. They emerged from poverty into affluence.

It was early in March, about a fortnight after this event, that two young girls drove leisurely along the highway. They were conversing half merrily, half seriously, in the happy manner of young people whose hearts, unseared by contact with the world's great seething pain, pulsate with the pure joy of living.

The valley looked very beautiful to them. Ellen Marks regarded it with the pride of ownership, for her life had been passed within its confines. She listened with keen delight to the praises of her city friend.

"What a charming, picturesque home!" Louise Humphries exclaimed, her face aglow with enthusiasm.

"Yes, it is one of the oldest in the valley," said Ellen. "That is where our new neighbors live."

"It is a fine place. What a pity so few of these grand old houses remain," sighed Louise.

"Yet their disadvantages are many. They lack all the conveniences of modern houses."

"I would cheerfully endure any inconvenience to live in such a house as that," said the San Francisco girl, gazing with longing eyes upon the scene before her.

The Cahuenga Mountains were mantled in rough splendor, the valley was bright with a vigorous young growth, and the winds played with a faint fragrance of wild flowers, the firstlings of the season. Great oaks cast into broad relief the outlines of the low white-washed building, which nestled in the shelter of a hillock. A superb poinsettia with gorgeous crown of crimson foliage blazed by its side, a heliotrope

with many blossoms purpled its tiled roof, and garlands of smilax embowered the venerable patriarch.

These were familiar objects to Ellen. What attracted her attention was the slight figure in the garden, passing from the borders of brilliant carnations to the long rows of iris, to the gillyflower and petunia beds, pausing by the roses, stooping to examine the geraniums, and looking for buds among the callas.

"I wish we could catch a glimpse of her face," said Ellen, watching eagerly.

It was useless. Sue Miller was engrossed with the flowers. They could not see the glad content in her great brown eyes, the dimples that adorned her face, or the pretty smile that dwelt on her lips. They could follow her childlike flitting from flower to flower, but it was too far to note the womanly poise of the small head, and the careless grace of each movement.

"I have a notion they will be more sociable than old Ralph," commented Ellen. "We sincerely hope they are not after his crusty style! Gracious, how quickly the clouds are gathering," and she urged her horse onward more rapidly.

A mile farther down the road she turned into a winding drive, closely shaded with pepper trees, whose branches interlaced overhead. Following its turns, they emerged in front of a large, substantial dwelling. It suggested comfort and ease, though its square, weather-worn sides displayed many brown patches, denuded of paint.

"There is your mother on the veranda, waiting for us," said Louise.

"Ellen," called a little woman in a dark calico gown, "Ellen, it threatens like it would rain, and your pa's rheumatism is bad again, so you'd best drive on to Mrs. Simons's, and see if she can't spare another bottle of her lotion. Miss Louise'll stay with me."

Louise Humphries gladly seated herself beside the kindly old soul, who had

contributed much to the pleasure of her visit to the Santa Maria ranch.

"Is Mr. Marks suffering much?" she asked.

"Yes, he's took right bad this time; comes of that long tramp he and Crafton took through the damp meadow. Crafton did 'nt get cold; he's pretty strong, though he been't powerful built."

"He does seem hearty, notwithstanding his delicate physique."

"That's it," said the mother, pleased. "Crafton's face shows it, he has a real romantic disposition; Ellen is different, but he is romantic like me and his father."

Romantic like herself! Yes, the gentle mouth and delicate nose and moist blue eyes, even the hair, once flaxen now silvered, but curling on either side as thirty years before, betokened the sensitive, nervous temperament. Like his father! That was more difficult to imagine. There was little manifestation of romantic sensibility in the tall, angular figure of John Marks. The idea of strength suggested by some remnants of military bearing, was confirmed by his cool gray eyes, full nostrils, and firmly closed lips, encompassed by a grizzled beard. If romance there was, it lay beneath a calm exterior.

"Crafton has a loving nature; he is dreadful sensitive. He could n't bear a life of grief and sorrow. I hope he won't have no such trouble and disappointment as we've had. His father bears up wonderful," she continued.

"Mr. Marks certainly appears cheerful and contented."

"Yes, no one would imagine, to look at him, he'd pined away all his young days sorrowing for a beautiful girl who loved him, and would have married him if her people had not been so set against him; they made her swear a Bible oath she would never see him again. Then he was desperate, and enlisted for Mexico and left the country.

"After the war he came to California



and wandered about, tried to herd cattle, kept store a spell, and worked at the mines. It warn't no use; he could n't forget his disappointment. Then he saw this Santa Maria ranch, and it just took his fancy, so quiet and peaceful like. Old Pedro Aguirro was dead, and his no'count son wanted money, so he said he'd sell the ranch, and Mr. Marks said he'd buy it; and he did and lived here all these years, and now it is reckoned one of the finest places in the valley," she concluded, with pardonable pride.

"You have not been here so long as he, have you?" asked Louise.

"Mercy, no, child. Pa had been living here seven years afore we was married."

"So Mr. Marks did finally forget his first love; I suppose it is well men can do so," mused the girl.

"No he did n't, ever," the wife asserted; and seeing the surprise depicted in her listener's face, she continued:

"You see, pa and I made an agreement,—yes, an agreement. After he had been sorrowing for Caroline nigh on to twelve years, he come up to San Francisco to sell off some cattle. Sam Davage was a good friend of his. Sam had the best heart of any man I ever knew, though he were a bit rough. He saw Mr. Marks looked kinder sober and subdued like, so he says:

"'John, you don't live in no sort of way down there on your ranch. Those derned greasers do n't know how to take care of a white man; they play the devil with his digestion in mighty short order. You orter marry some smart girl, and see if she could n't liven you up a bit, and cook you good dinners.'

"John shook his head, and said, 'No girl for me'; he was thinking of Caroline. Sam Davage only laughed, and says he, 'No girl for you, eh? Well, perhaps you're right. They might be a trifle too skittish for a sober one like you. Now I know just what 's the ticket. There is a little woman lives up our street

that a ways is not over-young, but is neat and trim-like. She has been crying her eyes out, so to speak, for a fellow she come from down East to marry nine years ago. He sent for her when her folks died, but afore she landed he was shot down. Some say 'twas accidental, and some will insist it warn't. That need n't trouble us no how.

"'Janet had no home and no money, and was that miserable and helpless she took brain fever and like to died. My sister,—she is a good woman,—heard of it, and said she'd nurse her through it, and she did. When Janet got well she went to giving lessons in singing and pianner playing, and kept herself quite comfortable for a spell. A while back she 'lowed to me things weren't prosperous as onct they were; new teachers is coming with odd fangled notions, and folks says they wants the latest. So it may go mighty hard with her, and she's a neat, handy body as a man likes to see about. Howsomever, she set such store by Robert Graham, I misdoubt she'll ever quit shedding tears long enough to look at another man.'

"Pa told me afterwards how he felt kinder drear and homesick-like that night, and just made up his mind he could n't stand Lolita and her sort o' cooking much longer. He knew he could n't love no other woman like Caroline, and he felt sorry, knowing how it was, I could n't love no other man like Robert. Next day Sam Davage says, 'Marks, come up to my house and meet Miss Janet Crafton,' and he came along willing enough. All unbeknown, Mrs. Davage sends me word to come and spend the day with her. Then I saw Mr. Marks first time. He did n't say much, that's pa's way; he looked at me that long and serious I was dreadful flustered. Mrs. Davage had an awful good supper, clam chowder, fried chicken, and apple-dumpings, but I could n't eat much.

"We talked mostly about the south-

ern country, and how beautiful it was. Sam Davage says, 'There's only one fault about it; there aren't enough women folks down there, except Injuns and greasers, which don't count.'

"When we got up from the table, Sam took his hat, and says he, 'The doctor has just drove up to Johnston's over the way, and I'd best go and see what's the racket! Mrs. Davage said she must tend to putting little Sam to bed.'

"Mr. Marks and me remarked about the weather, said it was a good season, rain was plenty, and crops would be according. Then says I, 'Mr. Davage thinks you've a beautiful ranch down country, Mr. Marks.'

"'Tolerable,' says he, 'rather lonesome-like.' Then he gets up and comes a little nearer. 'I'm a plain man, Miss Janet Crafton,' says he, 'and I want a square talk with you. My friend Davage tells me you have been sorrowing nine years for one dead, and he says too you won't ever love no other man. I respect your feelings,' says he. 'Circumstances in my life make it so I can't give no woman my love, romantic-like. Davage says it's best I get married and settled; he says moreover you are a good woman, and alone in the world; so I think it will be a fair bargain if we make an agreement. You marry me and come to live on the ranch. I will respect your feelings and you will respect mine. That is the agreement!'

"I was that surprised I could n't make no answer, and then I remembered Robert, and how I had always said, 'I am a true and faithful woman, and can't love no one any more.' First thing I knew, I was a-crying.

"Mr. Marks sat still a spell, then says he, 'Miss Crafton, you have n't answered me yet.'

"And, somehow, I did n't say 'No,' but told him it was too sudden; I could n't forget Robert, and would think the matter over. He was real stern, and said he must have his answer im-

mediately. He did not want me to forget Robert, as he would not forget Caroline for all the women in the world, and for me to answer him square—Would I marry him?

"Just as I said, 'I gu-ess-ed so,' in came Mrs. Davage, and Sam with her.

"'Davage,' says Mr. Marks, 'I concluded your advice was good; I needed a wife to look after things, so I have asked Miss Janet Crafton, and she has consented to marry me. Now Lolita may go soon as she pleases.'

"'Whew!' said Sam Davage, whistling right out loud. 'Concern me, you beat anything I ever heard of. Well, bless my soul! I must say I am deuced glad—no shilly-shally about the wedding, I suppose?'

"'Sam, how can you?' says his wife, and she come over and kissed me, and told me how pleased she was, and what a happy life we would have on the ranch. Then Mr. Marks says with a serious face, 'Yes, I will finish up my business this week, and next week we will be married and go home.'

"By this time I was crying on Mrs. Davage's shoulder,—could n't keep the tears back. It sounded dreadful when he said, 'We will be married next week,' but when he said, 'Then we will go home,' my heart melted right down.—It was ten years since I had a home. It sounded so comforting and happy, I made up my mind I would go to the ends of the world with John Marks, notwithstanding Robert.

"So we was married, and he has been a good, kind husband to me, though masterful in his ways from living by himself so long. And I have tried from the very first to be a good, true wife to him, and sort of soften his sorrowing for Caroline, and I don't think Robert will care if I love him. Sometimes I wish he would love me a little, too, but when his face draws down sober-like I know he is thinking of her, and don't take much 'count of me."



The voice, which had grown pathetic in its cadence, ceased as Ellen drove up. "Crafton home yet, mother?"

"No. What do you suppose hinders him, and in such threatening weather, too? Give me the lotion; I must take it up to your pa."

"Queer, how telling a story brings things back so forcible," was Janet's thought, as she passed up stairs with tears in her eyes. "Miss Louise is a nice girl; I am glad Crafton loves her, 'cause it don't seem like she could disappoint him."

That was her great dread for her children — "disappointment."

At dusk the rain began to fall, and the wind rose steadily. When supper was finished, it was storming furiously.

"No Crafton yet," commented Ellen. "Whew, how that wind makes one shiver," and she piled the wood high in the open fire-place.

"He would be a rash, foolish boy to venture out this night," said his mother, anxiously.

"Listen to the windmill creaking," cried Louise in alarm. "It must have blown loose from its fastening. How dreadful if the tank-house should give way."

"It is stoutly built; I doubt if aught could harm it," replied Janet, striving to stifle her own tremors, for it was indeed a wild and fearful storm.

Rain filled the gutters, and dashed roaring from the roof. The wind in shrieking fury hurled great sheets of water against the window panes. Now it danced about the house in fantastic, elfish glee; now it whistled round the corner; now it drowned long sighs and chilling whisperings in horrid howls, and dismal shouts, and muttered groans. Old Lion, roused by the boisterous weather, could be heard above the storm.

Harder and faster the rain came down. The damp air penetrated the house. The lamp burned dimly. There came a crash.

"One of the barnyard eucalyptus gone," said Ellen, shuddering, as the great gust died away.

A lull, and the wind belched forth again with tremendous violence. Another crash.

"That was in the drive," said the mother.

The three women drew yet closer to the fire. It was the most comforting place this cheerless night. At length there fell a great calm.

"It has ceased blowing!" exclaimed Louise. "Hark, how it rains! The wind was bad enough, but this deluge is terrible. All is so hushed and unnatural except this dull, pitiless fall of the rain. I wish it would blow again, and end this lonesome monotony."

"The force of the storm is spent; it cannot last much longer," Ellen said, reassuringly.

"It is like a Witches' Night! — It is uncanny, weird, awful!" insisted Louise.

They lapsed into silence for some time unbroken. Then there was the sound of a horse galloping madly.

All started to their feet; the mother with nameless dread, flung open the outer door and called her son. A horse whinneyed near.

Again Janet called, "Crafton"; then went out into the storm. Was it a fancy, or did she hear a faint human cry? On to the flooded barn-yard she struggled. Again that moan.

"O my boy, my boy!" A moment more, and she bends over a prostrate form.

"Ellen, we are here; this way, my daughter,—no, straight on," she directs.

A light gleams through the murky darkness. It wavers.

"Here, by the fallen tree."

This time it comes steadily on.

An exclamation of horror broke from Ellen, as the light from her lantern revealed, not her brother, but the slight figure of a young girl, lying in a pool of water by the fallen eucalyptus. Her

piteous little face was contorted with pain, and she moaned feebly.

Wonder, for a moment, held mother and daughter speechless; then with womanly impulse Janet put her arms about the poor sufferer.

Her sympathy was strong, but her strength slight. Ellen swung the lantern over her arm and lent her aid. Together they slowly and laboriously carried their burden to the house. Into the spare chamber they carried the unexpected guest, silently and swiftly removed the drenched clothes and brought stimulants to revive her.

The rain continued to fall; the wind had risen a trifle. Again there was the sound of horse's hoofs. Before the watchers could reach it the outer door was opened, and Crafton Marks entered. With him was a tall, fair young stranger.

"O Crafton, why did you venture in the storm?" cried his mother; then, "I am so glad you are here," and her eyes filled with tears. "There's a poor child belated this dreadful night. We found her drenched and hurt, lying moaning in the barnyard."

"My God, little Sue," broke huskily from the stranger. "For the sake of heaven, where is she now?"

"Show us quickly, mother. Ralph Miller is searching for his sister."

Yes, it was she, Sue Miller, who that afternoon had been so happy among her flowers, now lying a helpless sufferer in the house of strangers. The happenings of the night were soon made clear. Crafton had been late in leaving town, but pushed on despite the weather. As he neared the San Lorenzo ranch the rain increased to such violence that he was compelled to seek shelter. He found Mrs. Miller very anxious about her daughter, and troubled what to do. Sue had gone for a ride on horseback, and had not returned. Ben Bolt was a safe horse, and Sue a good driver, but where was she in this alarming storm?

Fortunately Crafton could afford her

some relief. "Doubtless, she is up at our place," he assured her. "Ben Bolt was raised on father's ranch, and will persist in turning in when he reaches his old home. Like as not mother and Ellen have kept her, since the night is so bad."

This seemed a plausible explanation and was very comforting. When Ralph returned from a fruitless search, it was decided that he should ride on with Crafton, and if he found his sister in safety remain until morning, otherwise return at once.

It was as Crafton had surmised, only darkness had gathered before Sue reached the drive. The fallen pepper had startled her horse, and he plunged onward, throwing his rider as he stumbled over the eucalyptus.

The tender ministrations of Mrs. Marks and Ellen had but little assuaged the pain of the poor child. Her shoulder had been dislocated, and it required the combined strength of her brother and Crafton to replace it.

This accomplished, she lay back upon her pillow wan and exhausted with pain, yet feebly smiling her thanks for the soothing ointments Janet poured upon her numerous bruises, and she swallowed with gentle patience the many remedies prescribed by that good wife.

Next morning she was a trifle easier, and anxious to be taken to her home.

"I had better go," she urged. "Mamma will be so worried when she knows of my accident."

They yielded to her entreaty, and made ready for the drive. Janet sat by the side of Sue, zealous to guard her from all discomfort, and Crafton held his horses with a tight rein.

Mrs. Miller stood in the doorway awaiting their coming. The depths of her blue eyes were somewhat troubled, otherwise her full placid face was tranquil. Her silvery hair, slightly waving, was caught backward and coiled loosely at her neck; her toilet of black, fault-



less in fit and finish, heightened the charm of a splendid figure. She was a wonderfully comely woman, yet poor little Janet Marks felt an instinctive hostility to her, as she beheld her so serene, so much the woman of the world.

"O my dear child, what a shock you have given me!" she exclaimed as the team was drawn up. "Ralph, you should have sent me word last night, and not waited till morning to let me know how you found your sister. Bring her right into the house. Perhaps your friends will be good enough to ride in for the doctor. She must have the best of medical attendance, my poor unfortunate child!"

"Provision is already made; the doctor will be here in a few hours," replied her son. "This, mother, is Mrs. Marks: we owe many thanks to her and her family for their goodness last night."

"Mrs. Marks," said the widow extending a white hand and fixing a curious gaze upon her. "I am glad to know you; our obligation is very great. I trust we shall become warm friends."

She smiled patronizingly upon the diminutive figure in the dark calico gown, who dropped the soft hand when it had barely touched her own.

Sue was soon comfortably settled, and Mrs. Marks prepared to depart.

"No, you must stay and have luncheon with us,—no refusal; I will not listen to any," said Mrs. Samuel Miller. "Maggie will set it out at once,—just a little impromptu affair. We are so far from markets we cannot provide for our guests as we would like."

So Mrs. Marks remained, and had a dainty lunch, and was served as she had never been before, and she grew timid and ill at ease. In her home was abundance, but no dainty dishes graced her table, and no maid attended to her wants.

At length the meal was ended, and she went to Sue's bedside to take leave of her. The girl threw her uninjured arm about her neck, and kissed her

many times. "Come and see me soon, please, Mrs. Marks; you have been so good to me, I love you dearly. Good-bye," and with another kiss, she turned her eyes upon Crafton, who was watching her with gentle pity. "Goodbye and thank you," she said.

"Wont you ask me to come soon too?" he questioned.

"Do," she replied; "and bring your sister and Miss Louise,—I will be glad to see them."

"Your father also," interposed the widow. "We are extremely grateful to all of your family."

"What a nice child that is, Crafton," remarked his mother, on the road homeward.

"Who,—Sue?"

"Yes, of course. Not one particle like her mother,—just as sweet and simple as she can be."

"Don't you think Mrs. Miller is a handsome woman?"

"Not the kind of handsome I fancy," answered Janet, with a sharpness not often heard in her mild voice.

"I thought her a splendid woman."

"Yes, I dare say. For my part, 't would have been a real satisfaction to muss up that slick hair, and pull off them white cuffs, and see them white hands of hers do some work. Her own child brought in, and not one thing did she offer to do! I fixed her comfortable on the bed myself. It was 'Maggie, do this,' and 'Maggie, do that,' while she stood by, wiping her eyes on an embroidered handkerchief, and saying 'Life was so full of trials! some new affliction was always a-coming.'"

"Why, mother, I never knew you to be so uncharitable!"

"Uncharitable! it's common sense. But there, I clear forgot to tell her how to fix them drops, and I warrant she won't understand."

"Never mind; I will drive back this afternoon and carry your messages."

"That will do nicely," she said, re-

lieved. "But can you spare time, Crafton? I 'lowed you and Miss Louise would try the mountain drive today."

"We can go some other time just as well."

"All right; and you don't feel disappointed, Crafton?"—this anxiously.

"Not a particle."

"Ralph favors his uncle some, but is more like his mother. I reckon he's five years older than his sister, maybe more. He looks sorter good-natured, but in the main selfish; there aint none of them like little Sue, is there?"

"Is there what? O, like Sue. No, mother."

"He didn't heed because he was thinking of Louise Humphries," concluded Janet, "so I wont bother him any more." They rode the remainder of the distance in almost unbroken silence.

"What a ridiculous dowdy!" remarked the widow to her son, as they watched their guests drive down the road and out of sight. "Those dangling curls went out of fashion twenty years ago. Her dress, too, looks as though it came out of the ark; and they say that John Marks is the richest man in these parts. I wonder how he ever came to marry her?"

"What a strange wonder. Have you seen Mr. Marks? I think them well matched. Odd, but good-hearted, and they've a huge sack full for their children."

"What is the girl like?—pretty?"

"Hardly," laughed the young man. "She is young and undeveloped, about twenty; is tall and slender; has blue eyes, the cold variety. She is abrupt and angular, like many country girls. Not your style, mother."

"Perhaps the poor girl has had no advantages."

"Plenty. She paints landscapes by the yard, sings most of the operas known, and is a graduate of Stoddard's College, Los Angeles, classical course."

"You are joking, Ralph."

"The truth is no joke," and he continued seriously: "Does it not seem strange, mother, there are young people with ample wealth at their command, and parents anxious for their advancement, yet this valley is their world, and they know nothing beyond it. Superficial teachers have imposed upon them what they consider knowledge and culture, but in truth it is a flimsy pretense. They are capable of better things. I should like to see that girl's eyes opened. What a transformation there would be!"

"I pity John Marks, if his daughter presents no better appearance than his son."

"His son is a first rate fellow if somewhat uncouth, and I thought deserved your favor, he showed his admiration for you so plainly."

"That was simply the respect a refined, educated woman always commands. I was born and bred in the country, and if I had not willed otherwise, would have been no better off than these poor people. Now I must go to Sue."

Crafton Marks came that afternoon with the message from his mother. Next day he and Miss Louise found the valley pleasanter than the mountains, and called at the ranch; and for several days it was Crafton that brought tidings of the invalid.

A week had passed since the accident, when Ralph appeared at the Santa Maria Ranch, bearing a note from his mother. It was addressed, "Mr. John Marks." The writer said that she had a little business difficulty, which she did not understand; doubtless Mr. Marks could give her wise counsel.

"Your father is n't fit to go," the wife said to her son, as her husband drove away, leaving Ralph with Ellen and Louise. "His rheumatism will be bad again. I don't see why that woman need bother him; there are plenty more men in the valley."

"She feels free to call upon him be-



cause of her acquaintance with the family ; they are strangers here you know," Crafton suggested kindly.

"Well, my opinion is they are presuming folks, that don't know their places. There's Ralph, now, out with the girls, and all devotion to Miss Louise."

"Looks more like Nell, to me."

"Ellen, — nonsense ! it's Louise. Mark my words, he will make trouble, if you don't take care. They are a sneaking lot."

"Sue, too ?"

"No, I must say as that child don't seem to belong to them."

"Suppose you let me drive you over to see her tomorrow. She always asks for you."

"Does she ? Bless her heart ! No, not tomorrow ; I have n't time."

Next day Crafton went alone.

"Well," he said that evening, "Sue Miller is anxious to see you."

"Yes, daughter," interposed her father, "Mrs. Miller wants you should call on her Sue. You had best go soon."

Ellen was surprised ; her father seldom urged his wishes upon her. Janet also wondered and was vaguely troubled.

The call was made, and during the following week Ellen and Louise became frequent visitors at the San Lorenzo Ranch.

Mrs. Miller developed a great fondness for the young people, and often sent for them. The business difficulty continued troublesome, and the widow repeatedly required advice of her neighbor. Crafton shared in the general friendliness, although at times he felt his hostess's welcome was not sincerely cordial.

Janet only held aloof. She had not yielded to the blandishments of the fair widow, and could not conquer her first dislike. She was uneasy and distrustful, without apparent reason. Some strange influence kept her silent on the subject, some subtle instinct made her watchful. Each time her husband drove to town she was sure he stopped at the

adjoining ranch ; each time he returned she scrutinized his face with anxious dread.

One day, obeying a sudden impulse, she went to make a call upon her neighbors. Nearing the house, she heard a voice through the open window. It was that of her husband ! Her worst fears seemed verified ; in dismay she fled trembling.

Before reaching home she grew more calm. How foolish she was ! Why should she hinder a friendly act ? Business must be attended to. Who was better skilled than Mr. Marks ? So she tried to reason ; but she could not thus stem the tide of bitter, grieved, angry feelings that swept over her soul.

"I am afraid I am growing wicked, Crafton," she confessed one day.

"No one else believes it," was his cheery reply. "What dreadful thing have you done, mother ?"

"I feel so hateful towards that woman. Every one praises her,—I despise her ! All admire her fine ways and graces. She can't fool me,—I know they are a delusion and a snare. She imagines the world was made for her, and all the people to do her bidding, and they such silly dupes as not to see what tools she makes 'em. Your father, too, giving up time to her as he never did to any one afore !"

"Father does not give up so much time as you think. He is mostly up in the new vineyard."

"I have my wits about me, if I'm not so fine looking as some folks, and I know where he goes. Well, poor man, he needs more consolation than such a simple old body as me can give."

"Father could not live without you, mother ; you have made yourself necessary to him. I know he loves you dearly." He bent and kissed the old face, now brightened with a smile.

It was no wonder her boy was dear to her ! She liked to hear him assert what she was too humble in spirit to

believe. Her love for her husband was tenfold greater than her love for Robert Graham had ever been. At times she would hunger for some demonstration of affection from the grave, quiet man, to her so dear. Then she would remember their agreement, and conclude that it was just; her place was a second one.

SUNLIGHT flecked the valley of Santa Monica; bees with busy hum were gathering their precious stores; the brilliant air was resonant with singing of birds.

A bonny maiden was walking past fragrant orange groves, and meadows radiant with golden eschscholtzia. Ineffable gladness dimpled her face, and happiness welled from the depths of her heart. The world seemed very bright to her, full of hope and gladness.

She entered the long winding drive of the Santa Maria ranch, and through its lace-like shadows approached the great, gaunt house.

"Mother," exclaimed Crafton in delighted surprise, "here is Sue coming up the drive."

"Yes, indeed," cried the girl, "this is my first outing, and I have come to see my dear old friend, who has n't been near me for such ages." She greeted Janet with a hearty embrace, and the warm kisses of young affection.

Ellen and Louise had gone to town. Crafton brought a great arm chair for Sue, and a rocker for his mother, and seated himself on the veranda beside them. They had a happy time together.

"How divinely tranquil the valley is," mused Sue. "The blue sky, the purple mountains, the green fields, the birds, the flowers, the people, seem to abide in perfect peace."

"I love it," said Crafton; "I love every inch of the ground, and am content to live and die, and be buried here."

"It must be sorrow finds some token on the lintels and passes over."

"It is indeed a favored spot. We are

so abundantly blessed that when trouble comes, and it sometimes does, we do not repine. The sun cannot shine always."

"No," assented Sue, "'Into each life some rain must fall.' We are like the trees and flowers, we need it, and grow better when it comes. This beautiful valley is indebted to that dreadful March storm for its loveliness today."

And so they talked, not very wisely, but wise in their generation, for old truths to young hearts and minds are new.

At length Sue rose, saying, "I have enjoyed the afternoon so much I hate to go, but really must." Whereupon they begged her to stay to tea. No, she could not, and turned to go, Crafton with her, but she came back.

"O, I nearly forgot, and mamma would have been so annoyed. Here is a note she sent for Mr. Marks."

They left the wife alone with the note in her hand.

She became very pale. She loathed that dainty envelope. Her color, returning, slowly mounted her cheeks.

"I will just see if it is pressing," was her excusing thought, as she opened the envelope.

It was not. Something about a "water-right," that was all. No, not quite all,—there was the signature

It burned itself upon Janet Marks's dizzy brain.

"Your old friend."

"*Caroline Merritt Miller.*"

"His Caroline"—that explained it all. Her husband's frequent visits, his grave, quiet moods, his interest in the fair, worldly widow.

She had never dreamed that "Caroline" would cross her path.

A long while she sat motionless, her hands in her lap; then she arose and passed into the house. A sadness settled in her eyes, the life left her voice, her step grew slow and lingering.

"I will not tell him that I know," was



her resolve. "I cannot bear this long, and when I am gone he can marry her; but I never want to see her again."

Sometimes, when her husband glanced at her with his rare smile, which once made her so happy, a glad light would visit her eyes. Quickly however it would fade, as she recalled his own words, "I would not forget Caroline for any woman in the world."

The sun had set upon her life; she was in utter darkness.

"Are n't you well, mother," her children asked.

"Yes, only not so strong; I am growing old, you know."

"Not so old as me, ma," said her husband. "You have been overdoing lately; let Ellen help you more, and Louise will keep young Miller company."

That was another care. Ralph Miller came to the house daily on some pretext or other. Louise was always bright, and welcomed him gladly, and Crafton was so blind he would not realize the danger.

"Miss Louise is going home next week," she told her son one day. "I tried to keep her, but her folks have written for her, and she can't stay no longer." She raised her wistful eyes to his face, grieved because of the pain she felt her words would inflict.

"That is a pity; the country is so beautiful at this season, and Nell enjoys having her here. How long since you have seen Sue, mother? You don't go there any more."

"No, Crafton, I am not strong these days."

"I will take you."

"No, no," she repeated wearily, "I cannot go. Miss Louise is out on the veranda."

"I don't want to see Miss Louise. Why is it you are always urging Louise Humphries upon me? I don't wish to marry her, nor she me," he said, half moodily.

"My poor boy! did n't I say, mark my

words, Ralph Miller will make trouble?"

"But he has n't,—at least not yet. It is Sue, mother, little Sue whom I love, and wish to marry, only I am not half good enough."

"Sue,—why Crafton!"

"Yes; Sue. She has grown to be the dearest part of my life. Wont you wish me Godspeed, mother? Tonight I am going to ask her to be my wife."

He spoke reverently, earnestly, and awaited her reply, unable to comprehend the struggle that convulsed Janet's wan face.

"Yes, my boy,—it is all so sudden.—Not Louise, but Sue! Her child—little Sue. O, God, why do such things happen? Sue—give her a mother's love, Crafton, and—bless you."

She was bewildered with mingling pain and pleasure. The child she loved dearly; the mother, God forgive her, she hated in her soul.

"Nothing matters to me more," she feebly thought. "I will not cross my boy; heaven protect him from such a fate as mine."

She sat by the fire after the others had gone to bed, awaiting his return. Alas, his suit did not speed well; he came back dejected. Briefly he told the tale:

"I should be very thankful, mother. Sue loves me,—yes, she does. Mrs. Miller will not consent; she thinks I am not worthy of her child, and she is right. But I am true and strong, and shall wait, and strive, and hope, for Sue has given me her love and faith."

The forebodings of years were fulfilled. Another burden was added to Janet Mark's weary load. As the father had suffered for the mother, so must the son for the daughter. What a strange, uncertain, unsatisfactory thing this life is!

Louise Humphries returned to San Francisco; still Ralph Miller continued to frequent the house.

It was a terrible shock to Janet when she was told he sought her daughter's

hand in marriage. Had she nothing left? Was Caroline Merritt to take her all,—husband, son, and daughter?

"Never," she cried, and her soul rose in fierce rebellion. "Never, how dare he ask it. In what is he better than my son, who was spurned? He, an idle good-for-naught, whose chief concern is himself; his good looks, his fine clothes, and his studies."

Strange, how this gentle dame had become a determined, defiant woman. Mr. Marks, Crafton, Ralph, Ellen, all pleaded, but in vain; she would listen to no entreaties.

"I had a thousand times rather bury her than have her marry that big-head," she fervently declared.

Then the widow sent a carefully worded, gracious note. She "deeply regretted the misunderstanding, and was exceedingly sorry she had not entered more fully into particulars with Crafton. She simply meant Susan was too young to marry; time would remove this obstacle. The happiness of her son Ralph was of great moment to her. Would Mrs. Marks kindly state why she was so obdurate, and they would consider calmly and deliberately if her objections were insuperable."

Janet indignantly replied that consideration was unnecessary. She did not approve of the marriage, and never would.

"That woman has a mean, designing spirit," she averred. "She just wants her Ralph married to Ellen so as she can get a foothold here and make me miserable. I shall not let her so long as I live; when I am dead and gone there's no telling what sorts of changes there will be."

Janet was utterly miserable; she was peevish to her children, and cold and silent to her husband. She changed her resolution: she would not die; Caroline Miller should not have her place. Perhaps her husband did not love her, but he had married her; she was the mother

of his children, and entitled to respect and consideration. She no longer read her Bible; her heart was rebellious. Sometimes she repeated the words of her familiar prayers—they seemed meaningless. Love was shut out; her heart was starving.

As she sat brooding thus one day, Sue Miller drove rapidly up to the house: "O Mrs. Marks," she exclaimed breathlessly, "Mamma is very ill. I think it is paralysis. No one knows what to do. Will you come?"

"If it is a stroke no one can't do no good but a doctor."

"We have sent to town for a doctor. Do please come quickly; she cannot speak or move one side."

"I will send Ellen when she comes in."

"O dear Mrs. Marks, can't you help me? I have no one else to go to," and tears filled the gentle brown eyes.

Janet stood unmoved.

John Marks crossed the yard on his way to the barn.

She would do it for *him*!

"Pa," she called. He turned back.

"Pa, Caroline has a stroke, Sue thinks. I am going to her."

"A stroke! impossible! she seemed perfectly well yesterday. Are you well enough to go, Janet?" and he laid a kindly hand upon her.

"He can think of me even now," was her wondering thought. "Yes," she said, "yes, I am much better."

It was true: her heart had softened with her generous impulse.

The "stroke" that prostrated the widow Miller was unexpected and severe. For weeks Mrs. Marks and Ellen shared with Susan the hours of watching. Together they battled the disease and conquered it.

Pity melted the heart of Janet as she ministered to the helpless, voiceless sufferer. She could not but feel a tenderness for the woman who, as strength returned, clung to her with the confiding



of a child. She became sincerely attached to Caroline.

The young people beheld this change with glad surprise. While anxiety concerning the invalid engrossed their attention, they put aside all selfish thoughts. When speech returned and strength increased, they still held their peace, confident that all would yet be well, and hesitating to broach a subject erstwhile so fraught with pain.

Though the recent sternness had vanished from her face and the rancor from her heart, Janet was not happy. True, she no longer distrusted Caroline, believed no more that she sought to usurp her place. Her eyes had pierced the crust of conventionalities and discerned the lovable, though somewhat shallow nature of the woman, who craved the admiration of all about her.

Then she turned her searching eyes upon herself and realized that hers was the nobler nature; she the more fitting mate for John Marks. She bore herself more proudly from that day. But her husband and their agreement! The old, aching pain clung to her, making her reserved and shrinking in his presence.

During this period John Marks led a solitary existence; none seemed to have leisure to devote to him, and he, always silently disposed, now seldom spoke.

At length Caroline was able to take a few steps with no other assistance than that afforded by a cane. It was a day of much rejoicing in both families.

"Ma," said Mr. Marks to his wife that evening, "do you remember the day Sue Miller came for you, you said, 'Caroline has a stroke,' '*Caroline*'! How did you know it was she? I wanted to tell you when she first came, but there was something else I had kept back these many years and I would have to tell that too. Sometimes I thought you must know, for you always seemed kinder set against Caroline."

Something else he had kept back these many years! Was it a new trouble, a new sorrow?

Janet pressed her lips tightly and made no answer.

"You see, Janet," her husband continued falteringly, "it was all on account of that agreement we made that I was not to forget Caroline, and you were not to forget Robert. That seemed fair: I did n't care for no dead man. The minute I saw you I wanted to bring you right down to Santa Maria Ranch, and I was powerful glad when I brought you."

Janet clasped her hands nervously, "And we was real content down here with our boy and girl, and I had clean forgot Caroline, when—let me see, it was ten year ago come July, I met a man in Los Angeles, a quarrelling, devilish cuss, bragging to a crowd of men at the St. Charles. He asked me if my wife wasn't named Janet Crafton, and I said it was. Then says he,

'I heard so; she is an old flame of mine. I reckon I knew her afore you did; my name is Robert Graham.'

"Says I, 'Robert Graham was shot dead long ago,' and turned to leave. He called after me that he was shot but not killed, only it was best to keep shady a spell; and he says, 'I am glad to find myself among friends. How is your wife?' Janet, a pain cut through me like a knife, to hear that braggart speak of you. Says I, 'Robert Graham, I give you warning, it's best you leave this town tonight. I swear if ever you set your derved foot upon Santa Maria Ranch I'll put a bullet through your black heart and send you to hell, dead sure, this time.' Then I come home, and have seen naught of him since, for he is a sneaking coward."

Janet's face was in her hands. Still she did not speak.

"Well, and that's all, except that Caroline came and settled nigh us, and she was n't at all like the old Caroline; yet she wanted to be friends, and had business that it needed a man to tend to, and—well—I am powerful glad you know the truth of it," he concluded.

"Why did you tell Robert you would shoot him, if ever he came nigh us?"

"Because you are my wife, and I am not going to have no interfering from no man, even if he did know you afore I did. By Jove, I'd shoot him quicker than lightning now, the damned blackguard!"

"John,"—the voice was half timid; "John, do you care as much for me as for Caroline?"

"I love you a thousand times more, Janet!" he exclaimed vehemently, coming to her side. "Are you sorry you married me, now you know that infernal scoundrel is alive?"

There was no need of answer.

His arms embraced her, albeit in a clumsy fashion, for he was an elderly lover, but the kiss he gave her was

sweeter than any blushing girl can ever know.

For many hours into the night they sat talking, unconscious of the flight of time. It seemed strange they found so much to tell, sitting hand in hand like lovers reunited after parting, their old hearts aglow with new life and new joy.

"John," said his wife, "it will be a fair exchange for Caroline and me. She will have my daughter, and I will have her Sue. How glad the children will be."

And so it came to pass. Ralph took Ellen to his mother's home, and Crafton and Sue lived with the old people.

"Their Agreement," is a thing of the past, and Janet Marks has entered into the full possession of the wealth of her husband's love.

*E. P. H.*

## HOW ARE THE SUBSIDY BONDS TO BE MET?

It may be expected any day that the subject of the subsidy bonds to the Pacific Railroads will be once more taken up by Congress. Senator Frye of Maine has already introduced a bill from the Committee on Pacific Railroads; it contemplates an extension of the time of payment to 75 years for the Central Pacific, and to 50 years for the Union Pacific. Although nearly nine years will elapse before the bulk of the subsidy bonds mature, the condition of the companies is such that a lively apprehension prevails lest the government should suffer, and it is thought that no time should be lost in devising some plan of settlement by which the United States should be protected without actually bankrupting two corporations, in which numbers of innocent people as

well as benevolent and educational institutions, have invested their money. The feeling of a large class is expressed in the last report of the United States Commissioner of Railroads, as follows:

It is apparent beyond controversy that the subsidized roads can not discharge their obligations to the government at maturity. Existing laws are wholly inadequate to secure the payment of the debts due and shortly to become due. It is imperative that Congress provide some measure of relief. It is my opinion that it would be wise to pass an act giving a reasonable extension of time, reducing the rate of interest to 3 or 4 per cent, requiring that the earnings from all government transportation by the subsidized companies on all lines operated by them, whether aided or non-aided, should be applied to the payment of any interest or principal due or to become due within the fiscal year in which the services might be rendered; prohibiting the payment of any dividends by either of the subsidized companies, unless such company shall have paid all interest on



its bonded debt having a lien prior to that of the government, and all matured indebtedness and interest then due and payable on its debt to the United States; and exacting the payment of such a percentage of the gross earnings of the subsidized lines as, by careful estimates, would realize sums sufficient to pay accruing interest, and raise a sinking fund that would meet the principal of the debts at their maturity.

Others, again, in view of the reputed wealth of the chief owners of the Pacific railroads, think it only fair that the United States should insist upon the letter of their bargain, and demand payment of the subsidy bonds, principal and interest, on the day of their maturity. They hold that there is no hardship involved in making these millionaires live up to their contract, and that, in case of their recalcitrance, the government has security upon which it can levy.

Yet a third class, dwelling upon the vast benefit conferred upon the nation by the building of the Pacific railroads, are disposed to be indulgent with these debtors, and would be willing to acquiesce in a composition by which the United States forgave part or the whole of their claims in view of the tangible gain which the country has realized. General Sherman is authority for the opinion that it was the railroads which ended the Indian wars, which used to cost some \$2,000,000 a year; and a committee of Congress has estimated the saving to government by the reduction in transportation charges during the first fifteen years of the operation of the Pacific roads at \$140,000,000 — over twice the amount of all the subsidy bonds. This school of economists labors under the disadvantage of appearing as apologists for wealthy and normally unpopular corporations.

It is just possible that there may be a fourth view to take of the case, and that if the other schemes which have been brought forward should on examination prove impracticable, it might command public assent.

So far as the Union Pacific is concerned, Senator Frye's bill is understood to meet the approval of that company, and of two successive Secretaries of the Interior; it is therefore probably an equitable adjustment of the controversy as far as that corporation is concerned. It must always be remembered that the Union Pacific occupies different ground from the Central. The aided portion of the latter line runs chiefly through a desert, which contains no more people and affords no more traffic than it did when the road was opened twenty years ago; but the aided portion of the Union Pacific runs through one of the most fertile agricultural sections of the country, and has built up towns and villages at intervals of a few miles throughout its length. Thus the Union Pacific can afford to pay sums which the Central Pacific could not pay, and might acquiesce in an adjustment which the directors of the Central, acting as trustees for their stockholders, could not take the responsibility of accepting.

We may therefore leave out of the discussion for the present the Union Pacific, and consider only how the proposed plans of adjustment would work so far as the Central Pacific is concerned. We need not waste time over the scheme which looks to the payment by the Company of the bonds, principal and interest, on the day of their maturity. According to the most careful estimates, the company will owe the United States on Jan. 1, 1899, for principal and interest, the sum of \$62,486,965. This is a lien on 860 miles of road, from Ogden to Sacramento, and from Sacramento to San Jose. More than two-thirds of this line runs through Nevada and Utah, and yields no railroad traffic. The money earned by the aided line is earned between San Jose and Truckee, both in California. The government claim is subject to an issue of first mortgage bonds bearing six per cent interest, and amounting to \$27,853,000. It needs no

words to prove that the Company could not float \$62,486,965 of second mortgage bonds on a line burdened by a first mortgage of \$27,853,000—when two-thirds of the line do not earn expenses, and are a mere drag on the other third. The company has no such sum, and could not raise it. It could not pay if it would; and if it could, the stockholders, seeing that they would save money by sacrificing the aided line, and replacing it for less money than the government claim, would let the government have the road.

We may also dismiss from consideration the plan of those who think that in view of the equities, the government should compromise its claim. The people would not hear of that. The gentlemen who built the Pacific roads are millionaires; true, their fortunes are the fruit of their foresight and energy; if their calculations had been unsound, they would not have been millionaires, but bankrupts; but for all that, millionaires they are, and even if they were willing to accept gifts from Congress, public opinion would not tolerate any such donations. The United States have never embarked in the Santa Claus business.

Commissioner Taylor's plan is more plausible, but it will not stand the test of examination. He proposes to extend the debt at 3 or 4 per cent interest. What debt? The principal of the bonds, or the principal and interest? If the former, how is the government to recover the interest it has paid? If the latter, where is his authority for compounding the interest on the bonds? He is evidently unaware of the enormous amount which the Central Pacific will owe on Jan. 1, 1899, and of its current net earnings, or he would not have allowed himself to be betrayed into the preposterous suggestion that the company should agree to pay \$2,500,000 a year to the government; or into the still more absurd idea that of the earnings of a road two-thirds of which earn nothing

the government should take a percentage large enough not only to defray these \$2,500,000 a year, but to fill a sinking fund besides. In view of these extraordinary statements, one is not surprised to find the Commissioner recommending that the government shall withhold all payments for transportation on non-aided lines, though in 1885 the Supreme Court decided that it could do nothing of the kind. No bill framed on the lines of his suggestion could pass either of the railroad committees in Congress, composed as they are of men who understand the subject.

The bill reported to the Senate by the Railroad Committee, which is understood to have been drawn by Senator Davis, capitalizes the present debt of the Central Pacific at a sum fixed; it requires that the Company shall pay for ten years, as interest, one per cent on this sum, and one and a half per cent in liquidation of the principal, and for sixty-five years thereafter two per cent interest, and one and a half per cent annually, in liquidation of the principal. To secure these payments, the Central Pacific and the Southern Pacific are required to mortgage the whole of their property outside of the aided lines. It is not likely that the Companies would assent to any such arrangement, nor indeed could any mortgage on the property of third parties, owners of Southern or Central Pacific securities, be laid on such property without their assent. Some other solution of the problem must be discovered.

To grasp the true inwardness of the subsidy bond business, it is necessary to inquire into the circumstances under which the bonds were issued. This cannot better be done than in the language used by the Supreme Court, in deciding the well-known interest case, (*U. S. vs. U. P. R. R.*, 1 Otto, 72). The court said:

The bonds were issued in pursuance of a scheme



to aid in the construction of a great national highway. In themselves, they do not import any obligation on the part of the corporation to pay, and whether, when the United States have paid interest on them, a liability to refund is imposed on this company, depends wholly on the conditions on which the bonds were delivered to and received by the company. . . . The War of the Rebellion was in progress, and owing to complications with England the country had become alarmed for the safety of our Pacific possessions. The loss of them was feared, in case these complications should result in open rupture; but even if this fear were groundless, it was quite apparent that we were unable to furnish that degree of protection to the people occupying them which every government owes to its citizens. It is true, the threatened danger was happily averted, but wisdom pointed out the necessity of making suitable provisions for the future. That could be done in no better way than by the construction of a railroad across the continent. . . . It was felt that the government, in the performance of an imperative duty, could not justly withhold the aid necessary to build it. So strong and so pervading was this feeling that it is by no means certain that the people would not have justified Congress if it had departed from the then settled policy of the country regarding works of internal improvement, and charged the government itself with the direct execution of the enterprise. The enterprise was viewed as a national enterprise for national purposes, and the public mind was directed to the end in view, rather than to the particular means of securing it. . . . The scheme of building a railroad 2,000 miles in length, over deserts, across mountains, and through a country inhabited by Indians jealous of intrusion upon their rights, was universally regarded at the time as a bold and hazardous undertaking. It is nothing to the purpose that the apprehended difficulties in a great measure disappeared after trial. No argument can be drawn from the wisdom that comes after the fact. . . . The whole act contains unmistakable evidence that if Congress was put to the necessity of carrying on a great public enterprise by the instrumentality of private corporations, it took care that there should be no misunderstanding about the object to be attained, or the motives which influenced its action.

That this is a true picture of the conditions under which the subsidy bonds were issued, is within the memory of all who were in public life in those days; its fidelity is further attested by the alacrity with which the original act of 1862 was, at the request of the companies, amended by the act of 1864. The companies, — especially the Union Pa-

cific, — found it difficult to raise money to go on building the road. Congress forthwith came to their assistance by doubling their land grant, authorizing the issue of first mortgage bonds to take precedence of the subsidy bonds, agreeing to pay to the companies half the charges for Government transportation, instead of holding back the whole, and directing the Secretary of the Treasury not to wait for completed sections before issuing subsidy bonds, but to issue them as fast as surveys and grading were finished. All the evidence indicates that no one in Congress gave a second thought to the repayment of the subsidy bonds and interest; what Congress wanted was "a telegraph and railroad line, to be kept in working order, and to be always at the service of the Government for postal, military, and other purposes, especially in time of war."

It is in the light of this purpose that the provisions of the Act of 1862, touching the payment by the company of the bonds and interest, must be studied. Those provisions are:

Sec. 5. . . . To secure the repayment to the United States, as hereinafter provided, of the amount of said bonds so issued and delivered to said company, together with all interest thereon which shall have been paid by the United States, the issue of said bonds and delivery to the company shall *ipso facto* constitute a first mortgage on the whole line of the railroad and telegraph, together with the rolling stock, fixtures and property of every kind and description, and in consideration of which said bonds may be issued; and on the refusal or failure of said company to redeem said bonds, or any part of them, when required so to do by the Secretary of the Treasury, in accordance with the provisions of this act, the said road, with all the rights, functions, immunities, and appurtenances thereunto belonging, and also all lands granted to the said company by the United States, which, at the time of said default, shall remain in the ownership of the said company, may be taken possession of by the Secretary of the Treasury, for the use and benefit of the United States.

Sec. 6. *And be it further enacted*, That the grants aforesaid are made upon condition that said company shall pay said bonds at maturity, and shall keep said railroad and telegraph line in repair and use, and shall at all times transmit dispatches over said telegraph line, and transport mails, troops, and mu-

nitions of war, supplies, and public stores upon said railroad for the Government, whenever required to do so by any department thereof; and that the Government shall at all times have the preference in the use of the same for all the purposes aforesaid (at fair and reasonable rates of compensation, not to exceed the amounts paid by private parties for the same kind of service); and all compensation for services rendered for the Government shall be applied to the payment of said bonds and interest, until the whole amount is fully paid. Said company may also pay the United States, wholly or in part, in the same or other bonds, treasury notes, or other evidences of debt against the United States, to be allowed at par; and after said road is completed, until said bonds and interest are paid, at least five per centum of the net earnings of said road shall also be annually applied to the payment hereof.

The modification of these terms by the Act of 1864 has been noticed. The point of law which they raise is this: Does the specification of the sources from which the bonds are to be paid — the Government transportation, and the five per cent of the net earnings — release the company from the duty of paying them out of funds derived from other sources? Generally speaking, the rule of law is clear. If A lends B \$1,000, and they mutually covenant that the loan shall be repaid from the rents of a certain warehouse, A cannot seize other property of B's to satisfy the debt, so long as B faithfully hands over the rents of the warehouse. If C advances his credit to D, and they covenant that the debt shall be paid out of the earnings of a certain ship, C cannot attach other property belonging to D so long as he faithfully pays over the ship's charter money. In Senator Collamer's words, the only provision made in the bill for the payment of the subsidy bonds was in the way of transportation and a percentage of the net earnings.

That the contemplation of the authors of the Act of 1862 was that the subsidy bonds would be paid out of the government transportation and the 5 per cent of the net earnings, is evident from the language used by Mr. Campbell, Chairman of the House Committee on Pacific

Railroads, on April 8, 1862. After showing that the ordinary expenditure of government for transportation from the Missouri River to the Pacific Coast was \$7,357,000 a year, he added:

On the ground of economy, which we all admit to be of the first moment in the present condition of public affairs, the construction of a Pacific railroad would save the Government annually much of this large sum. Take the annual interest (which he estimated at \$3,892,080 for Central-Union line, though actual interest proved to be but \$3,305,531) from the annual expenditure, and we have left a sinking fund of \$3,465,701, a sum more than sufficient to extinguish the bonds before they become due, or, what is the same thing in effect, saved to the Government by cheapening expenditure in that direction.

It was so clearly the opinion of Mr. Campbell and his colleagues on the committee that five per cent of the net earnings and half of the government transportation would liquidate the principal and interest of the bonds, that they may have been willing to stipulate, on behalf of the United States, that the government would look to those sources, and those only, for reimbursement, and that when they enacted that "the company shall pay the bonds at maturity," they meant that it should pay them out of the fund so provided, and not out of any other fund.

This was, at any rate, the idea prevalent in the Senate when the bill was passed. Hon. Jacob Collamer, Chairman of the Committee on Post Roads, said in urging the passage of the bill:

The bill provides for the repayment of the loan, as gentlemen call it. In a subsequent section it is provided that the payment shall be made in the carrying of the mail, supplies, and military stores of the Government at fair service prices, and also for five per cent of the net proceeds to be set aside for Government. That is all the provision there is in the bill for payment.

Senator Clark of New Hampshire said:

I do not build the road because I think it is to be a paying one. I build it as a political necessity to bind the country together, and to hold it together, and I do not care whether it pays or not. Here is



the money of the Government to build it with. I want to hold a portion of the money till they get through, and then let them have it all.

Senator Wilson of Massachusetts said :

I have little confidence in the estimate made by the Senators and members of the House of Representatives as to the great profits which are to be made and the immense business to be done by this road. I give no grudging vote in giving away either money or land. I would sink \$100,000,000 to build the road, and do it most cheerfully, and think I had done a great thing for my country if I could bring it about. What are \$75,000,000 or \$100,000,000 to open a railroad across the central regions of this continent, which will connect the people of the Pacific and the Atlantic, and bind them together?

As to the security the United States has taken on this road, I would not give the paper it is written upon for the whole of it. I do not suppose it is ever to come back in any form, except in doing on the road the business we need, and carrying our mails and munitions of war. In my judgment we ought not to vote for the bill with the expectation or with the understanding that the money which we advance for this road is ever to come back in the Treasury of the United States. I vote for the bill with the expectation that all we get out of the road (and I think that is a great deal) will be mail-carrying, and the carrying of munitions of war and such things as the Government needs, and I vote for it cheerfully; and with that view I do not expect any of our money back. I believe no man can examine the subject and believe it will come back in any other way than as provided for by this bill, and that provision is for the carrying of the mails and doing certain other work for the Government.

Senator McDougal of California, who as a lawyer had no superior in the Senate, thus expresses his opinion of the legal effect of the provisions of the bill :

I have had occasion before to remark that this Government is now paying over seven millions per annum for the services which this road is bound to perform. That is about 100 per cent more than the maximum interest upon the entire amount of bonds that will be issued by the United States when the road is completed. This Government is today on a peace establishment, without any war necessity, paying for the same service 100 per cent more than entire interest on the amount of bonds called for by the bill. Besides that, it is provided that five per cent of the net proceeds shall be paid over to the Federal Government every year. Now, let me say if this road is to be built, it is to be built not merely with the money advanced by the Government, but by money out of the pockets of private individuals. It

is proposed that the Government shall advance \$60,000,000, or rather their bonds at thirty years, as the road is completed, in the course of a series of years, so that the interest at no time can be equal to the service to be rendered by the road as it progresses, and that the Government really requires no service except a compliance on the part of the company with the contract made. It was not intended that there should be a judgment of foreclosure and a sale of this road, on a failure to pay. We wish it to be distinctly understood that the bill is not framed with the intention to have a foreclosure. In case they failed to perform their contract, that is another thing. That is a stipulation; that is a forfeiture, in terms of law—a very different thing from a foreclosure for the non-payment of bonds.

The calculation can be simply made, that at the present amount of transportation over the road, supposing the Government did no more business, that alone would pay the interest and the principal of the bonds in less than twenty years, making it a direct piece of economy if the Government had to pay for them all.

As it turned out, this calculation proved erroneous. Congress subsidized other transcontinental lines, which divided traffic with the Central-Union line; and the cessation of the Indian wars, caused by the building of the roads, reduced the volume of Government transportation to a nominal figure. It became evident, five or six years after the completion of the Central-Union system, that the fund derived from one-half the Government transportations, and five per cent of the net earnings, not only would not suffice to pay the principal of the bonds, but would not begin to meet the annual interest. Unless some general war lasting several years broke out—in which case the fund provided by the acts of 1862-4 would probably have grown to such proportions that it would have paid off the bonds before maturity—it was clear that the Government had no security for its advances, and that the company's debt would go on increasing from year to year. It was under these circumstances that Congress passed the Act of 1878, generally known as the Thurman Act.

This act, after reciting the failure of the provisions of the Acts of 1862 and

1864 to accomplish the purpose of protecting the Government against loss in the future, modified the bargain between the Government and the company by requiring the Government to pay into a sinking fund one-half of the transportation moneys which it had been paying to the company, and increased the percentage of net earnings which the company had to pay to the Treasury, from five to twenty-five per cent. Here, again, the question is raised whether, in providing specific funds from which the debt due and to become due to the Government was to be liquidated, Congress did not in fact release the company from the duty of paying that debt out of other funds than those so designated. That must depend on the construction placed on the act by the courts, and they, of course, will be guided in construing it by the light which is afforded by the debates accompanying its passage.

The language of section 8 of the act which regulates the employment that is to be made of the sinking fund is rather obscure. It is as follows:

SEC. 8: That said Sinking Fund so established and accumulated shall, according to the interest and proportion of said companies respectively therein, be held for the protection, security, and benefit of the lawful and just holders of any mortgage or lien debts of such companies respectively, lawfully paramount to the rights of the United States, and for the claims of other creditors, if any, lawfully chargeable upon the funds so required to be paid into said Sinking Fund, according to their respective lawful priorities, as well as for the United States, according to the principles of equity, to the end that all persons having any claim upon said Sinking Fund may be entitled thereto in due order; but the provisions of this section shall not operate or be held to impair any existing legal right, except in the manner in this act provided, of any mortgage, lien, or other creditor of any of said companies respectively, nor to excuse any of said companies respectively from the duty of discharging, cut of other funds, its debts to any creditor except the United States.

It has been argued that the meaning of this section was to provide that while the United States were to content themselves with the sinking fund, the twenty

five per cent of the net earnings, and the half of the government transportation which they had always withheld, for their reimbursement, the claims of other creditors, such as the first mortgage bondholders and junior creditors, were to be satisfied not only out of the sinking fund, according to their priorities, but also "out of other funds," as to which last the government renounced its claim. Whether or no this be a fair construction of the section, there is no doubt but Senator Thurman and his colleagues believed that they had made the government secure. Their language on this point leaves no room for doubt. Thurman was as sure as Campbell had been sixteen years before, that he had provided a fund out of which the interest on the bonds, and ultimately their principal, would be liquidated beyond all peradventure. The Judiciary Committee of the Senate, in reporting the bill, estimated the payments which the Central Pacific would make under it at \$1,900,000, which would liquidate the annual interest, and leave a handsome surplus to extinguish the principal of the bonds. In its report the committee says:

After paying the requirements of the Acts of 1862 and 1864 and all other charges, the annual amount that will be divided among the shareholders, should no sinking fund be created, will be nine per cent on the nominal value of the stock,—\$4,883,795. If the bill we report become a law, this amount would be diminished by the amount required to be paid into the sinking fund, say \$1,400,000, leaving \$3,483,795 after the payment of all expenses and interest, and the payments into the sinking fund, to be divided among the shareholders, being 6.4 per cent on the nominal value of their stock.

Twelve years have elapsed since the Thurman Bill became a law. In that period the population of the country has increased perhaps ten per cent, and the general traffic more than ten per cent. The Central Pacific Company has faithfully complied with the provisions of the Acts of 1862, 1864, and 1878, which must be construed together as embody



ing the bargain between the government and the company. Yet so far from meeting the interest on the subsidy bonds, and having something over for the extinction of the principal at maturity, the company's payments do not much more than pay one quarter of the interest, and the other three quarters go to swell its indebtedness every year. Thurman was as far out in his calculations as Campbell had been. The fact is, in 1878, as in 1862, no one either in Congress or in the government could foresee what the future earnings of the road would be; no one could gauge the effect of the construction of rival lines and of rate wars upon traffic receipts. Both the government and members of the two houses of Congress formed estimates which proved to be far beyond the subsequent facts.

We may grasp more clearly the trouble which has grown out of this miscalculation, if we suppose that the bargain had occurred not between a government and a corporation, but between two private individuals. This way of considering the case will be fair, because the law is the same for all — citizens, government, and companies.

Let us say then, that Smith, for purposes of his own, namely, to connect two of his estates, desires a certain railroad to be built, and offers to Brown, if he will build it, to endorse his paper for given sums, to be floated as the enterprise progresses. To induce Brown to undertake the job, which is for Smith's interest, Smith agrees to take care of the paper, on the understanding that Brown shall carry Smith's freight at half rates, and shall hand over a certain specified percentage of his annual earnings to Smith until the notes are all paid. Smith explains, when the bargain is made, that if Brown keeps his agreement, as to freights and annual payments, these latter will extinguish the notes at their maturity. On this Brown builds the road and Smith endorses the notes, which

are discounted by the banks and money lenders. Presently it is discovered that Smith's freight bills are not as heavy as was expected, and that the business of the road is less than was anticipated. He goes to Brown and says that his calculations have been erroneous, that his business is not as large as he expected, and that he does not see how the notes are to be paid. Brown replies that he has faithfully lived up to his bargain. Smith proposes a new bargain, to wit: That Brown shall carry not half but all Smith's freight free, and shall hand over five times as large a percentage of his earnings as he had agreed to pay. Brown demurs, but being really anxious to get the notes out of the way, finally agrees. Meanwhile, time elapses, and the interest on the notes becomes very much larger than the principal. At the same time, the second bargain proves to have been based on estimates as fallacious as those of the first. Smith's freight bills amount to far less than he anticipated, and the percentage of Brown's net earnings realizes less than Smith reckoned it would. Meanwhile, Smith has accomplished his object. His estates are connected, and the danger and expense which their former separation entailed are ended. What shall Smith do under the circumstances? Seize Brown by the throat, and insist on his taking up their joint paper as it matures out of his private means — without regard to the original bargain? Or bear the consequences of a false calculation, and keep on renewing the paper as it matures, until the freight bills and the percentage of net earnings extinguish the last note? There is no sort of doubt which course Smith would elect to follow, if he were a man of business, especially if a recourse to law would bid fair to involve the loss of at least a part of his advances.

Suppose the government, when the subsidy bonds mature, in 1898, should insist on the payment of principal and

interest by the company. It could not be done. The company neither has \$62,000,000 in cash on hand, nor could it borrow any such sum on second mortgage on the road. The government would enter into possession of the property. It would have to begin by paying off \$27,853,000 of first mortgage bonds. Its investment would thus be \$90,339,965. For this it would have nothing to show but 860 miles of road, which earned last year \$703,000, net; and its title even to this poor property would be contested in the most lively manner by the Southern Pacific of Kentucky, which holds a leasehold title to the same, acquired in good faith, and in compliance with law. Let us assume that it makes its title good. What is it to do with its elephant? Is it to lease it, as the Italian government does with Italian roads, and as we did, much to our sorrow and shame, with the fur islands of Alaska? or is it to operate the road, as the generals of the army did with certain roads during the war? It would not be healthy for an ambitious politician to be a member of an administration which leased such a piece of property; every one would scent a job in the affair, and it would kill the party which attempted it. As to operating the road through superintendents and officials appointed at Washington, the country would not hear of such a thing. Such ebullitions of paternalism are foreign to the spirit of our institutions. We would as soon have the government go into the business of shoe-making, as into that of running railroads. It is hard to fancy the government of the United States becoming a member of railroad pools, and bargaining on percentages and differentials.

The chief difficulty of dealing with the subsidy bonds has arisen from the large sums which accrue yearly for interest. The whole amount of bonds issued to the Central Pacific was \$25,885,120; but the interest thereon for

the period of their existence amounts to \$46,593,216. The company could easily have handled the bonds; it was the interest charge which made the situation impossible. Luckily, after 1898 the interest will cease. Government will pay off the bonds, and then they will cease to draw interest. The United States will have no claim for monies which the Treasurer does not pay out.

Thus, if the government — or the Supreme Court, which will probably have to adjust the controversy in the last resort — should acquiesce in the opinion that the Thurman Act, coupled with the Acts of 1862 and 1864, releases the company from the obligation of providing for the bonds and interest except out of the fund specifically set apart for their payment, the situation on Jan. 1, 1899, will be this: The company will owe the government \$62,486,965, which sum will not increase thereafter by accumulations of unpaid interest. To liquidate this debt, the company will continue to pay an annual sum of about \$500,000, which might be increased if a war compelled an increase of government transportation, or if the development of the country led to an augmentation of the company's business. These payments would in time extinguish the debt. The time might be long; but for the delay the company could not be held responsible. If, in 1864, the projectors of the Central Pacific could have foreseen that at the maturity of the subsidy bonds their corporation would be found to owe the government \$62,000,000, they certainly would not have built across the mountains; and the government, fearing for the safety of its Pacific possessions, would either have had to build the road itself, or to make better terms with the company. There is no sort of reason to doubt that, under the circumstances, in the imminence of the nation's peril, rather than leave the road unbuilt, they would have made the company an outright gift of the subsidy.

*John Bonner.*



## ADVENTURES OF A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.

LAST May I had business that took me up the great plateau of Central Mexico to the capital. While waiting for some official papers and documents, I took a flying trip down the eastern watershed to the cities of Puebla, Orizaba, Cordova, and nearly to Vera Cruz. I made the run down from Orizaba to Cordova on a freight train, which had a small accommodation car attached. Owing to the irregularity with which the freight trains run, I missed this train on my return, and was left at the station at Cordova, with a very unpleasant prospect of having to remain all night.

The station at Cordova is nearly a mile from the town. The tram-car had returned, and I should have had to walk, alone. Some very suspicious looking characters were enjoying my dilemma—the more unpleasant and dangerous as I was unarmed. Everyone goes armed to the teeth while traveling in Mexico, and although there is not much danger, if any, upon the trains, it is almost as much as the life of an American is worth to be found alone, unarmed and afoot upon the highway.

There was another freight train due shortly, but it had no accommodation car, and the station manager refused all my solicitations to be permitted to ride on it. He did it with such extreme politeness that it was impossible not to admire it, though I was greatly annoyed. "It is exceedingly dangerous," he said, "to ride on those flat stone cars. If it were a common life at stake I would make no objections—but so valuable a life as yours Señor! it is impossible!"

When the freight train came along, finally, I recognized with joy that the locomotive was driven by an American engineer to whom I had been introduced at Orizaba, Mr. Samuel F. Miller, of

New Jersey. I explained to him my dilemma.

"Well," he said, "wait near by until I start up the old engine, and then make a running jump for her. He will stop you if he can, but I don't think he can. My orders are never to take anyone upon the locomotive, but I guess we can make it all right when we get to town."

I got on the locomotive without much effort, and saluted my friend the station master—and was saluted by him with great politeness. Then followed the grandest ride I ever took in my life, up the wonderful Matrata Valley, and up the mountain to Orizaba.

My friend the engineer showed me every point of interest along one of the greatest engineering feats of modern times. At one point, with a long hooked stick we could have robbed an eagle's nest, which Miller said he had watched with intense interest all the season.

Arrived at Orizaba my hospitable friend took me down to his house. He is married, now, and has an interesting little girl, but his family were not with him. They were not hospitably treated by the Mexicans, he said; that is, they were not received socially. "I am a working man," he explained, "and of necessity return home soiled, and in my stained working clothes. So long as I wore broadcloth I was all right, but after they met me in my working suit they shunned me. My wife felt it, and she has returned home."

I invited my friend down to the "Hotel de la Barda" to dine with me, and was very glad to see that the chief-engineer, superintendents, and visitors there did not share the prejudices of the Mexicans. Seeing that I was anxious to show my appreciation of his kindness, they made it very pleasant for him. After dinner

we retired to my room, and over a glass of champagne and a good cigar he told me the following interesting incidents of his career.

ON the first of October, 1875, I left Buenos Ayres for a trip to Chile, on the English ship *Rock City*, from Bristol, England. After a voyage of forty-six days around Cape Horn, I arrived at Valparaiso. There I was employed as an engine-driver on the railroad from Valparaiso to Santiago; the capital.

After six weeks I became homesick, as all my clothing had been stolen from my Dutch hotel, so I made my wishes known to the locomotive superintendent, Mr. Walker, and he paid me off and gave me a pass as far as the railroad could take me, — that was to Los Andes. There in a nice little town I stopped two weeks, waiting for other travelers, as it is not safe to cross the Andes alone.

At last two Spanish gentlemen came, and the party made up for the trip. Each man had a mule to ride, and one to carry his provisions and sheepskins to sleep on. The trip from Los Andes to Mendoza took five days, the last day without a drop of water for the animals or any one else, and all hands were pretty well played out.

Arriving at Mendoza we struck the end of the street at 6 A. M., and arrived at 10:30 at the plaza, going on a trot most all the way. I thought it was the longest street I ever saw; but on leaving I found one still longer, (I think about thirty miles long,) people living alongside every quarter or half a mile, raising fruits, and making lots of wine. I stopped there ten days and had a good time, living just where I chose, and paying next to nothing for anything I wanted, as I was the only stranger in town excepting a few Italians, and they don't go for much.

The town of Mendoza was destroyed by an earthquake in 1861, at one o'clock in the morning. Everyone inhabiting

a house perished, excepting the poor people living in light huts or brush shanties in the outskirts of the town, who survived the disaster; and in a few days after came into town and took possession of everything they found, as the owners were all dead, and so they became rich.

Well, after being there eight days without meeting any one that spoke English, I ran across a young German civil engineer, A. M. Reinhart, whom I had known in Buenos Ayres. He was sent up there by the government to locate some land for immigration. He had been there for the last four or five months. He had a very fine Chile stallion, which I fell in love with, and after a little talk I gave him \$130; Bolivians, for horse, bridle, and saddle.

Now I thought if I could get my horse to Buenos Ayres in as good condition as he was then, I could easily get \$500 for him. So I made arrangements with a cartman, who was going to Villa Maria, with two carts loaded with nuts and wine, to take my baggage and provisions, — which consisted of one bag of onions, twenty-five pounds of charqué or dried beef, some small loaves of bread, a native cheese of the Mexican style, made with the *hair* in it, some tobacco, and a little Old Tom gin. I, of course, would ride my fine horse along with them. I told him to light out, for I think I could have delayed him as long as I pleased; so at four A. M. on the tenth day after my arrival, the carts left, and I, with the mayor-domo riding a fine mule, started at five P. M., and we overtook the carts at nine P. M.

They had outspanned, and were eating supper. I turned my horse loose with the rest, in a large alfalfa field of about one hundred acres. In the morning the whole party, numbering four, had to go after my horse to catch him, as he had never been turned out to run at liberty before. They chased and lassoed him for hours, but he turned loose every time. At last, the mayor-domo



said to me, "There is only one chance; leave him and go on, or ball him. If it kills him all right; if not, so much the same."

The balls are of steel, weighing about three pounds each, with a hole through the center, in which passes a piece of rawhide about six feet long, one ball at each end, and one in the middle.

So the boss took the balls, and jumping on his big mule, made a charge for my poor horse. Both went at full speed across the field. All at once I saw him swinging the balls over his head; off they went, catching my horse around the forelegs, and throwing him about twenty feet on his broadside; and before he knew what was up, Mr. Gaucho was sitting on his head, putting the bridle on. Then he made him get up, and to my surprise, he had not a scratch.

But it took over an hour to cool him down so that I could mount; and when I did get on he charged and pitched in such fine style that he came very near throwing me off, and I had to let him go ahead of the carts, just as he pleased, for a mile or so. Then I would buy a watermelon and let him eat it, and it helped to quiet him. Then I would stop at a house, tie him up, and have a chat until the carts caught up. Then away we would go again, charging through the sand six inches deep.

Well, we kept this up until about half an hour before sundown. I came to a fork in the road. I tried at first to stop there and wait for the carts, but my horse was so full of go that I thought I would keep on and see if I could not come across some house, for I wanted a drink. So I took the left hand road, as it looked a little more used than the other.

I had not ridden more than half a mile when a smart young *costeño* came out of the woods, and asked me, after bidding me the time of the day, where I got that fine horse. I told him, and pulling out the stamped document that the alcalde

at Mendosa had given me, with a full description of the animal, his mark, age, and the name of his former owner. The back of the paper was covered with stamps. I showed it to him. He looked at it, and with a grin on his face said the horse was his. I said, No! Whereupon, he put spurs to his horse, and disappeared into the woods like a flash.

I turned back and had not gone five hundred yards when five of the roughest *gauchos* I ever saw made a charge at me from the woods, armed with flint-lock muskets and long swords and spears. They ordered me to dismount. At first I did not comply, and wanted to show my paper, but no go; at a signal from the *capitan* (I took him to be such) all those old flints were pulled back about six inches, and the muzzles, which were about as large as tea-cups, and looked to be chuck full of buckshot, were staring me in the face. I slid down very easily, while one of the *valientes* got off, stripped my horse of saddle and bridle, threw them at me; then with a whoop away they went, taking my only friend along.

Picking up saddle and bridle, I made for the fork-road as fast as I could, got there about twenty-five minutes before dark, and looked if I could see any tracks of the carts on the other road, and ran up and down trying to find out where they were, but all in vain; all was still as death. I did not know what to do, almost dead for water.

I heard some wild beasts roaring and screeching, and I began to look for safety. I left the road about seventy-five yards, and backed myself well into a bunch of thorns, where I knew nothing could get at me from behind. I had a good Smith & Wesson seven-shooter, thirty-two calibre, and a box of cartridges, which I intended to use before being pulled out.

After good dark set in I began to think I could not last long, for the woods were full of tigers, lions, hyenas, jackals, and I don't know what else. All came and looked at me, but I did not dare

shoot for fear more would come, so I stood it until morning.

With the first sign of day they all disappeared, and not a sound to be heard from anywhere. Thanking myself for holding out so well, I looked up the road and saw the carts coming. I was off to meet them at once, and when I told the mayor-domo about losing my horse he had a good laugh, and seemed to be very well pleased. I was about to climb into one of the carts but he prevented me, and told me not to try it again; but, if I wanted to ride he would sell me the old bell mule for ten dollars.

As that was my only chance I gave him the money. He put my saddle on her, lifted me into it, then gave her a cut with his *revanqua* that made her jump and throw me clean over her head, almost breaking my neck. I tried to catch her, but when I would get close to her she would run off. About two hours this fun lasted, and then seeing that I was played out, and having laughed to their full satisfaction, they helped me to catch her.

This did not happen once only, but almost every day. They ate all my provisions up before they touched theirs, and then did not give me any of theirs. The only thing I had for fourteen days was native cheese and milk. And I did my best to please them, but to no purpose.

It took us twelve days to go through the Indian territory, and about the fifth night, after they had outspanned the mules and taken them to graze about half a mile down in a *valle*, I thought of making myself smart, as I did not have to go with them. I built a big fire and had a fine blaze, when, on looking up, I saw every one of them coming as fast as they could run for the camp. I could not imagine what was up. They ran right into that fire and put it out. Then they all came for me, and took good satisfaction from me with their whips. They gave me their reasons for such treat-

ment, telling me that if the Indians saw the fire they would be on the spot before morning and kill us all.

After they had all lain down and gone to sleep, I got up and went off about a hundred yards. I found a *bescha* hole in the ground. I took a good look with the help of a match to see if there were no snakes close by, and seeing none, down this hole I went, feet first, clean out of sight. I fell asleep, and when I crawled out in the morning there were half a dozen jackals lying outside, waiting for me to come out, and as I did so they all slipped into the hole.

On arriving at San Juan I went and told the manager of the government telegraph office how my horse had been stolen, giving him all the particulars. He telegraphed at once to the man I had bought him from. He reported it to the chief of police or some one in power, who at once sent troops out. They captured all the thieves and got the horse. I do not know what became of them all. I know the little German got the horse, but as for the *gauchos*, I never heard more of them; but I suppose they paid well for it.

At San Juan the carts were partly unloaded. I got a chance to sell my mule for \$5, and saddle and bridle for \$25. I let them go, for as I was out of the Indians' reach, I did not care whether I went the rest of the way with these carts or not. I could manage any time to reach Villa Maria, where I knew I should strike the railroad.

I could not find a hotel, but soon learned how to manage; so going into a store I bought what I wanted, and went up a street in search of quarters with a small private family. Finding one, I walked into the house and turned my provisions over to a beautiful girl, who took charge as cook, and then I took a seat. I was never so much at home before in my life. Why, the old folks were sure they had seen me before, when they were married in Rosaria, about



twenty-five years before I was born.

The cooking is done on the ground, and the highest bed is the top of a cow-hide, and that on the ground. We had many lady visitors at night, but I could not see whether they were old or young, comely or ugly, for it is a dark town after night sets in. The only lamp in town is at the telegraph office.

Next day after breakfast we pulled out for Villa Maria, and arrived there at four P. M. Here I found Englishmen employed on the railroad. I stopped there all night, and in the morning took the train for Rio Cuarto, where the shops and headquarters of the railroad are located. I lost no time in looking up the general manager.

As I traveled onward the feeling came upon me that I would like to rest and settle down for awhile. The hospitality of the old couple from Rosario, and the shy yet sympathetic look of the beautiful young girl, their daughter, kept returning, and seemed almost to check my footsteps. So soon as I met the manager I asked for a job, and was at once given an engine on the station, which enabled me to board with the old folks; and here for a short time I learned what it is to be really contented and happy. In the house I was treated as an honored guest. My food was well cooked, always ready, and Marina herself waited upon me. My clothes were carefully looked after; my linen spotless white, dried upon the perfumed herbs that abound there, and lend it such a delicious fragrance. My hours were not long; I had plenty of leisure.

In time, however, I wished to move on; and after giving up my position, I walked to a distant station and asked for a pass to Rosario. The superintendent gave me a good hard look, and then let loose:

"I am surprised," he said, "to see a healthy young man like you asking for a ride of only five hundred miles, when walking is so good. You will be able to

see and learn more in that short walk than by riding all over the world in a railway coach."

I thought he was chaffing, but not a bit of it. I got through all the same, though. There I took the steamer for Providor and went down the Parnar River to Campana, thence to Buenos Ayres.

## II.

As I had my stakes set to take South Africa in, on the 20th of April, 1879, I left Puerto Enseñada, thirty-five miles from Buenos Ayres, on the English bark *Triumph*, which had a cargo of eighty-five mules, fourteen horses, and twelve sheep for the English government, at war with the Zulus, in South Africa.

All was ready except the wind. We lay three days before it changed, and at last we pulled anchor and began to tack out of the river.

We had almost got out, when on another tack, the ship mis-stayed, and went on a sand bar with a heavy swell, and broke in two, settling down full of water. In about two hours there was nothing to be seen of her except the masts.

The animals were thrown overboard and swam ashore, with the exception of nine, which were lost.

While they were doing this, I was sitting on the beach, looking on; for as soon as the ship began going to piece the Captain sent me ashore, as I was not a sailor.

I had to go back to Buenos Ayres. A few days passed; then I heard of a ship going my way, loaded with mules also; but it had to go to Montevideo to take them aboard. I struck a bargain with the captain, Mr. Mann, ship *Windermere*, from Novo Sehoe, and next day we sailed, and ran down in twenty-four hours.

We got there on a Saturday, went ashore, but came back on board at night. The captain's wife had proposed we

should all go to church on Sunday, and we had made arrangements to do so. On Sunday morning, however, the wind was blowing a living gale. There was not a boat to be seen leaving the shore, nor any of the ships in the harbor. Every ship had both anchors out, and some of them had three. The sea was breaking all over the ships.

In the afternoon, at about three o'clock, the Captain, who was always on the lookout, ready for any emergency, saw a sail coming in, but could not distinguish enough to make out what it was. About twenty-five minutes after, he looked again through his marine glass, and said it was a full-rigged ship, with all sails out. Later, he made her out to be a Yankee whaler from North Bedford. She came plowing right into port, turned around and dropped anchor. I think there must have been more than one hundred men that jumped up those masts and in a jiffy made the sails fast. She looked like a man o' war. Then to the astonishment of every one in that harbor, they lowered a big white boat, fourteen men jumped into her, and then down went the captain with a high hat and long tailed coat on. They pushed off and rowed ashore, and I don't believe he ever got wet.

Next day I saw him ashore with other captains; they were talking about the gale. "What!" says he, "call that a gale; that's only a cat's paw to what I'm used to. Come down around Cape Horn, where I've been for the last few years, and see some of our winds, and you will learn not to let such a thing as that of yesterday keep you from church."

The next morning a big English steamer came in. She had left a few days before, with three hundred mules for the Cape, and got caught in a storm. The mules broke adrift, as the stalls were not put up properly, and all were killed and thrown overboard.

Well, after ten days we were ready. It took time to fix the stalls, and take in

the three hundred water barrels, and fill them up after they were made fast. But at last we left, and made the trip in thirty days. It is exactly three thousand miles from Montevideo, to Cape Town.

The custom house officers came on board, looking for revolvers more than anything else, as they charged one pound per barrel. I had a seven-shooter, but they did not find it. The ship was made fast at two P. M. The government officers came on board at once to see how many mules we had. Fourteen had died and had been thrown overboard; if the bad weather had kept on a few days more, it would have killed them all. The ship got £7 10s for every one that arrived alive; so after the officers had counted them, the captain was O. K. The next morning ten died in the ship, and over half of the rest were not worth ten cents apiece. They were wild, and would not eat or drink out of a bucket; they had never seen one before.

I left my traps on board, and went on shore to see what I could get to do in Africa. I soon found a railroad shop, and the locomotive superintendent, Mr. Stevenson, a Scotchman, took me on at once, and said that my money would not be less than £20; so I accepted, and went on board, and told the captain and his lady of my good luck. They were pleased that I got work, for they did not want me to stop there if I had nothing to do. They were going to Philadelphia, and wanted to take me home. I bade them good bye, and left the ship.

The shops are four miles out of town, at a little place called Salt River, after a river that runs near by. There I boarded at the house of Mrs. Turner, an English woman, a widow with a large family, all nice people.

I only stopped there a few days, when Mr. Stevenson sent for me to take charge of a construction train, at the end of the rails, to a place called Grootfontine, about three hundred miles from Cape Town. There I found a Nelson engine



from Glasgow, — 3 foot  $3\frac{1}{2}$  gauge, 22 tons, 6 wheels coupled, 3 feet 6 inches wheels, number 26, — waiting for me.

I left Grootfontine at five A. M. on my first trip, and I had run about fifteen miles by seven A. M. when I stopped for water. I was surprised to see a coach stop close to the engine, and a young man, stepping out of it, came to me and asked me to come over to his hotel and have breakfast. As Mr. Wilson, the chief engineer, would not be ready for me to go on before an hour or so, I went ; and when I came back to my engine, I found a dozen of bottles of English beer in my box.

I ran this train three months, and every day twelve bottles were put in my box, and the coach never missed coming once. I soon found out the reason of all this liberality. The hotel man supplied beef and provisions to the working men on the line, and I was to stop at the different camps to deliver them, as he could not get orders from headquarters to stop the train.

Well, I began getting what they call in Africa the diamond fever, and nothing would do me but go to Kimberley, the big diamond diggings. So I quit and started for the fields, with a mule wagon train ; and after ten days of the hardest riding I ever did, we arrived. We had three carts, and sixteen good mules to each cart, and for about one-fourth of the way we had to hook the three teams to one wagon, pull it a mile or so, then go back for another, and so on.

Kimberley had seventy-five thousand persons, each looking for a big stone, and wanting to get it without hard work. Formerly the diamond fields belonged to the Transvaal people, and they sold the land to any one, and let them dig as they wanted. But one day a man came from England and bought that land for ninety-nine thousand pounds, telling the owners that if they did not sell it would be annexed to Cape Colony by force. So they took the money. Then came a

magistrate, and very soon there was nothing but law and soldiers on the place. Then the government issued an order declaring that if any man digging on a claim neglected his work for three days, his claim would be forfeited. Then agents were sent around and enticed the diggers from their work under false pretences, offering to pay them whatever they wanted, but to stop working. That scheme was worked until they got all the land from the poor men. Now it is entirely under the control of the government, and the poor former owner has to buy the dirt, paying thirty-five shillings a cart-load for it, and haul it off ten or fifteen miles to wash it. If he is lucky enough to find a stone, he must bring it in, have it weighed, registered, and paid for. If he does not do that, and it is found out, they will take it away from him and he will be sent to jail. All this was related to me by good and reliable English and Scotch men, who were there and had passed through the mill.

I stopped there seven days, then left for the coast, paying five pounds to the owners of some carts going to Queens-town for my passage. I was the only passenger. I bought some cheese, sardines, and a bottle of pickles, but no meat nor bread, as I thought I could get plenty to eat on the road.

We left in the evening and traveled all night. When I turned out in the morning the young owner of the carts and his black boys, — all his help were negroes, — were sitting around a big fire roasting some fine mutton. As he did not ask me to have some I went without it, to my great disappointment. At night it was the same. Next morning I felt like wishing to eat meat, and seeing a fine fat sheep hanging under one of the carts, I asked him where he got his meat.

He pointed to a house about a mile off. I asked if I could get some there.

He said they would not sell less than a whole sheep.

I asked him to sell me a piece of the one he had, but he refused, and said he wanted it all, and got vexed for my asking for it.

I fell back on sardines and some bread I got from a negro, and said no more that day. But when I got up next day, there he sat with his black boys, just eating meat by the pound. I said, "Mr., I am very hungry, and will pay anything for a little meat."

He again told me flatly that I should have none of his.

Then I guess all my Yankee blood was up; I walked over to the cart, took out my knife, cut a big piece off the mutton, and walking back to the fire kicked all their meat off, put mine on, and helped myself with his salt, and telling him not to speak to me just at present, for I was in the best of humor to clean him and his niggers out, I sat and had a good feed, and drank all the coffee I wanted out of his pot. They had all gotten up and sat on a cart.

Then, after I had enough, I went up to him, put my hand in my pocket, and drawing out a lot of gold and silver, I asked him how much I owed.

But he answered with a smile on his face, "Nothing."

I said, "Charge me whatever you like, but don't try to starve me, for if you do you will have to kill me or I will kill you. So much meat in Africa, and I to go without any is too much for me."

After a while he asked me how long I had been out of England.

I told him that I was not an Englishman, and had never been in England, but was from America.

I never saw a man change countenance as quick as he did. "Why!" he said, "I *thought* you were English; and as we have all been so badly treated by them, we will not have anything to do with them. We have discharged our English school teacher, and refused to speak the English language."

I found them all through the Transvaal and Orange Free States, all down on the English. After the man found me to be from the States, he could not be good enough to me. At every house we passed he would introduce me to the inmates. I never had a better time for twenty-four days, from Kimberley to Queenstown.

The most of it is a fine country, with plenty of good food for man or beast. They say that if it was not for the British government they would have the finest country on the face of the globe.

I arrived on Friday at Panmure, a new town just across the Buffalo River from East London, and struck the locomotive superintendent for work, and was taken on at once. The road was then in construction, and about three months after the line was completed, and I saw the first passenger train that ever ran from Buffalo River to Queenstown, South Africa.

It is an English road, and everything on it is English except twelve American headlights. Four of them were burnt the first night they were used; then the rest were put into the store and left there to rot, as an American headlight, like an American engine, or anything else American, was no good.

I was looking around the store one day, and coming across these headlights, and seeing that they were new and in good order, I asked the fireman to put one on my engine. He would not hear of it, thinking it time lost. I told him to put it on, and if it did not give full satisfaction, I would pay what it cost. To this he agreed. It was put on, I trimmed it; and if any one in Queenstown is asked where he saw an American headlight, showing more light than he ever saw coming out of any one before, he will remember; for at that time I was the only American locomotive engineer in Africa, — and I don't know of any now.



The railroad officials there are the same as in India—most of them old played-out army officers, who know nothing about a railroad; all they ask of a man is a salute, the same as they are used to having from the soldiers. The conductors and firemen are almost all colonials or natives, and they are like all the rest of the white people I saw belonging to South Africa, well educated and just as fine a class of people as anywhere else, although to read and believe the English newspapers, one would think the Boers were a bad set to deal with; but it is not so; they are honest and hard working, and know how to manage the negro with a club, when he needs it.

The "History of the Transvaal War" is a work of truth, and well worth reading. It can be bought in Natal or Cape Town for twenty-five shillings. It will tell you how the poor people out there have been treated by the English; but just as soon as they get a little bigger, they will pull down the Union Jack, and put up a flag of their own, to include Cape and Natal Colonies, Orange Free States, and Transvaal. Then they will be happy and prosperous, but not before.

I had now seen the most of South Africa, as I had been there ten months; so I wound up my business, and prepared to leave.

### III.

ON the 22d of April, 1880, I left East London, South Africa, for Madras, East India, on a British bark, Fleet Wind, from Brixsom, England, three hundred and fifty tons register. She was from the Baltic trade, and this was her first trip out in the Atlantic or Indian Ocean, and the first one for the captain. He knew nothing about navigation,—he was looking for land two weeks before we saw it. We had good winds, and made the run of three thousand miles in thirty days and seven hours, and had the sails torn off her twice in a few days. I thought we should be lost several times,

for the monsoon season was on hand, and the Bay of Bengal is the worst place in the world for heavy gales. But we got there safe enough.

There I had a job to get clear of the ship, as on leaving Natal the captain had been one man short, and asked me to let him put my name on the ship's articles, so that he could make my wages, as he could say I had run away, and was in debt to him for tobacco and clothing, which all captains carry to sell to the sailors. Well, I did so; but on landing with a trunk in India it is not the same as in some other places. I was met by an officer; he took me up to the captain of the port; then, as I was on the ship's papers, I was the same as a sailor, and if I wished to leave the ship I must go through the regular form of being discharged, and then had to deposit ten pounds in that office, which was considered enough to send me away if I became hard up. The captain did not have that much so, I had to hand it out or go back on the ship. I did so and stopped there two months, and when I was ready to leave it took me ten days to get that ten pounds, as I had to get witnesses to swear that I was going away. The law says there shall be no white beggars there. If any one is out of work he must go to the magistrate, and he will send him away on some ship.

It is a hard country for poor white folks. The country is swarming with schools for the natives, but none for the whites, so there are very few born there who ever learn to read and write.

During my stay there of two months I did not work, but took all the country in for seven hundred miles. I went out on the South India railroad as far as Trickinonoply, stopping off at Cudlor, Negaptan, and Pondicheray, all large towns. Pondicheray belongs to the French. It is on the coast, and there are more custom house officers, both English and French, than people in the town. I bought a bottle of wine while

there to take with my lunch, and had about half of it left when I came to the toll gate, and the guard took it from me.

Well, I went back to Madras; then from there back to Bombay, one thousand miles over the Ghand's G. I. P. R. R., stopped there four days, then took steamer for Kurachee. That is a sandy town, — nobody there but soldiers. There I took the train on the Indus Valley railroad, and went all the way to Lahore, the capital of the Punjab. There I began to think I had better look for work, as my money was getting low.

So I asked an engine driver; he told me to go to the Punjab Northern State railroad, — they wanted men. So I went a hundred miles further, to Ghelum headquarters, and the end of the railroad. They had the track laid about seventy-five miles further, but not open to traffic, near Rawalpindi. At Ghelum I asked for work, and got it at once.

I was just there in time to see General Roberts and his poor men returning from Candahar. More than half of them had to be carried by natives, being so sick. They were dying all along the road, through not having sufficient food. They gave the soldiers on the line of march from Cabul to Candahar raw flour, as they had no bread, and the poor men could do no better than mix it with water and drink it.

Not so with the General, for every steamer from England brought for him a big box of grub, — any one of them would cost a small fortune, but the government paid the bill. You may read of his grand march from Cabul to Candahar, but I have heard that he never touched the ground, as he was carried in a small house by natives, and never ate or drank anything that belonged to India. I have been told this by officers, and it must be so, for they don't fare much better in Rawalpindi or Ghelum, where I have seen them myself.

Everything appears to have been done in the same fashion during the whole

time of the war, which was somewhere near a year. They bought and shipped to Ghelum all the corn, oats, barley, and hay they could get hold of, and stacked it outdoors at Ghelum until it looked like mountains — thousand of carloads. I never saw so much grain and hay in one place before. There it was left to rot, as they had no way to send it on, and the animals were dying by the hundred.

I saw a great many mules come back that I don't think a South Carolina negro would pay fifty cents a hundred for. There is not one soldier in the English infantry to the thousand that knows how to look after a mule or horse; they have never had a chance to learn.

The old army officers that have been years in India, know the country and speak the language, were mad as hornets to think the home government should send a man out there like General Roberts that knew nothing of the country. They all worked against him, and made it cost the government much more than it should have done, and if ever anything happens again it will be the same, and worse, if they can make it.

Well, I went to work on the railroad. There were three thousand men working for the locomotive department; they had about five hundred engines, and one hundred and forty spare drivers when I was taken on: all kinds, — lots of Jamaica negroes as black as coal; anybody that said he was a driver was taken on.

They must join the Punjab Volunteers, as every man must belong to it. They give you a gun and you must buy ammunition, and it is taken out of your pay. The natives are not allowed arms. I think if they had them and knew how to use them, the whites would soon disappear.

The conductors have almost all served twenty-one years in the army, and we must have had seventy-five or a hundred traffic managers, all gentlemen's sons. We also had five locomotive superintendents, all but one the sons of big



men. They knew nothing about work, so things did not go much like clock work. It used to take thirty-six hours to run a hundred miles. It is the block system, and I used to think it was well named, after making a round trip without sleep or food,—only peanuts and candy, as the native food is hot enough with pepper to set a brush heap on fire.

It will be a good thing for the poor class of English, when the country is taken away from them, for they are worse off than slaves. Then it is nothing but a graveyard; every steamer that comes to Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Kurachee, or any other port, has a batch of young men to take the places of some that have died. They don't run away, for it can't be done.

The engines are built by every builder in England and Scotland, all contract work, hardly two alike, and put up for government money, and not to do good work. Out of all I saw there was not one that was safe to run any way fast for a hundred miles, without breaking down. The government was not to blame,—no more than they are for paying for hay with big stones in the middle of the bales. They pay good gold for everything, but how they get cheated!

My first work was running a night freight,—or I had better say night and day, for I was on the road until I made the trip; almost always pulling empty cars both ways, as there were so many traffic managers, and they could not all give orders one ways, so we always had a full train. I had a Nelson engine, 45 tons, 5 feet 6 inches wheels, 24 inch by 18 cylinder, about the best they had after I had had her long enough to get her fixed up to suit me.

I had her in good trim, and one day while standing at the station at Lahore, I saw about twenty-five traffic managers running over to my engine. The engine that pulled her Majesty's mail had burst a flue, and had died on the train, and they wanted to know if I could pull

her mail, as there was not another engine like her on the line. She had a 7-foot 10 inches wheel.

I told them I would do my best. So after taking a few orders from every one of them, I hooked on the train fifty minutes late, bound for Ghelum, just one hundred and four miles. They thought I would lose about one hour on the trip, but they were left. I ran the first sixty miles at fifty-eight and one-half miles an hour, and when I got to within nineteen miles of Ghelum, I was on time.

Then I began to be known. The same thing happened to the mail engine again in a few days. This time I left sixty minutes late, and made it up. That was the last of the big wheel. I was put on the mail, and ran it for eight months, and would not have left so soon, as I only had four hours work per day, but I took the *Asiatic cholera*, and it almost got the best of me.

So, after I got over it I made up my mind to leave India, and work where I would not be apt to get any more such deadly sickness. So I quit, and went to Calcutta. This finished my trip to the East Indies.

#### IV.

DURING the time I was in Calcutta, I was doing my best to get away, but it looked as though I could not do it. First, I had a chance to go to Australia,—then I saw a party from there; he told me it was no good. Then, Japan,—I got bad news from there also.

At last I found a ship bound for Africa. I looked the captain up. He could take me for thirty pounds, so I concluded to go there; for once there I would get well, and then I could get away almost any time.

On the second day of August, 1881, I went on board the English bark *Cecilia*, loaded with provisions for the coolies in the Natal Colony, South Africa, and started for Port Natal, and made the trip in sixty-four days.

I landed there just after the death of Sir George Callen, and his four or five thousand men that were killed by the *boers*, as they are called, but properly speaking, the white settlers of Transvaal; they are not all Dutch. I think I saw about as many Scotch and Irish as Dutch, and they all speak English.

I heard a very good account of Sir George. It was his first time out, and after he took a glance at where the Boers were located, he laughed to think of a few old farmers having the cheek to dare to resist her Majesty. So he telegraphed back to Cape Town, saying that the next day at 1:45 P. M. he would plant the British flag on Prospect Hill.

So at good daylight next morning the march was ordered, and just as soon as the English got within nine hundred yards, the Boers began to pick them off with their long-range rifles. It was all up hill with the English, for they could see no one to shoot at. For the Boers on top of the hill were protected by a stone wall; then between them and the English was a ditch about twenty feet wide and fourteen feet deep, that no one could get over without a bridge. So if they had come up to the ditch, the Boers would have laid down their rifles and picked up their large breech-loading shot guns, which every one of them had with him, and used "blue whistlers"; and as they are all the very best of marksmen, they would soon have killed all the soldiers England had there, and not have lost a man.

The 69th Highlanders, which had been in India and other parts one year over their time, that is, twenty-two years, had just come down to Bombay to start home to be paid off. They gave them a good send-off in Bombay, and got them to let their families go home through the Suez Canal, and wanted them to go over, around by the Cape, to teach a few old Dutchmen out there in Africa to respect her Majesty. So after a good deal of coaxing they went, and Callen led

them up the hill about seventy-five yards. Then he was shot dead, and so were almost all the bold 69th, as well as the rest of the command.

If the Boers had liked, they could have killed them all; but those that ran and hid in the jungles were called out after the battle was over and let go free. The Boers then took all the English arms and ammunition, and one hundred and fifty transport wagons, all loaded with provisions, arms, and food for the animals,—and one of the wagons had 20,000 pounds. All went to the Transvaal; then they were rich.

In a few days out came more troops to clean the Boers out. They gave them one month to come under the flag, or be all killed. They would not obey, so at the end of the month orders came from England not to molest the Boers any more, but to recognize them as a republic,—which was the best thing they ever did; for if they had gone up there again, they would not have found the Boers alone, but about ten thousand good troops from the Orange Free States, and about three times that number from the Cape and Natal Colonies; and I should have been one of them, as I had joined a company in D'Urban to go and help the Boers. Then if they had whipped the English out of the Transvaal, they would have had to get out of the Colonies as well, for it was the intention to unite all together, and make one republic of them.

The English troops were the poorest set of men I ever saw in uniform, very few of them over sixteen years old, and picked out of the streets of the towns. The whole lot would not have lasted more than two hours, and not that long if they could get them in shooting distance of the farmers.

Just about this time the government let out bids to build a railroad from Peter Maritzburg to Petroria, or up that way. General D. E. Davanport of New York was out there, and put in a



bid that was fifty thousand pounds lower than any one else, and for a short time was called the contractor ; but an order received from England put him out, as it said the contractor must be a British subject. He went home to New York, where he belongs, mad as a wet hen ; and so were all in the colonies. But might is right with the government, and all had to take a back seat. All government offices are held by British subjects. They must be born in England, as one

born in Africa, in the colonies, cannot be as much as a postmaster or a custom-guard.

The railroad from D'Urban to Peter Maritzburg is a one-horse thing of seventy-five miles, and does very little business. But as the roads all belong to the government, and are more for military use than for the public, it does not matter much to them, for it gives work, or in other words play, for the sons of the rich men, and to get rid of them.

*Henry S. Brooke.*

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### THE COUNTRY WORKSHOP.

THE crisp and fragrant shavings fall from 'neath the singing plane ;  
 The sawdust to the ground descends in ceaseless, noiseless rain ;  
 A swallow beats with steady wing the air, as through the door  
 It swerves and curves its nest to find beneath the hay-loft floor.  
 Bees hum without, and drowsing on the window ledge the flies  
 Lie in the sun, while farther off in murmuring woods the cries  
 Of quail, and thrush, and mourning dove, the song of life complete.  
 A full content the world imbues, in action, in retreat.  
 The men who work, the men who rest, the birds, and e'en the flowers,  
 All breathe the spirit of that peace that sanctifies the hours  
 Of country life, where time rebels against the rushing pace  
 Of crowded towns, the home of vice and sorrow, and the race  
 Of passions that corrode the heart. Here in this quiet realm  
 The buzz of saws doth charm the ear ; the odorous planks of elm  
 And pine and cedar fill the air with dreams of wood and glen,  
 Where hearts are pure, and men become in truth life's noblemen.

*Emelie Tracy Y. Swett.*

## HENRIK IBSEN.

"At last," said they who went away from the little theater in London where the plays of Henrik Ibsen had been acted,—“at last we have a great dramatist.” So great that it makes no difference to any one that he is a Norwegian, born in the obscure little town of Skien, speaking and writing a foreign tongue, native of that far North upon which the nations of the West and South have long been accustomed to look with a half-contemptuous pity. He is “our great dramatist” for all that, and verifies anew the truth of the old saying that “Genius is the world’s.

He is not a young writer, nor yet one newly come to fame. For years past, while England has been absorbing the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan, and hailing as new and beautiful creations in art such plays as “Sweet Lavender”; while France has been revelling in the brilliant audacities of Sardou and Dumas; while America has been buying, borrowing, importing and stealing from every foreign source,—calling frantically the while upon the American Drama to rise and be born; little, quiet, obscure, *barbaric* Norway has been reading, witnessing, and applauding the revolutionary masterpieces of Henrik Ibsen.

Three of these, admirably translated by diverse hands, and compiled with a charming preface by Havelock Ellis, comprise the attractive volume of the “*Camelot*” Series. A fourth, the “Doll House,” set all London by the ears last spring, and turned in a single hour an unknown little play-house into the resort of the season, where literary, artistic, socialistic, and fashionable London congregated.

One marvels a little at the passion of interest created by this particular play,

which falls below the others in dramatic action. One marvels, until one takes into account that it has for theme that question so near the human heart, so violently agitated just now,—the relation of woman to the family, society, man,—he tragedy of marriage, in fine.

Mera, the heroine, treated by her father and later by her husband as a petted child, educated in a fine ignorance of business morality, in a moment of dire need to save her sick husband from ruin tranquilly forges her father’s signature, in happy unconsciousness that this is a criminal offense. When the transaction comes later on to the knowledge of her husband,—I believe she herself tells him,—he, horror stricken and furious, proceeds with all the reason in life to deal with this wretch who has sullied his honor on the basis of the strictest human equality. The lover and husband are lost in the outraged man of business. And the astonished Mera awakens, and measures in her turn the love which had been her Providence and is now her pitiless condemner. She perceives that she has been all her life a mere doll, the plaything of men who prized her precisely as pretty and pleasing toys are prized.

Grown all at once to her full stature, she, of course, can no longer inhabit the doll-house which so exactly fitted her former dimensions. She perceives, too, that she has been living with a stranger, that she was never really married. She leaves her home, husband and children,—and all London is disputing the question “Was she right?”

It is a curious sign of the times that the conservative element—woman—leans to the affirmative. One enthusiastic lady is reported to have taken eleven husbands of her acquaintance to see the play.



Of the plays in the Camelot volumes, the most dramatic as a whole is, perhaps, "Pillars of Society," though there are certain scenes in "Ghosts,"—notably the closing one,—which reach a pitch of intense emotion above anything in the others.

In all three Ibsen has set at naught every canon of the dramatic art. He has done nothing that is expected,—one would say these plays could not possibly stand the test of the stage. As a matter of fact, thousands of people sit for hours spell-bound before them, drinking in every word of the long and profound conversations with breathless interest.

There is no rush of "incident," no "sparkling dialogue," no "scenic effects," no real dirt or practical water, scarce a strong situation, in the stage sense of the term. No: but here is what lies closer to the hearts of men, so close that even this age of realism and the spectacular has not been able to efface it,—an all-subduing *human interest*.

This is the secret of the man and his works. Every line throbs with the life of all humanity. His world is our world, his problems are our problems, his comedy and tragedy are that comedy and tragedy in the midst of which we live, and love, suffer, and enjoy.

"Here," says Ibsen, tearing away the ancient and respectable veil which hung before our social system, and revealing to horrified eyes what lay hidden behind—"this is your world!" "And here," rending the last pilfered fragment in which you had striven to drape yourself—"are you!" And everybody's eyes stare aghast at his neighbor's nakedness.

Unquestionably this is the genius of Ibsen. Making allowance for the inevitable loss by translation (however fine and faithful), it is evident that Ibsen the writer is something less than Ibsen the creator. One can conceive of a possible greater rendering of these great themes—a treatment which should combine with all this strength of truth and cour-

age and simplicity, a higher dramatic beauty and imagination.

We should then have a modern Shakspeare, with the added force of that sublimer conception of social and individual freedom, which is the fruit of three centuries added to Shakspeare. Such a sublimated Ibsen it is possible to grasp in imagination, and to believe that a greater *artist* may give us truth in a diviner form. But this is the utmost detraction can find to say, and surely immeasurably great is he who reveals truth under any form. In the plays of Ibsen she stands majestically and unafraid.

There is something exciting in following step by step the course of these unflinching plays. You lose yourself, the cheek flushes, the heart beats faster, you almost forget to breathe, while page after page you plunge deeper and deeper into the abysses of that hidden life, which life itself ignores. No assertion is too bold for Ibsen, no arraignment too clear. And what intuition, what divination, what very anguish of sympathy! Read his words about the "joy of life," by the lips of Aswald and Mrs. Alving. Here is one to whom no sorrow, no defeated aspiration or despoiled ideal is uncomprehended or indifferent. The soul of a man and a woman in one!

In "Pillars of Society" we are thrown without preface into the society of a small Norwegian coast town, its web of intrigue, dissimulation, secret scandal, and private policy, wire-pulling, chicanery, and fraud of every kind spread before us.

The central figure is Consul Berwick, a prominent citizen of the town, "the pillar and corner stone of this community, a man of exemplary domestic life, of spotless moral record." Words quite fail to express the esteem in which he is held; tokens of it multiply throughout the play, until finally, upon the introduction of a railway into the town, through his agency, the citizens in a

body troop with transparencies and torch-lights, "to do homage in your person," says the Rector Rårlund, "to the ideal citizen, the model of all the civic virtues." They present him with a silver tea service.

About Consul Berwick revolve a dozen or more characters, each intensely and vitally interesting as personalities, apart from their relation to the story. By their aid we penetrate the gigantic underlying sham of the small, typical social circle, the "model home" upon which it rests, the "pillars" which uphold it. But to enter into that astonishing and vivid experience, one must take the hand of Ibsen, and look through his eyes. To attempt to reproduce would be to destroy; even to hint at the conclusion is to rob the reader of a genuine sensation.

Wonderful are the women of Ibsen: Lona, Martha, Nara, and especially Mrs. Alving, in "Ghosts." By what secret has the old Norwegian recluse and hermit entered into the soul of woman in all her phases? They are so strong, so individual, so womanly and humanly endowed. One marvels at the Tolstol-like divination, and the more than Tolstol-like sympathy, until one recalls that in his own land this is called the "woman's poet."

"Ghosts" is the elusive title of a play which deals with phantoms gristlier than the Shakspearean spectre.

"I am tired and half-hearted because I cannot get rid of the ghosts that haunt me," says Mrs. Alving. "I almost think we are all ghosts. It is not only that we have inherited from our father and mother that 'walks' in us. It is all sorts of dead ideas and lifeless old beliefs, and so forth. They have no vitality, but they cling to us all the same, and we can't get rid of them. Whenever I take up a newspaper, I seem to see ghosts gliding between the lines. There must be ghosts all the country over, as thick as the sands of the seas.

And then we are all so terribly afraid of the light!" To which very properly responds the voice of the world through the lips of Pastor Manders:

"Ah! here we have the fruits of your reading — those horrible, revolutionary, free-thinking books!"

A play with such a theme could not be other than a tragedy, and it fulfills its promise. We have the struggle and final overthrow, told with a climax of horror and pathos impossible to surpass, of Oswald Alving, the hero, whom the hereditary ghosts of his father's sins — (or shall we say the ghostly descendants of those ghosts?) — surround and vanquish.

The play is marvellous, and a delicious and life-giving morality breathes through its terrible pages; — this to *us*, but what will society say to its daring assertions, its frank discussions of "taboo" topics, the more startling as they come from the lips of a woman the truly heroic mother? — What to the free treatment of the whole drama, which one is ashamed to label "courageous," its tranquil simplicity arguing a height above the need of courage. It would have seemed quite certain that no audience in England or America would submit to its unchanged representation, — hardly credible that Norway, Germany and France should do so. It did create a storm at the outset, "but," says Havelock Ellis, "like most things that begin by arousing opposition, it has become widely known and appreciated."

"The irony of the piece," he remarks, "is chiefly brought about by the involuntary agency of Pastor Manders, the consummate flower of conventional morality." It might be added that this is the irony of all the plays of Ibsen, — incidentally it is the irony of life also!

"As the *Doll House* is the tragedy of marriage, so is *Ghosts* the tragedy of heredity," but each and every of these dramas is a tragedy of social life, and appalling as is the touch of the revealer,



in so far as it also healing and beneficent.

Lastly, we have in one volume the "*Enemy of Society*," which one would confidently class with *Coriolanus*, as to be read rather than acted; and yet it has been acted, I believe, with overwhelming success.

Dr. Stockman, medical director of the Baths, which are the principal source of the town's prosperity, discovers the waters to be infected and dangerous. He at once, with generous enthusiasm, makes the fact known, and proposes a remedy to cost a small fortune, and close the Baths for two years or more. So far from being received as a public benefactor, he is met with a storm of indignant protest, and the opposition of the entire community. When he persists in his statements, he becomes an object of public persecution; his house is stoned, his position in the town is ruined, his home is broken up, and nothing is left him but "to teach ragamuffin children, and doctor the poor gratuitously"; this, and the satisfaction of a moral victory. There is a great scene where the Doctor, addressing a public meeting, declares his opinions amid a universal uproar. It is difficult to conceive how this could be rendered upon the stage with half the force of the reading.

Ibsen is a Socialist, of course, but a *constructive Socialist*, whose aspiration is to level up, not down. "There is only one thing that avails" he says, "to revolutionize people's minds." And again, "Mere democracy cannot solve the social question. An element of aristocracy must be introduced into our life. Of course, I do not mean the aristocracy of birth or the purse, or even the aristocracy of the intellect. I mean the aristocracy of character, of will, of mind. That only can free us. From two groups will this aristocracy I hope for come to our people,—from our women and our workmen. The revolution in the social condition now preparing in Europe, is

chiefly concerned with the future of the workers and the women. In this I place all my hopes and expectations,—for this I will work all my life and with all my strength."

The great writer is now sixty-two years old. He is described as of a remarkable and vigorous personality. He has lived much in solitude, wilfully and deliberately choosing to sever every close tie that might serve to enslave or silence, preferring to be absolutely free to speak the truth as he sees it, and declaring that even a friend is a fetter, and an obligation to compromise. Does this passion for freedom seem over-strained, we have but to remember our common life;—how many times in a single day we are deflected from the higher course we should have taken, are led to withhold or modify the truth we should have spoken, the integrity we should have shown, out of pity, tenderness, fear, persuaded courtesy or fancied obligation to those who walk beside us, hold our hands or rest upon our hearts.

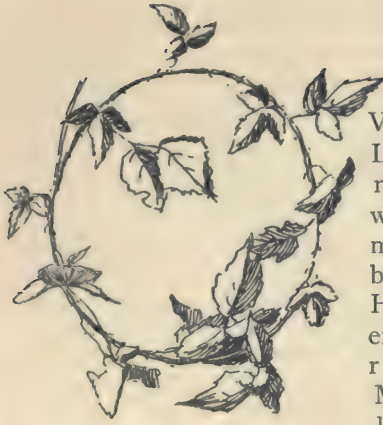
It is not a joyful thing to be greater than one's age! It costs! It is not a comfortable thing to be light-bearer to those who prefer darkness, nor an agreeable thing to be truth-proclaimer to those who love the familiar false: but to give up home and family, the common intercourse of life, love and friendship to be all this to a world which will hate and denounce you for it,—though it be neither a joyful, comfortable nor agreeable fate, may possibly be a divine one!

When we call the roll of the names which have immortalized their countries in this century, we shall have Tolstoi for Russia, Hugo for France, the great poet Whitman for America, and for Norway—Henrik Ibsen! But each of these matchless names for the world! So that we too, laying down the plays of Ibsen, may proudly and gratefully exclaim with the people of London,

"Now, at last, we have a great Dramatist!"

Grace Ellery Channing.

## RECENT FICTION.



V E R-  
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*ta and Chinita*,<sup>1</sup> which ran as a serial in 1887 and 1888. In that shape it attracted much attention, and was praised by many good critics. It has been since issued by Roberts Brothers in pleasing book form. Having shown approval to the story by running it as a leading feature for many months, it is not necessary nor in taste for the OVERLAND to pass judgment on it again. We have therefore been silent regarding the book for some months, watching with interest the reviews in other journals. The result has been pleasing; for it has been seen that while some critics have blamed the story as too long and too complicated in plot, all have recognized its strong portrayal of character, and its truth to the Mexico of the troublous days of Juarez and Ramirez. Moreover, the rule has been that the higher the authority of the reviewer, the more favorable the review.

Changes have been made in the reprinting, mainly in the line of translating into English the Spanish of the original. In some cases this was wise; for OVERLAND readers as a rule may be expected to have grown familiar with the common

Spanish phrases more than a larger public has; but it would seem, for example, that "*portero*" should, after one explanation, convey the meaning intended as well as "gate-keeper," and surely the Spanish words keep before the reader's mind the more vivid picture of the peculiar people portrayed. But on the whole Mrs. Heaven has reason to be pleased with the new dress of her novel, as well as with the reception it has received from critics, and it is to be hoped, from the public. Even those that read it closely as it appeared in the OVERLAND will find that it bears the test of a second and continuous reading in its new shape.

*Metzerott, Shoemaker*,<sup>2</sup> a novel by an unknown hand, is an attempt to deal with the same great questions that Looking Backward boldly attacked. It is even bolder in that it takes no leap into the future to get clear space for the unfolding of a Utopia, but looks forward and not backward, and seeks to find the present means whereby the Utopian future of Christian Socialism may be hastened.

Co-operation is the key to the situation in the view taken, and the establishment of a typical co-operative company, "Price's," is related in detail from its beginning, when the widowed shoemaker invites an overworked seamstress to cease a part of her toil with the needle in order to cook for him, to its result in occupying whole ranges of buildings in which all manner of trades are carried on. The central kitchen and common table are the bond of union, and the scheme, in the book, works most harmoniously.

<sup>1</sup>Chata and Chinita. By Louise Palmer Heaven. Boston: Roberts Brothers: 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>2</sup>Metzerott, Shoemaker. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1889.



It is easy enough to find the fallacy in the notion, and to prick with cold fact the glittering bubble of the rainbow hues. One has but to point out the exceptional character of the people that establish this co-operative company, to show that they are gifted with a force of purpose, an integrity of mind, a fervor of spirit, not easy to find in flesh and blood, and that these are necessary to the scheme, not only in its inception but in its daily working. Put it this way: given a community the leading spirits and any considerable number of whose members resemble in character the people found in the book, and *any* scheme of government or economic policy would work well.

Nevertheless, this story is only one of many straws that show how the wind of popular aspiration blows toward social changes of a radical sort. This aspiration may not persist according to the lines laid down by George or Lassalle, or Bellamy, or the author of *Metzerott*, but that it is a blind intimation of some conspicuous step in social evolution to be taken before long is possible. Books like the present may do the conservative the service of showing the coming terror in an aspect that will bring more of sleep to his pillow. This red monster is not so dreadful on a close view of his purposes and methods.

To the radical also there is a good in such a book, for it breathes through and through the spirit of love and moderation, and it deprecates in a most forcible way the use of the violent hand. There is a strike and a mob scene as the climax of the story, and the moral is unmistakable. The socialism of the book is "Christian socialism," which, it is impressed on the reader, is quite a different thing from anarchism. Yet, on the other hand, there are dangers in these gentle and reasonable books that advocate social change, such as would not attach to violent ones. For the immediate, practical steps proposed toward

any such change are almost certain to be — in a country where legislation follows so easily on every motion of popular sentiment — some legislative action; and many thousands of people whose fundamental conservatism would revolt at once against violence, are easily led into the evil far more real here of ill-considered legislation. Meanwhile, while the eyes of the well-wishing are fixed on some hopeless scheme of outwitting the world, the flesh, and the devil at a blow by a little different arrangement of the conditions of the game, useful and practical reforms cannot get a hearing from these magnificent dreamers. Thousands, for instance, are pledged to advocate government ownership of telegraphs, because they are assured that is the first step toward Bellamy's paradise. It may prove best ultimately for the government to own the telegraphs, or it may not; at present, with our present civil service and electoral methods, it could mean nothing but a tremendous increase of corruption. Yet who that is going to make the whole world over in a century will postpone the first chapter of his revolution, until the slow, hard struggle for civil service reform and ballot reform shall be won?

In the literary aspect *Metzerott* is deserving of commendation. It is unmistakably an interesting story, and some of the characters are unusually good. Metzerott, Louis Metzerott (his son), Ernest Clare, preacher and carpenter, and above all, Father McClosky, win the reader's regard. Father McClosky is the priest who satisfies his conscience by humorously addressing as "bloody-minded heretics" his Protestant friends, with whom he is working hand and glove. A quotation from him will show that the difficulties in the way of the socialist, already mentioned, are not unknown to the author.

It is a great thing we are doing here for the poor, and there's a many would like to see something of the kind prevail all through the land; but that sort

of thing, Mrs. Kellar, ye may call it Communism, or Socialism, or whatever ye like, but av there is n't self-control and loving-kindness at the bottom of it, 't will be a hell on earth.

But once more, the present system, with general self-control and loving-kindness, would make us happy, and where these are not it yet exerts its repression on the activity of their opposites.

*Two Coronets*<sup>1</sup> is a story, strongly idyllic in its tone, of Italy and Maine. The Italian part has its spice of mystery, intrigue, passion, and crime, but the Down East life is almost "clear molasses." Connection between the two is made by several visits of American characters to Italy, where they exercise much influence on the lives of the Italian characters, and at the end the American heroine marries the Italian count. On this heroine the greatest care has been lavished to make her the ideal maiden. She is brought up by her father, a physician of wealth, in the most Arcadian of rustic retreats, where she shoots bears and attains all the graces of culture. Diana is not more divine than this beautiful huntress, whose name is Atalanta, and whose graces of mind and body are dwelt on till the reader becomes cloyed with so much sweetness. It is a relief to find a bit of a chance to laugh at this paragon, when her excess of agility results in a truly simian reversion to arboreal habits. She is standing under the grape trellis with the count at his villa.

She laughed, stepped on to a stone before her, and from that to a higher, and from that to a bar of the trellis, and catching at the upper bar, swung herself into space.

Enchanted, the count stretched his arms out to catch her if she should fall.

She shook her head at him. "You are not to touch me. Stand aside, and I will jump to the platform."

She swung herself back, and alighted with a bound on the platform, her cheeks deeply blushing.

<sup>1</sup> *Two Coronets*. By Mary Agnès Tincker. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

Her father wishes her to return to America with him for a year's probation before marrying the count, who, by the way, is forty-six and a widower. The result of this is that,

when there was only half an hour more, Atalanta went and sat beside the count on a sofa, and put her hand in his. She looked as if she were dying. . . . The doctor could bear it no longer. Atalanta's eyes seemed to be growing dim; and still they were fixed on the count, who knelt down before her, and put his arm around her; and her father took her hand.

"My God!" he muttered; and then louder, as if she were losing her senses, "My child, if it hurts you so, you shall not go!"

She moved her lips but could not speak.

"She shall not go!" the count exclaimed.

She spoke then, such a poor, faint voice, "Oh, yes!" She said, "I will go. I ought to go. But, my love, I am looking my last on you. We shall never meet again!"

These, of course, are not given as fair samples of the book or its style, but to make the point that its sublime goes the fatal step too far. There is an Italian heroine that is more life-like, because more possible; but there is nowhere the touch of the real that modern writers have taught us to require, and the result is a lack of interest, unless the reader can interest himself in finding causes for a smile where the author least intended it.

A novel even more open to criticism as hyper-romantic, is *The Last of the Thorndikes*,<sup>1</sup> in which also the author has felt the necessity of getting away from common surroundings to be free from the trammels of reality. He chooses to send his hero, a young Boston business man, to Hongkong, where he places him in the family of a wealthy merchant. There a most remarkable Platonic love is developed between the young man and the merchant's daughter. In true romantic style he saves her from death in a runaway, and she afterward reciprocates by nursing him back to life from a brain fever resulting from the news of the death of his Boston fiancée. He is marvelously successful in business, makes mil-

<sup>1</sup> *The Last of the Thorndikes*. By James R. Gilmore. New York: The People's Publishing Company.



lions for the firm by his brilliant financing, and is admitted as partner the day he is of age, less than two years after his arrival in China. Here is the way that his adopted "sister" greets him on the day of his promotion:

"Let me congratulate you, dear Richard, on being today both a man and a merchant. Tell me, what shall I give you for a birthday present?"

"Give me yourself, my sweet one," he said.

"Put your arms about my neck, and call me your dear brother."

"I'll do better than that," cried the impulsive girl, throwing her arms about him and covering his lips with kisses. In an instant she shrank back, saying, "Oh! Richard, what have I done? You will think me unmaidenly."

"Oh! no, my dear," he said, putting his arms about her, and pressing his lips again to hers. "It expresses our mutual feeling. I think no man ever had so pure, so noble a sister as I have."

"Nor any woman so good, so manly, so royal a brother as I," she said, drawing herself gently away. "But, Richard, we'll repeat these ceremonies only on our birthdays."

The father and mother of this gentle damsel not only do not object to this sort of thing, but are only a shade less demonstrative themselves.

But the climax of absurdity comes when the father is dead, and the mother and daughter and the hero return to America. There the fiancée supposed to be dead comes to life again, the hero marries her after the two young women have agreed that her claim is valid by reason of priority, and they all live in one household in blissful content. It is no wonder Mr. Gilmore went to China for such a heroine. There are of course the villain and villainess in such a tale, but barring these so perfect a lot of characters is seldom seen even in novels. There is some discussion of Christianity and its foundations that is worth attention, but the palpable falseness of the whole picture of life presented robs this argument too of the weight it would otherwise carry.

Stronger in every respect than *The Last of the Thorndikes* (by the way, that name is appropriate,—there are no more like him) is an anonymous novel

named *Priest and Puritan*.<sup>1</sup> The good and earnest but narrow-minded Methodist preacher in a New England village is brought into painful contact with the Roman Catholic priest by the advent of the latter into the village where Protestantism had always ruled alone. The Catholics have bought the ancestral home of the preacher, and to add to his bitterness the preacher's good but "unawakened" son falls in love with the priest's niece. The love story between these two is very prettily told, but is secondary in the book to the narrative of how the bigotry of the preacher (the Catholic, it seems, is singularly free from it) is gradually overcome by time and experience, till an idyllic state of reconciliation and mutual esteem is brought about. The Catholics fare very well in several of the books in the present review, notably in *Metzerott, Shoemaker*, where the priest, Father McClosky, carries off much of the honor; and in *The Last of the Thorndikes*, where Sister Theresa is the prime speaker for Christianity. It is a pleasing sign, and this novel, *Priest and Puritan*, avowedly written in the interests of better understanding between Protestant and Romanist, is welcome in that connection.

Bret Harte is more pleasing in his short stories than in his novels, possibly because mental indolence, which he shares with many writers greater and lesser than himself, has often made him seem to wind up his stories as soon as the requisite copy for a volume was written, regardless of the needs of his plot. The shorter flight is complete before the wing tires. The name story, "The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh," is the narrative of the short and ill-fated mingling with garrison town society of the son and daughter of a rich but misanthropic man, a marsh dweller that he may have no neighbors. After his death his children are confirmed in their father's misanthropy by the disrespect

<sup>1</sup> *Priest and Puritan*. Brentanos. New York: 1889

shown to his memory even at his funeral. Later the force of circumstances and the stir of youthful blood takes them out of the marsh for a time, but they return stricken to its cool solitudes, content with the lonely nature that never lies to them.

The other stories are "A Knight Errant of the Foothills," Don Quixote reduced to terms of California; "A Secret of Telegraph Hill," a story of Vigilance Committee days on Harte's favorite theme, that over piety is sure to cover volcanic passion; and "Captain Jim's Friend," a mining story introducing a new type of the "pardner" relation; something in the Jack Bunsby style.

All these tales are pleasant to read, and if not equal to the earlier short stories, all readers of Bret Harte have ceased to expect that, and will be glad to get what he can write, so long as it is as good as *The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh*.

*A Nameless Wrestler* is another story of Western life, Portland and the Bitter Root country being the particular localities. It is a story of a sin and its consequences, but the sin is covered in the earlier part of the book, and only at the very end does it break on the reader. There it comes as a painful surprise and wakes a resentful feeling that sympathy and admiration have been demanded under false pretences. If taken into confidence at the beginning we might have learned to forgive, but deceived till the end in the character of the heroine of the story, it is hard to be as charitable to her as the author has evidently expected. It is right and just that the punishment visited on the man is far the heavier, but the remorse that makes of him an insane outcast, whose very name has perished from the earth, ought to have had more effect on the woman than merely to have kept her from mar-

riage for some years, and roused in her mind a mild flavor of cynicism. This woman also makes the coldest of mercenary marriages, while loving another man, and the author seems to allow this since the motive was to acquire wealth for the education of an unacknowledged son. There is none of the surface immorality in this story that there was in some novels in vogue a few months ago, but none the less dangerous is this moral obtuseness that would lead us to admire that which is not admirable, and count righteous that which is eternally wrong. The stronger the book the worse its effect, and *A Nameless Wrestler* has in it some of the elements of strength.

A bright little tale is *In the Time of the Cherry Viewing*,<sup>1</sup> a story of an agreeably sub-alic heroine traveling in Japan, and her love affair with a New York merchant. At first, she thinks him one of those objectionable drummers that have harried Japan of its antiquities from sordid motives. Her attempts to keep him at a distance, in spite of treachery within, and the passages of arms resulting, are very amusingly told. Of course it turns out all right.

A pretty story of Alsatian life is *Le Bleuët*,<sup>2</sup> full of tender feeling, of rural charm, and gentle manners. There is a note of introduction by George Sand, that gives it high praise for the delicacy of its character drawing. Possibly, the story in its English dress would not have attracted such praise unaided, but few will be inclined to quarrel with George Sand's estimate. The picture given of the relations between the landed peasantry and the nobility is astonishing in the simplicity and freedom it indicates. A very pleasant half hour may be spent in the Alsace of this book.

Miss Braddon's work is sufficiently

<sup>1</sup> *In the Time of the Cherry Viewing*. By Margaret Peale. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889.

<sup>2</sup> *Le Bleuët*. By Gustave Haller. Translated from the French by M. de L.—. New York: Brentanos. 1889.

*The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh, and Other Tales*. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.



known to novel readers to enable them to form their own opinions as to what to expect from her. *The Day Will Come*<sup>1</sup> is a detective story of a very ingenious sort, and worked out with the skill gained in a long practice in novel writing. To use the phrase in its more favorable sense, she is a master mechanic of stories.

Two collections of short stories by English story writers<sup>2</sup> have been made by the Crowells from a penny series of publications put forth in England, to take the place of the penny dreadful. They are six in a volume, by such writers as Farjeon, Grant Allen, S. Baring Gould, and G. Manville Fenn. The stories have the merits and faults of the professional English story, often commented on, though the merits are more prominent than the defects in the present series. They are unmistakably pleasant reading for unintellectual people, and so are better adapted to their purpose than better stories would have been. That purpose is surely a commendable one.

*Circumstances Beyond Control*<sup>3</sup> is a slight and crude story of hypnotism. A "subject" is forced to commit a bank robbery under the forceful influence, and has difficulty in clearing himself of the consequences until his lawyer proves the stronger in a duel of will power with the hypnotizer.

The novel with a purpose has become so familiar that any development of it can hardly be a surprise, and advertising enterprise so pervasive that the combination of the two in an advertising novel is met without a shock. But the advertising novel must be of better quality than *A Masque of Honor*<sup>4</sup> to accomplish

its purpose, puffing a watering place. It is a vapid love story, turning on the Comedy of Errors plot.

Three books yet to be noticed are addressed to younger readers, though not distinctly children's books. *A Colonial Boy*<sup>5</sup> is a story of a visit paid by a school-boy to a delightfully antique house with two delightfully antique old people in it. In the old "link closet," as they call an ancient cabinet of historical relics, is found material for many pleasant stories of bygone days. A little girl's visit to Mt. Vernon in the last days of Washington's life is one, and the narrative of the first settling of Maryland by Lord Baltimore's colony, told as the diary of a boy settler, is another, and forms a large part of the book. The whole is written in a very pleasing style, and its lessons of patriotism, of reverence, of kindness to the Indians, are put in a way that ought to be attractive to any manly boy. The historical value of the book is also great, for Lionel Wintour's Diary gives a most vivid picture of the founding of Maryland, and of the experiences of the colonists on first landing in the beautiful and "empty" Maryland.

Mr. Goss's "Recollections of a Private," and other papers in the *Century* war series have prepared his public to expect from him war stories with life and reality in them. He knows whereof he speaks, and has not suffered the conventional battle picture, nor the glamor of time, to dim his memory of things as they were. He has therefore written a book<sup>6</sup> that will please the boys, and give them a truer impression of what war is than the whole course generally pursued by boys, from playing with tin soldiers up to reading Headley and Abbott. The life in Andersonville prison is minutely described from per-

<sup>1</sup> *The Day Will Come*. By Miss Braddon. Franklin Square Library: Harper & Bros.: New York. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by The Bancroft Company.

<sup>2</sup> *Paying the Penalty, and Other Stories*. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1889.

*Three Times Tried, and Other Stories*. *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> *Circumstances Beyond Control*. By Luther H. Bickford. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co. 1889.

<sup>4</sup> *A Masque of Honor*. By Caroline Washburn Rockwood. Funk & Wagnalls. New York. 1889.

<sup>5</sup> *A Colonial Boy*. By Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Joseph H. Dorety.

<sup>6</sup> *Jed; A Boy's Adventures in the Army of '61-'65*. By Warren Lee Goss. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1889.

sonal experience, and the narrative of the escape is sufficiently thrilling to please the most ardent of youngsters. Older people, too, will read with pleasure the story, for there is none of the manufactured marvelous about it that repels them from most books written for boys.

The third<sup>2</sup> of these books for young people is very different from the other two. It is a girl's story of rural and do-

<sup>2</sup> Margaret Ellison. By Mary Graham. Philadelphia: 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

mestic life in Pennsylvania oil regions. A strong religious tone pervades the book, making it distinctly what is called a Sunday school story, but this element is not put forward so obtrusively as to be likely to offend the young people it seeks to win. There is something of the introspectiveness considered necessary in girls' books, but it is not of the morbid variety, and many a girl will follow the fortunes of these young people, with little longing for anything more stirring.

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## RECENT BOOKS IN PEDAGOGICS.

IN no department of knowledge has there been more activity of late in the United States than the inquiry into things pedagogic. The whole science is yet in its infancy, and these efforts have been more or less desultory and unsystematic. But the fact must be admitted that a livelier interest is being taken both in what to teach and how to teach it, and thoughtful men are interesting themselves more and more in the quantity and quality of the instruction given to the younger generation.

That American schools are not as a whole more efficient, has been largely due to the impossibility of obtaining full corps of scientifically trained teachers. Fortunately, the day has passed when the teaching of primary grades is relegated to the poorly equipped teachers. In most graded schools,—especially in those of the cities and larger towns,—the majority of the instructors have come to be teachers with good education and scientific normal training. But in the

country schools the case is different. The salaries are so small and the social conditions so unattractive, that these schools are obliged to content themselves with teachers of the poorer sort. There are liberal provisions for normal and training schools in the constitutions of most of the States. But the increase in population, and consequent rapid growth of local schools, has made it impossible to supply the demand for teachers skilled in their profession. It is so frankly admitted that a large contingent of American teachers must come to their work untrained, that the effort to mend matters has taken the line of providing such tools in the hands of this contingent that as little harm as possible may come from their unskillful use. As a result, America is perhaps most thoroughly of all countries equipped with text books and apparatus for schools; and further, every day sees an increase in the number of books on educational topics aimed to guide and counsel the teacher in his



daily work. The historical, the critical, and the practical are all receiving careful attention, and a body of professional literature is now opening to the teacher, which, if consulted, will do all that books can to enable him to act intelligently in almost every detail of his profession.

One of the latest and most important books on the theoretical side is *Morgan's Studies in Pedagogy*.<sup>1</sup> Like all modern educators, Mr. Morgan bases the science of teaching on the laws of psychology. Taking as his definition of education the text from Kant, that "the aim of education is to give to the individual all the perfection of which he is susceptible," he sets forth clearly the mental faculties of the child on which the teacher must expect to act, and elaborates at length the ways and means of properly developing these faculties into that complete manhood, which he characterizes as being the state in which a man is most "strong, active, intelligent, wise, good, useful, and happy."

There is nothing very new about this statement. For years, teachers have been told that they must understand psychology before they can intelligently go to work. But the book is at once new and interesting, in that it is so eminently lucid and practical in its presentation of these older facts. The difficulty with the teachers has not been that they do not want to apply psychological principles to their work. But most of the text books on the subject have been so involved and purely scientific that they have found difficulty first in understanding them, and afterwards in discriminating what parts were specially applicable to the work they had to do.

Mr. Morgan has avoided many difficulties of this sort. He is engaged in proving no theory, and only presents a general scheme as a basis for the practical work further on. There are excellent chapters on training the senses,

training the will, training to think, training to learn, and other topics. Particularly good is the one on training the sensibilities. Too little stress is ordinarily put on the value of educating the feelings. The tendency is to subordinate the education of the emotions to that of the intellect. The advantage of parallel development in these lines is well brought out, and intelligent suggestions given for its proper awakening.

If objection were to be made to this book, it would probably be that it was too "teachery." The author has an awe for his profession that amounts almost to worship. It is well to be impressed with the value and dignity of one's calling, but care should be taken not to set it on so high a pedestal that it becomes too good for every day use. On the whole, however, the book is a useful and practical one, and will rank well with the standard text books on the subject.

In the field of history, special mention should be made of Boone's *Education in the United States*,<sup>1</sup> both on account of its historical value, and of the position it occupies in relation to its field. It is the pioneer history of education in the republic, — the first connected attempt to co-ordinate the infinitude of details that make up our hundred years of educational progress. That this is so is the more remarkable, because during this hundred years, and in the United States, was originated and developed the entire theory of what we call the "public school." So familiar are we with its workings now, and so certain of its benefits, that it is scarcely conceivable that hardly a century ago there was no such thing as general public education.

Not that before this time there was no provision for education at state expense. Probably no state has ever existed that did not in some way provide for the systematic training of its youth. But up

<sup>1</sup>Studies in Pedagogy. By Thomas J. Morgan. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co. 1890.

<sup>1</sup> Education in the United States. By Richard G. Boone. International Educational Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1889.

to the time above mentioned there was an idea of charity connected with free education that not only made it more elementary in scope, but also caused it to be avoided by the very classes it was most closely designed to reach. It was a purely American idea, that to the children of every citizen alike belonged of right the best education that the State could give. Perhaps it would be a closer use of words, to say that the successful application of the idea was first a purely American one.

The development of this view occupies much of the book. Beginning with the earliest American schools, and the interesting query whether our system is a natural evolution from the social usages of England or of Holland, the narrative passes through the colonial systems of instruction to those of the revolutionary period, when the kindling fires of freedom warmed into life the broader and more liberal realization of the necessity of universal education.

The rise and development of systematic supervision by the State in educational affairs was very gradual. Starting with some form of the district system, — which the author characterizes as the extreme of decentralization, — he shows how the adoption of State systems, and later of county and city systems, followed as a logical necessity from the principles of our government. A rapid survey of recent institutions is also given, with comparative tables of courses of study, and sketches of the men whose work brought about the reforms and advancement.

Aside from the main idea, much space is devoted to collateral and supplementary institutions, the great libraries and learned societies, and institutions for the education of the unfortunate and criminal classes. Education in the South has a special chapter, as has also the higher education of women. The ground covered is so wide that of necessity the work is condensed and

sketchy. But it gives with great fairness and much force the general relations of educational events, and will be both a valuable and a welcome addition to the library of the teacher.

When a man gets an idea firmly fixed in his head he is apt to make too much of it, and be more or less unreasonable in the value he places upon it. An excellent illustration of this is Colonel Parker's devotion to the doctrine of "slopes," as applied to the teaching of geography.<sup>1</sup> He has convinced himself that in no other way can the child really learn intelligently about the earth's surface and its inhabitants. Briefly stated, the theory is this: All irregularities in the earth's surface are the result of the combinations of two slopes that meet. Meeting above the normal level they form a water shed or mountain range, meeting below, a valley or river basin. The psychological basis of all description must be a mental concept of the thing described. The failure to make clear in the mind of the pupil the difference between the map of a country and the country itself, results from the lack of such mental concept. Most geography teaching fails to make clear the distinction, because it is too desultory. The only way to co-ordinate the myriad facts presented into a harmonious whole, is to begin with some very simple and comprehensible form of this whole, and fill in the details as his imagination is able to grasp them. The idea of slopes furnishes Colonel Parker with this basic form. The general shape of the great land bodies is the first thing taught. Thus, the general form of North America in sections is given by a triangle, the slopes of which meet at the summit of the Rocky Mountains. The general idea being thus established, little by little the details are filled in.

The whole aim, of course, is so to fix

<sup>1</sup> *How to Study Geography.* By Francis W. Parker. International Educational Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1889.



the country studied, as a whole, on the mind of the child, that in returning to it later the name will suggest to him all the details of climate, structure, and life. The idea is more or less a correct one. But the question naturally comes, whether there are not other and equally good ways of reaching the same end. The German method starts from the same standpoint concerning the necessary concept, instead of attempting to make the child grasp the outline of continental form. But it begins with things within the immediate vision of the child, and works by enlarging circles outward. Every one will be inclined to allow, however, that the book has merit. The theory is well and clearly presented, and not the least valuable part of the text is the careful outline for teaching the subject practically, from the primary to the highest grammar grade.

While the general cyclopædias contain much concerning education, the teacher, or other person interested in such matters, finds it important to have by him a cyclopædia devoted especially to educational themes. Such a book is Sonnenschein's *Cyclopædia of Education*.<sup>1</sup> Contributed to by the best English educational specialists, it covers with great fullness the chief topics in the field of education in its history, its theory, and its practice. It is not to be expected that in so small a volume (560 pages) the treatment of so great a variety of subjects could be exhaustive. Only the most salient points have been touched upon, but much intelligence has been shown in selection of details, and the results are very valuable for momentary reference. It is, in fact, the only cyclopædia of education in circulation, and is a reprint of the original English edition.

For years accounts more or less enthusiastic have been current in America,

Sonnenschein's *Cyclopædia of Education*. Arranged and edited by Alfred Ewen Fletcher. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen, 1889.

concerning the methods and practical successes of certain European school systems. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that they were peculiarly efficient, especially the schools of Germany and of France. Nothing definite on the subject, however, has appeared in English, until Dr. Klemm put into print his book entitled *European Schools*.<sup>1</sup> It is a succinct account of his personal observations in the schools of Germany, France, Austria, and Switzerland, and tells in a practical way exactly what is done in these schools in the way of instruction. No attempt is made to give a critical estimate either of methods or results. With note book in hand he wanders from school-room to school-room, and jots down therein the things that move him to enthusiasm. And it is only the good things that are given. The author wisely decides that it is not worth while to perpetuate bad principles in teaching, and so avoids telling of them so far as he is able.

The bulk of the book deals with the schools of Germany, and after reading the accounts of recitations — many of which, together with the teacher's talks with the class, are reported in their own words — one feels that Mr. Klemm has not been too enthusiastic in saying that the teaching in the German schools is nearer perfection than that of any other country in the world.

American teachers will find in the book much that is new, as well as many terse statements of methods they were familiar with before. The whole aim of the German education is the practical and even development of the hand, the eye, and the mind; and especially among the disciples of Herbart is this parallelism a hobby. The following extract will illustrate this fundamental idea:

"I can well understand why I find

<sup>1</sup> *European Schools; or What I Saw in the Schools of Germany, France, Austria, and Switzerland*. By L. R. Klemm. International Education Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1889.

such a decided opposition among German teachers against industrial schools *as special schools*. They bend all their energy upon making their common schools the best on earth, and are willing, nay, eager, to adapt and adopt whatever of industrial pursuits can be adapted to and adopted in their course of study. All branches of study which may have a practical bearing on life are made to reflect life. Thus, not only drawing but geography is made practical, the latter by imaginative journeys. Putty and clay are used to mold geographical formations in imitation of nature. Mensuration is made both attractive and practical by handling geometrical bodies, not merely by imagining them. They are made of pasteboard, and are home-made by the pupils,—another opportunity for manual occupation. Kindergarten occupations I find in almost general use in the lower grades. Of course much more advanced work is done—in modeling, for instance,—than is done in a kindergarten. In composition work I find letters, notes, bills, receipts, petitions, etc., written, such as the pupils may be called upon to write after leaving school. Arithmetic is taught rationally, and the problems have bearings upon the child's everyday experience. In one school a lesson in buying and selling greatly interested me. One boy was made store-keeper, and great glee was occasioned by an error whereby he lost a few pennies while making change. This lesson was an object lesson, it was a language lesson, a lesson in arithmetic, a composition and reading lesson,—it was all that and more; it was something which organically connected school work with life's demands."

One of the most astonishing things is the absence or limited character of the text books in use in German schools. German teachers hear recitations without books in their hands, and during recitations they invariably stand. Klemm notes that this is true, even in reading

and in literature. "I expect you to read so that I may understand you instantly," he reports one teacher as saying to his class. The text books in algebra and arithmetic were simply books of problems. No text book in geometry is used at all, and the same is true of grammar, botany, and physics. Their histories were "pretty good sized books." Their geography was simply an atlas, and most curious of all, no copy books are used for the practice of penmanship; "for," said one of these wise teachers, "copy books are an excuse for bad penmanship. If the pupils write well during the short space of two or three lessons a week, and hurriedly and slovenly during all the remainder of the week, the practice in the copy will not produce good penmen." They are taught to write as they learn their a, b, c's, and once started right the habit of good penmanship instead of bad comes a second nature. Once, near Hamburg, finding the copy book in use, a query concerning the departure brought the answer: "My dear sir, my school is under punishment. Because the boys had acquired negligent habits, and handed in poorly written compositions and home exercises, I made them procure copy books and practice good forms of letters. The boys are fully aware of the fact that they are calligraphically 'under a cloud,' and try hard to redeem themselves, and regain their former standard."

The secret of the success of these methods is plainly that the teachers are from beginning to end scientifically trained. No one can teach in Germany without severe normal training in advance; and a very interesting part of the book is the description of the schools for the training of teachers.

Careful comparisons are made of the schools of the different countries visited, and a close analysis of the ends of manual training, as exhibited in the schools of Vienna, Paris and Berlin. The book is copiously illustrated, and is so wholly



fascinating on every page, that we can think of no other volume that we would rather recommend, not alone to professional teachers, but also to parents generally who are interested in helping along the education of their children.

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### THE BLIZZARD.

THE walls of the caverns are shaken,  
 The walls of the caves of the north,  
 For the gods are aroused, and awaken.  
 They have girded their loins to come forth,  
 To come back to the riotous mirth,  
 And the wassail remembered of old,  
 When they reigned over heaven and earth,  
 Unchallenged, unkempt, uncontrolled.

Thor, from the flowerless valley,  
 Kingly, tumultuous, proud,  
 Is shouting from galley to galley,  
 As he musters the shadowy crowd,  
 Wrapped in snow and in storm as a shroud,  
 Grim Jarl, and Viking, and Scald,  
 Swings his battle axe, crying aloud,  
 As the roll of the heroes is called.

Where the lash of the wind knows no single  
 Break in its oncoming sweep,  
 Where the lights of Aurora commingle  
 With the gleam of the ice on the deep,—  
 The sea-kings' roused murmurings creep —  
 O'er the meadows of ice and the snow,  
 Till they strengthen by striving, and leap  
 To the scream of the blast, as they go.

And the land, from the ocean to ocean,  
 Hears the warning, and shivers, then lies,  
 As a fear-frozen bird, without motion,  
 Under the darkening skies;  
 The plaint of the lost seagull dies,  
 And afraid are the beasts of the field,  
 They tremble and hide, and the cries  
 Of the shivering herds are all stilled.

Till the shouting, and fighting, and whirling  
 White shades of the northern host  
 Storm past in the battle, down hurling  
 Dead warriors, ghost upon ghost,

Over farmstead, and prairie, and closed  
Warm roofs of the beleaguered town,  
From mountain and valley to coast,  
And frozen, slain shadows whirl down.

O'er forest, and meadow, and river,  
And out to the rapturous sea,  
Her white hands tossed high to the giver  
Of wassail, freehanded as she,  
The shouting battalions flee,  
Till the tumult has lessened and died,  
And the path to the stars is left free,  
And the earth has been purified.

O souls of the old dead gods,  
Of the heroes simple as strong,  
We are goaded with divers rods,  
We know not the right and the wrong;  
We have need of the Sagaman's song,  
Simple, and pure, and wise,  
For our preachers have preached too long,  
And men's mouths are fertile of lies.

There is weaving of words, till the woven  
Web is an infinite maze;  
We know not the proved nor unproven,  
Nor where lie the blame and the praise;  
Doubtful and dark are the ways;  
Man's life is a burden to bear,  
And the taint of our stagnant days  
Has fevered and poisoned the air.

Blow strong, as the blizzard blowing,  
Pure creed of an earlier day,  
Till the land be cleared for the sowing,  
And the weeds be blown away;  
Till the idols tremble and sway,  
And the priestcraft totter and fall,  
And the road be clear to pray  
Direct to the Lord of all.

Blow, till the false be broken,  
Blow till the truth shine bright,  
Till the one universal token,  
Stand out undimmed in the light;  
Till we grope no more in the night,  
In the steps of a stumbling guide,  
And God's stars shine out to our sight,  
And God's air be purified.

*P. Y. Black.*



## ETC.

It is humiliating to a Californian to see the treatment that a friendly guest, a man of dignified station and some literary distinction, has received from this State, for a few words of proper and courteous criticism, on a matter on which he had a perfect right to speak. Such an incident does more to injure California as a possible home in the eyes of the people most needed here for the higher purposes of our civilization, than acres of real-estate advertising can help her. "Orange groves and climate can be no temptation to us," such people say, "to go where we are likely to incur such things." "Character counts here," they say: "a man by a life of honorable service in some scholarly calling attains a measure of public consideration. He is not liable at every step of his work to onslaughts of unbounded newspaper invective, perhaps because he has crossed the sensibilities of a single man; onslaughts that show an absolute ignorance of him and his work." They did say this after the newspaper assault on President Gilman; they say it about the treatment Professor Hilgard is now receiving in some quarters. The University has not ceased in fifteen years to suffer the results in increased difficulty of getting the best men to come here. We will venture to prophesy that fifteen years from now we shall not have worn out among men of letters the opinion of us given by our treatment of Mr. Johnson of the *Century*.

THERE has been so much misstatement of the facts of this matter that we will give a simple account of them. Mr. R. U. Johnson is the associate editor of the *Century*,—not "a young man connected with the *Century*," or "a correspondent of the *Century*," as it has been persistently phrased in our press; but jointly with Mr. Gilder, and second only to him, for many years the responsible head of that great magazine. He came lately to this State, on an errand whose very nature implied an especial cordiality and interest toward California on the part of the magazine. In the course of his visit, Mr. Johnson took especial pains to go to Yosemite, and having secured the pleasure of Mr. Muir's companionship, lingered for more than a flying visit. He said in conversation with several people on his return, that the valley had been injured in beauty by being managed without the services of a landscape expert. This was no new idea: the same criticisms have repeatedly been made, to the knowledge of the OVERLAND, by artists and certain other persons of especial weight on this subject. Of their justice the OVERLAND has no knowledge. But whether

correct or mistaken, they were clearly within the limits of perfectly proper criticism, and the right of any visitor to the valley. It would have been so, even were the Yosemite the exclusive property of this State, instead of merely intrusted to us by the United States for care and keeping. As it is, it is hard to see on what any Californian could base the idea that it was any conceivable impertinence for a visitor to express a straightforward and dignified criticism of the commission. In due course of time, Mr. Johnson published in the *Century* a communication expressing in temperate form his views about the valley; this was accompanied by several others, from other visitors.

IN the meantime, however, one of the persons with whom he had conversed here, a journalist, had published in his paper an account of the conversation. Mr. Johnson at once wrote a letter, which the paper refused to print, but which was finally printed elsewhere, disclaiming the interview, as *published*, and also saying that the printing even of a correct report would have been a breach of honor, as it was private conversation. The paper that had printed the interview answered with some three columns of invective, whose substance was, first, to establish by several witnesses the fact that Mr. Johnson had expressed in the conversation views such as reported— which he had not at all denied, saying only that the temper and detail of his expression] was totally distorted; second, to say that he lied in saying he did not know he was being interviewed for publication; and third, that it was insolence for an Eastern visitor to meddle with the affairs of the valley at all. Two members of the commission have also been in print to the same effect; and now that the publication of Mr. Johnson's letter in the *Century* has brought the matter to the attention of Congress, the governor of the State has telegraphed a long message in much the same tone. We have seen nothing from Mr. Johnson that has not been temperate and considerate in expression, and entirely within the limits of proper criticism. We have seen nothing from our own State with reference to his action that has been altogether good in tone, and much that has been as bad as possible. To defend the course of the commissioners, to urge that a commission of citizens of the State can judge as well of scenic effects as a landscape expert,—this would be perfectly legitimate. But it is also perfectly legitimate for any one to hold and express the opposite view, that the expert would be the better man for the scenic part of the management. Mr. Johnson said incident-

ally, "a landscape expert, such as Frederick Law Olmsted," or others, whose names he mentioned; as any one, in speaking of landscape experts, mentions Mr. Olmsted's name as the most well known. This straightforward and natural allusion is going through the California press in this form: "Mr. Johnson said he would cease his opposition if *his cousin* [or sometimes "his uncle,"] Frederick Law Olmsted, were given charge." Whether this relationship was purely a bold invention on the part of the one who started the slur, or nothing worse than a misunderstanding, we do not know: we prefer for the honor of our press to believe the latter.

THESE are the simple facts in a matter in which we have, as a community, appeared to very little advantage. Now, a word as to the question over which the loss of temper and taste has occurred. The Yosemite is not ours: we hold it in trust for the whole country. It would probably be easy to defeat any suggestion in Congress to remove California from trusteeship of the valley: for the political consideration will be paramount,—the dominant party would hardly risk mortifying and offending a doubtful State. But we cannot keep secrets about the management of its landscape features. There are more Eastern and foreign tourists there every year than Californians, many of them experienced travelers, acquainted with the way other countries, such as Switzerland or Bavaria, manage their scenic attractions. If ours is mismanaged, these people know it, and volumes of bluster from us cannot keep the world from knowing it in the long run. Apart from any higher considerations, Switzerland could tell us what it would cost in cash to have this happen. Therefore, the interest of California is not to resent and denounce all criticism as hostile; but to look into the matter, and ascertain whether a commission organized as at present, or a landscape artist, or what method, is most for the good of the valley.

### Aphorisms from the Hebrew.

#### III.

HUNGER and thirst are life, satiety and abundance death.

When honor is lost, hope is lost; after shame comes despair.

Continual hoping is like blood-letting without a ligature to stop the flow. In its effect: both relieve a man of all pain and trouble when they leave him,—because life is then gone.

Be modest when you are prosperous, for wealth makes bold any way; and have a brazen forehead when you are in need and trouble, for you will then be kept straight by your own spirit, but as soon as

you lower yourself you will fall to the ground, with no man raise you.

The greatest use of wisdom is to console in poverty and trouble: in prosperity, a little foolishness may be worth more than all philosophy.

All our hopes are but dreams: and as they come to pass, still but like the change of a dream.

Youth is wine, manhood beer, old age dregs.

There is but one step from wisdom to foolishness; but one from honor to arrogance.

One good counsel is better than all hopes and consolations put together.

More people are slain by hope than by anguish and despair.

Too many friends is a bad thing: one enemy is a worse.

Would you know your reputation in the country, scan your acts without self-favor: if they are good and of pure motive, be sure you have found favor with God and man.

Envy is like strong old wine. He who drinks a little is inspired to go to work with a will, and will find reward in attaining the ranks of the wise and cultured whom he envied: but he who drinks much becomes faint-hearted, and feels as if he had lead in his bones; fear and trembling fall on him, and his only thought is to drink deeper.

Expect not from friends more than you give, nor that others shall be more righteous than you: then be sure you will never have cause for anger.

Anger is bad, cruelty is worse, foolishness is worst.

Wealth is unbecoming a fool or miser, arrogance a beggar, roguishness a wise man.

Sin not, even in thought: if you would not pollute your body with an evil object, why pollute your soul, which is nobler than the body?

Like food without salt, like a book without a tale, like the day without sunshine, is life without sorrow or fear.

Fear and sorrow are like myrrh and spice; a little flavors food, but too much spoils it,—your tongue is parched, your lips blistered, and fire is in your body that no water can quench.

Sorrow is a heavy burden, sadness a heavier, but heaviest is anger.



## BOOK REVIEWS.

**Fifty Years on the Trail.<sup>1</sup>**

Any one who has listened to the "yarns" of an old pioneer will recognize in John Nelson's narrative<sup>2</sup> the dry sense of humor, the air of well assumed unconsciousness, that render these stories the most delightful of all tales. The book is an autobiography, and further, is a stenographic record of the actual language of the narrator, which gives it a freedom and simplicity it would not have had if the old fellow had undertaken to write instead of tell his story. Nelson was a graceless scamp with the gypsy instinct in his blood, who ran away from home when a mere boy, and joined a tribe of the Sioux Indians, with whom he lived more or less all his life. The interest of the volume comes from the unusual side of Indian life which it presents. There are many narratives of stirring adventure and wild life on the plains. But this book offers a picture of the social and domestic life of the Indians that is seldom met with, simply because almost no white man has experienced it; and further, the few who have the knowledge have not, as a rule, been of the sort to give the world an autobiography. Mr. O'Reilly, the editor, in his preface, states that he undertakes the task largely from a belief in its historic value. Nelson is, without doubt, an historic character. He was the scout who piloted the first party of Mormons under Brigham Young across the Rockies to the present site of Salt Lake City. His intimate relations with the Indians make his account of the differences with the whites interesting, because he generally echoes the red man's side of the story. But over the whole is the glamor of the *raconteur* spirit. One feels that Nelson would never spoil a good story because the facts would be stretched. As a personal narrative, however, the book is simply delightful. Special mention, too, should be made of the illustrations by Paul Frenzeny, which are as characteristic as those of Darley, and wonderfully true to life.

**Three Knickerbocker Nuggets.<sup>1</sup>**

In the "Knickerbocker Nuggets" comes Franklin's *Autobiography*,<sup>2</sup> a good selection, as all in this series have been, worthy the pretty dress that characterizes them. This famous autobiography, per-

haps most famous of all American autobiographies, has never appeared in better shape. One is filled with new wonder in reading it, that there could have come from Puritan Boston such a character as Franklin, strict in principle, loose in morals, free in thinking, strong in belief, parsimonious in precept, sometimes prodigal in practice, and above all, possessed of a marvellously clear and wise insight. He is the most modern of the revolutionary sires, though when he began work on a paper, the second in America, it was thought the field was too narrow to support two papers, and when he was writing the *Autobiography* he boasted that there were five and twenty.

Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies*<sup>3</sup> will also be welcomed in this series, for readers still delight to gather gems in "King's Treasuries," and wander in "Queen's Gardens," pleasant though narrow as they seem to those imbued with the current ideas of woman's prerogative.

The third Knickerbocker is *Songs of Fairyland*,<sup>4</sup> a good selection of short poems on fairies. The dainty dress and the pretty illustrations make this a real "nugget" of a book, and we of California ought to know a nugget when we see one.

**Fish and Game Laws.<sup>5</sup>**

We have in this little volume a very handy pocket compilation of the various portions of the code bearing on the protection of fish and game of all kinds within the limits of this State. Many hunters and sportsmen lay themselves liable to arrest simply from lack of knowledge. For instance, the belief among hunters in general is, that as long as they are not specially forbidden hunting on a man's grounds, they are perfectly free to do so, providing they do it at the proper season. In some of the counties this is true, but in quite a number the simple fact of entry on inclosed land for the purpose of hunting is very rightly a sufficient cause of arrest.

Special attention is called to an amendment (p. 20), whereby the placing of sawdust in any streams of the State is made a misdemeanor. There is probably no section of the Penal Code that is so regularly disregarded as that in regard to the protection of game, and this not only in places far away in the mountains, but in populous places where it ought to be

<sup>1</sup> Fifty Years on the Trail. By Harrington O'Reilly. New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by The Bancroft Co.

<sup>2</sup> Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. Edited with notes by John Bigelow. Knickerbocker Nuggets Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by The J. Dewing Company, and Strickland & Co.

<sup>3</sup> Sesame and Lilies. By John Ruskin. *Ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> Songs of Fairyland. Collected by Edward T. Mason *Ibid.*

<sup>5</sup> Fish and Game Laws of California. Fourth Edition. Compiled by S. P. Maslin. Published by authority of State Board of Fish Commissioners, Sacramento.

very easy to arrest and convict. And yet how many convictions does one hear of in a year? Quail are shot all the year around, does and fawns are shot and shipped, and bucks are shot out of season. Salmon are netted on the upper Sacramento out of season, and fish are killed with giant powder everywhere. The law is strict enough, but it is not known as it should be, and is hardly enforced at all. If this little volume could be in the hands of every sportsman, and hunter, and county sheriff in the State, it might make a great difference in the enforcing of the various provisions of the law therein.

#### Briefer Mention.

There is no social relation that has undergone more complete change in recent years than the relation of the husband to the wife, or, perhaps more properly, the relation of the wife to the husband. And it is in this direction that the advantage of the great number of State governments in the enactment of experimental legislation is most clearly seen. The agitation for a national law of marriage and divorce is merely an expression of a failure to perceive the change that is being wrought, and the advantage that results from the variety of laws on the subject. There is, however, a practical disadvantage, and this is being met by the publication of books of a popular character, setting forth the laws of the different States regulating the marriage relation. Miss Robinson's book<sup>1</sup> is one of the most convenient of these. It presents each phase of the law in separate chapters, and an abstract of statutes gives references by which the law of each State may be looked up separately. In these days of the discussion of the silver question and the various politico-financial problems, Mr. Platt's little book<sup>2</sup> will be welcomed. The various phases of the subject are discussed in an easy, readable manner, and though the views expressed are not new, they have the greater advantage of being reliable. The popularity of the book in this country would probably have been increased, however, had the author restrained somewhat his tendency to discursiveness and moral reflections. The advanced algebra<sup>3</sup> recently added to Appleton's mathematical series contains some new features. The author claims to have given unusual prominence to the subjects of factoring, radicals, and quadratics, but the treatment is not any more complete than is usual in the better class of text books recently published. The examples for practice are as numerous as could be wished, but they are well se-

lected for variety, and the explanations are generally clear and direct. The treatment of the doctrine of limits is placed earlier in the book than is usual, but it has advantages to commend it. It was true of Boston as it was of no other American city, that the history of the city was the history of the State during the colonial period. The story of Boston<sup>4</sup> therefore passes over much familiar ground, but it is enabled to stop by the way, and describe events and institutions that are passed over in histories with more ambitious scope. Mr. Gilman has made an interesting narrative of it, and the illustrations add to the value of the book, though too large a proportion of them represent the modern city. The lovers of birthday reference-books will find something novel in *Every Day Biography*.<sup>5</sup> It presents terse sketches of the famous personages of ancient and modern times, arranging them by their days of birth. The book is thoroughly indexed, however, and therefore valuable for reference, aside from its occasional quality. The sketches are good and reliable, and the field covered is more than usually wide. Howells's work lends itself readily to the culling of apothegms. He is so full of sharp comments, witty sayings, and sub-acid observations, that when they are collected they make quite a little volume. Howells is hardly likely to gain by having the collection made, however, for these things sound better in their original settings than separated. Those that know Howells will not need the book, and those that do not will hardly get a fair idea of his philosophy or his art from it. White and Allen are issuing on alternate months volumes of selections from *Blackwood's Magazine*, entitled *Tales from Blackwood*,<sup>7</sup> and *Travel, Adventure, and Sport*.<sup>8</sup> They are taken from the "Maga" for sixty years past. The selections are good, and are very pleasant reading. Especially amusing to Americans, judged in the serene wisdom given by events, are the sketches of Walker's expeditions to Nicaragua, of the Inland Sea of Japan, and the Escape of the Republican Exiles from Cayenne. The last, in Vol. III of *Travel, Adventure, and Sport*, was published in 1832, and is full of bitter comments on republicanism, as necessarily involving all the excesses of the French Revolution,—the exiles suffered, and are to be pitied, but then they

<sup>4</sup> The Story of Boston. By Arthur Gilman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Pierson & Robertson.

<sup>5</sup> Every Day Biography. By Amelia J. Calver. New York: Fowler & Wells Co., 1889. For sale in San Francisco by The Bancroft Company.

<sup>6</sup> Character and Comments from the novels of W. D. Howells. Selected by Minnie Macoun. Boston: 1889. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>7</sup> Tales from Blackwood. Issued bi-monthly. New York: White & Allen.

<sup>8</sup> Travel, Adventure, and Sport. From Blackwood's Magazine. *Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> The Law of Husband and Wife. By Lelia Josephine Robinson. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1890. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>2</sup> Money. By James Platt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Co.

<sup>3</sup> Numbers Universalized. By David M. Sensenig. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1889.



brought it on themselves because they were republicans. These things show how fast the world moves in these days, and carries us all with it.—The *Banquet of Palacios*<sup>1</sup> is a published play,—one point against it,—and it is published by its author,—*prima facie* condemnation. On reading it, much is found to blame; it is broad, disjointed, without rhyme or reason as to plot and incident. The one redeeming quality is its wit; there are many good points made, hits that the clever burlesque actor or soubrette would make tell to a variety theatre audience.—*Facing the Sphinx*<sup>2</sup> is another of the nonsense books that expound the modern gnostic mysticism of the Blavatsky-Olcott type. Here, however, there is perhaps even less of sense to be discovered than in most such books, and more that is repulsive. It invades all that is commonly held sacred with a degrading symbolism.—The articles on the different occupations contributed by Mr. George J. Manson to *St. Nicholas* have been with some additions gathered into a book, *Ready for Business*.<sup>3</sup> They are pleasant and practical talks with boys on the different occupations, pointing out the road necessary to success, and the reasonable expectation of a bright boy in each of them.—*Every Day Business*<sup>4</sup> is a compendium of the matters that every person should know, and yet that very many people don't know, about common commercial transactions. It deals with express and post office business, with drafts, checks, and notes, with insurance, taxes, and investments. Its information is practical, correct, and intelligible, and the book should be widely read.—*Life*<sup>5</sup> is one of those books of essays that appeal to the half-baked intellect as very deep and wise. It is full of solemn platitudes, and generalities that glitter with a mild and fishy luster. That it meets the wants of a large number of people, is shown by the fact that this and other books by the same author have run through many editions, both in America and England. It pleases the bucolic philosopher to be told that those that have distinguished themselves in all walks of life have invariably worked their way up from the lowest grades. It is not true, but he likes to think so, and to infer that all he has to do is to mount away till he reaches the top himself. Possibly it does him no

harm to cherish his delusion.—In this land of the mass-meeting a manual of parliamentary procedure becomes one of the necessities of life, and the man with the law of deliberative assemblies at his command becomes a power. It may be presumed, therefore, that Mr. Crocker's handbook<sup>6</sup> will find a ready welcome. It contains a clear statement of the various rules of parliamentary laws. The method of organizing assemblies, the various kinds of motions, questions of precedence, and in fact, all the points usually contained in such a manual, are discussed briefly. A full index in the back of the book renders reference easy, but there is a lack of tables from which the rules of procedure may be seen at a glance,—a good feature in several of the more recent books of this class. It is interesting to note that on the question of a quorum, which has so lately agitated the country, Mr. Crocker lays down the Massachusetts rule, which would sustain the Speaker's action.—The difficulties attending the study of mineralogy have prevented any practical knowledge of minerals from becoming popular. But there is one branch of the subject that may be popularly studied with profit and pleasure. This is the classification and characteristics of the precious stones. Though these stones are very generally used for jewelry and ornamentation, very little is known about them save by the specialist. It is to overcome this ignorance, and also to popularize certain stones eminently fitted for purposes of ornamentation, but now ignored by the jewelers, that Mr. Rothschild has prepared his book.<sup>7</sup> After describing the physical characters and optical properties of the precious stones in general, each characteristic is taken up separately and discussed. After this the principal precious stones, sixty-five in number, are described minutely. A table of the hardness and specific gravity of these stones is added for the benefit of those desiring to test them. The information contained is valuable to every person possessing or desiring to know about precious stones.—An echo of the last political campaign is *True or False Finance*.<sup>8</sup> Taking advantage of the prominence of the tariff discussion during that campaign, the author has gone back of the burning question, and has presented a discussion of the principles of national finances. It results from this that the book has a more permanent and general value than the ordinary campaign publications. The enormous figures used have generally deterred people from attempting to gain a scientific knowledge of the business aspect of

<sup>1</sup> *Banquet of Palacios*. A Comedy. By Charles Leonard Moore. Published by the Author. Philadelphia: 1889.

<sup>2</sup> *Facing the Sphinx*. By Marie L. Farrington. Published by the Author. San Francisco: 1889. For sale at 39 Merchants' Exchange.

<sup>3</sup> *Ready for Business*. By George J. Manson. New York: Fowler & Wells Company. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by the Bancroft Company.

<sup>4</sup> *Every Day Business*. By M. S. Emery. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1890. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>5</sup> *Life*. By James Platt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by The J. Dewing Company.

<sup>6</sup> *Principles of Procedure in Deliberative Bodies*. By George Glover Crocker. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889.

<sup>7</sup> *A Handbook of Precious Metals*. By M. D. Rothschild. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by The J. Dewing Company.

<sup>8</sup> *True or False Finance*. By a Tax Payer. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

government, but in this simplified statement of the principles that should govern taxation, all may acquire that insight into the subject necessary for any intelligent action as a citizen. The tariff discussion necessarily forms a part of the subject matter, but the usual partisan arguments are avoided. —“An impartial discussion of some of the wrongs and rights of capital and labor, together with an analysis of industrial depression as related to the present railway system; also a glance at coöperative profit-sharing, an analysis of Henry George's land fallacies, with thoughts on socialism and the future of labor, containing notes and tables on the social condition of the people.” Such is the very comprehensive sub-title of a small paper-covered book of scarcely two hundred pages. These pages, however, are as well filled with facts as the sub-title is

with words. The author has read widely in reports not generally accessible or attractive to the public, and presents his conclusions well. He announces himself as a believer in the Spencerian theory of government, but his arguments are not always consistent with this point of view. There is a healthy tone throughout, however, and this presentation of facts may be offered as an antidote for the socialistic and nationalistic theorizing so much indulged in of late. —A new collection of *Hymns and Tunes*<sup>2</sup> selected by Mr. Fairbank is certain to contain those which are considered newest and best. A large number have been taken from recent English publications, and many are original. The object has been to furnish a good variety of tunes for use in devotional exercises, in schools and other institutions where the young are gathered together.

<sup>1</sup> *The Struggle for Bread*. By Leigh H. Irvine. Oakland: The Morning Times Company. 1889.

<sup>2</sup> *Hymn and Tune Book for Schools and Colleges*. By H. W. Fairbank. S. R. Winchell & Co. Chicago: 1889.



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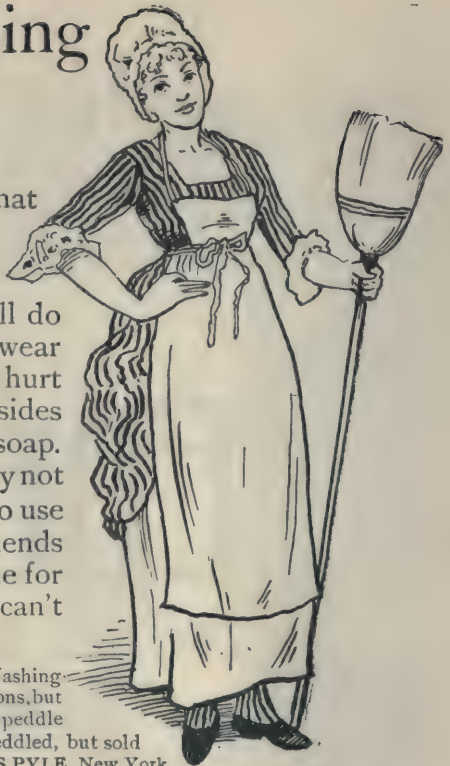
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**TOILET.**—Recipes and hints for care of hands, face, teeth, eyes, hair, etc., color and harmony in dress, etc.

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**CHILDREN'S CORNER** sparkles with interesting sketches and splendid stories for wide-awake boys and girls, while an opportunity is given to develop their mental powers by solving puzzles, charades, enigmas, etc., for which prizes are offered.

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The Home of Gen. Bidwell,  
The Garden Spot of the State,  
Who Has Not Heard of It?



1000 Acres of this Famous Rancho have been subdivided into

5, 10 and 20 Acre Tracts,

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Suburban Lots 90 x 200 Feet,

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## CHICO \* VECINO.

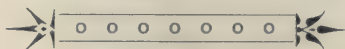


400 Acres of this Tract are now on the Market, and are meeting  
with ready sale.

Read the inducements we offer outside of the fact that we have the best  
land in the State.

**COME AND BE CONVINCED.**

**5 ACRES** in a Choice Location in Chico Vecino will be given the Purchaser who buys Property therein and builds thereon the Handsomest Residence, to be completed on or before January 1st, 1891, said Residence to cost not less than \$3,000.



**PRICE.**

The price on acre property will be from \$200 to \$300 per acre. Lots from \$150 to \$350 each, a few fronting on the Esplanade from \$400 to \$600. The lots contain 18,000 square feet, more than double the area of the ordinary town lot. Each block has an Alley 15 feet wide.

When you consider the size of these lots, and the distance from the State Normal School and Postoffice, you will readily see that these prices are extremely low, and cannot be duplicated within the same distance in any other direction.



**TERMS.**

20 per cent. of the purchase price down on all sales, and \$10 per month per acre on acre property, and \$10 per month on lots, thereafter until paid. 6 per cent. interest on deferred payments and 5 per cent. discount for cash.

On these easy terms, there is no reason why every man of moderate means in the country cannot have a home.

A home in a favored locality like this, and on these easy terms, will not always remain open in this vicinity.

Just think of it! Every laboring man in the country has an opportunity to buy a home and pay for it out of his monthly earnings. Quit paying rent and grasp this splendid offer before it is too late.



**TITLE.**

The title to this land is absolutely perfect, it being direct from the Government of the U. S. to Gen. Bidwell.

There is no mortgage or claim of any description whatever against this valuable piece of Real Estate.

The shrewd purchaser will appreciate this. The state of the title is his first question, and a clean title his maxim.

A prohibitory clause against the manufacture or sale of intoxicants will be a condition precedent in every conveyance or certificate of sale.



**CHICO VECINO.**

The name implies "neighbor or vicinity," and it is a neighbor to Chico, being separated therefrom by Chico Creek and Gen. Bidwell's private residence and grounds.

Chico Vecino is bounded on the north by Lindo Channel and Lindo Avenue. This



## *Rancho del Arrocho Chico—Continued.*

Avenue is 100 feet wide, and conforms to the meanderings of this beautiful Channel, with its timbered banks gracefully festooned with wild grapevines.

Through the center of this tract is a main Alameda 165 ft. wide, known as the Esplanade,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles long, and divided into three drives, lined on either side with stately shade trees, some of which are 20 inches in diameter. All the other avenues are 80 feet wide, and surveyed in such shape that each tract is bounded on all sides by an avenue.

The soil, without exception, is equal if not superior to any in the State of California.

Olives, figs, pomegranates, English walnuts, almonds, pecans, grapes, apples, peaches, pears, plums, prunes, and apricots have been successfully cultivated here without irrigation.



### Read and Reflect.

Chico is the Queen City of the North.

Chico is the largest city in Butte county.

Chico is 95 miles from Sacramento, the capital of the State.

Chico is 186 miles north of San Francisco.

Chico has a railroad and a survey for another.

Chico has six daily trains.

Chico is on the through overland, via the Northern Pacific.

Chico has a State Normal School.

Chico has a High School.

Chico has 1000 pupils enrolled.

Chico has seven Churches.

Chico has two Banks.

Chico has a 225 bbl. Roller Flour Mill.

Chico has a Fruit Cannery, that employs 300 hands during the fruit season.

Chico has the finest city water in the State,

supplied by two pumps of 2,000,000 gallons capacity every 24 hours.

Chico has a V flume that taps a sugar pine timber belt of such vast magnitude that she could build a house on every 40 acres in the State and have much lumber left.

Chico has three Planing Mills.

Chico has a Furniture Factory.

Chico has a Match Factory.

Chico has a Foundry.

Chico makes Plows and Traction Engines.

Chico has a Steam Laundry.

Chico has fine Gas Works.

Chico has Street and Commercial Electric Lights.

Chico has an \$80,000 Hotel, fully equipped, the finest caravansary in the State north of Sacramento.

Chico has splendid Brick Business Blocks.

Chico has thousands of square feet of Cement Sidewalks.

Chico has expended a half million dollars in the last year on improvements.

Chico has Palm Trees 20 feet high.

Chico has a Board of Trade.



### SEVEN NEGATIVES.

Chico has no malaria.

Chico has no pest house.

Chico has no defaulters.

Chico has no debt.

Chico has no boodlers.

Chico has no barnacles.

Chico has no "hoodoos."



### NONE NEEDED.

Chico wants no rings.

Chico wants no trusts.

*Rancho del Arroyo Chico—Continued.*

Chico wants no idlers.

Chico wants no drones.

Chico wants no bummers.

Chico wants no hold-ups.



**CHICO PROMISES MUCH.**

Chico promises to help men of push.

Chico promises sure returns for labor.

Chico promises large returns for capital.

Chico promises to elevate men of brains.

Chico promises competence to men of enterprise

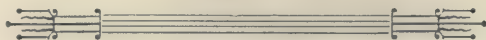
**DID YOU INVEST?**

Did you invest in St. Paul, Minneapolis or Omaha fifteen years ago? CHICO VECINO offers the same opportunities now.

Did you invest in Denver five years ago? CHICO VECINO offers the same opportunities now.

Did you invest in Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane Falls or Los Angeles two years ago? CHICO VECINO offers the same opportunities now.

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*Parties sending from abroad will have our best judgment in the selection of Lots.*

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THE ONLY SOAP PREPARED BY A  
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over 20 years. This soap has no equal for the toilet or  
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scalp affections. Sold by druggists or sent by mail on re-  
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## HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

The following is taken from a letter written under date of July 1st, 1889, by Mrs. Ruth Berkley, a most charitable and Christian lady of Salem, Kansas

"In the early part of 1887 scrofula appeared on the head of my little grandchild, then only 18 months old. Shortly after breaking out it spread rapidly all over her body. The scabs on the sores would peel off on the slightest touch, and the odor that would arise would make the atmosphere of the room sickening and unbearable. The disease next attacked the eyes, and we feared she would lose her sight. Eminent physicians from the surrounding country were consulted, but could do nothing to relieve the little innocent, and gave it as their opinion, 'that the case was hopeless, and impossible to save the child's eyesight.' It was then we decided to try Swift's Specific (S. S. S.). That medicine at once made a speedy and complete cure. For more than a year past she has been as healthy as any child in the land."

Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) is a simple vegetable compound; contains no mercury, potash, or any sort of poison, and cures blood and skin diseases by forcing out the impurities, and at the same time builds up the general health of the patient. It is especially suitable for delicate children and ladies.

A treatise on blood and skin diseases, containing a full description of S. S. S., mailed free to those who will send in their address.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.

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**Tricopherous**

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# SOZODONT



## BEAUTY AND FRAGRANCE

Are communicated to the mouth by

# SOZODONT

which renders the Teeth pearly white, the Gums rosy, and the Breath sweet. By those who have used it, it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth without injuring the enamel.

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EXERCISER"** for home, school  
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the weakest to the strongest. Indorsed  
by Drs., parents, teachers, merchants,  
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suits and invalids. No floor room. Cir-  
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Yours in Health and Strength,  
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Is the finest and best preparation in the world for  
**Chapped Hands and Rough Skin.** Has the  
largest sale, gives better satisfaction than  
any other article. Beware of imitations claiming to be  
the same thing or just as good. Sold everywhere.

**1000** Silk Fringe Photo Cards, &c., 20 New Songs, 1  
pack Escort Cards, 1 pack Love Cards, 76 Rich &  
Racy Jokes, Tricks, Games and new sample book  
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full of fine draw-  
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just what you  
want; with it, as  
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Seeds**, over 600  
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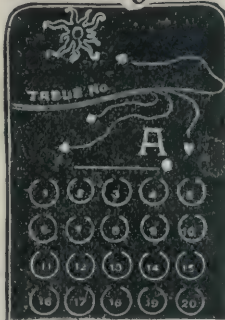
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entire surface of the bed forms one sheet of rich golden color;  
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All these, worth **60 cts.**, sent with **Guide** for only **40 cts.**  
They will delight you. Send at once, and tell your friends to  
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upon a card. It does  
away with the annoying in-  
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**PROGRESSIVE GAME CHART  
AGENCY, Room 88,  
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AD. 1889.

## DO YOU KNOW THAT THE Egyptian Lotus

Or the Sacred Lotus of India, China and Japan; grown in Egypt in most ancient times; mentioned by Pythagoras and Herodotus; renowned in architecture and art; do you know this most venerable and beautiful plant, though coming from Oriental countries, is

### HARDY IN THE UNITED STATES?

*Nelumbium speciosum* is its botanical name, and it far surpasses in beauty of flower and ease of culture its American relative, *Nelumbium luteum*.

## Rare Water-Lilies.

HEADQUARTERS FOR AQUATIC PLANTS.

Nelumbiums in variety; red Water-Lilies from India, blue from Egypt, purple from Zanzibar, white from many countries; the hardy pink Water-Lily; new hardy yellow Water-Lily (superior to *N. flava*); new blue Water-Hyacinth. All easily cultivated, and becoming increasingly popular.

Our **Colored Plate** of the **Egyptian Lotus** (14x21 inches) shows the flower of actual size, drawn and colored from nature. Our **New Illustrated Catalogue** is the only work on water-gardening published.

It contains directions for culture, and full information, with prices of plants.

Catalogue with Colored Plate sent on receipt of ten cents. Catalogue without plate sent Free to those mentioning the **OVERLAND MONTHLY**.

N. B.—I have recently established an aquatic garden near Los Angeles, where the Tropical Water-Lilies have been fully tested and found to flourish in great perfection, remaining in the open air the entire year. During the winter and early spring I will give my personal attention to business at this point, filling orders with California grown plants.

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## THE GREAT FOOD MEDICINAL



HIS ORIGINAL AND WORLD RENOWNED DIETETIC PREPARATION is a Substance of UNRIVALLED PURITY and MEDICINAL WORTH. A solid extract derived by a new process from very superior growths of Wheat—nothing more.

IT HAS JUSTLY ACQUIRED THE REPUTATION OF BEING

### A STANDARD DIETETIC PREPARATION,

And has been recommended and certified to by a large number of Chemists and Physicians, representing a very high degree of medical science, as

#### THE SALVATOR FOR INVALIDS AND THE AGED, A SUPERIOR NUTRITIVE IN CONTINUED FEVERS,

AND A RELIABLE REMEDIAL AGENT in all DISEASES of the STOMACH and INTESTINES, (often in instances of consultation over patients whose digestive organs were reduced to such a low and sensitive condition that the Granum was the only thing the stomach would tolerate when life seemed depending on its retention), and, while it is AN INCOMPARABLE ALIMENT FOR THE GROWTH AND PROTECTION OF INFANTS AND CHILDREN, we do not hesitate in saying, that no food for the nursing can at all compare with a healthy mother's yield of milk; when, however, the mother's milk is insufficient, either in quantity or in nutritive substance—the IMPERIAL GRANUM is, as has been proved in thousands of cases,

#### THE SAFEST FOOD.

Unlike those preparations made from animal or vinous matter, which are liable to stimulate the brain and irritate the digestive organs, it embraces in its elementary composition THAT WHICH MAKES STRONG BONE AND MUSCLE, THAT WHICH MAKES GOOD FLESH AND BLOOD, THAT WHICH IS EASY OF DIGESTION, NEVER CONSTIPATING, THAT WHICH IS KIND AND FRIENDLY TO THE BRAIN, and THAT WHICH ACTS AS A PREVENTIVE OF THOSE INTESTINAL DISORDERS INCIDENTAL TO CHILDHOOD. And while it would be difficult to conceive of anything in food or dessert more creamy and delicious, or more nourishing and strengthening as an aliment in

**Fevers, Pulmonary Complaints, Gastritis, Dyspepsia and General Debility,**

Its rare medicinal excellence in all intestinal diseases, especially in

**CHOLERA, DYSENTERY, CHRONIC DIARRHŒA and CHOLERA INFANTUM**  
**HAS BEEN INCONTESTABLY PROVEN.**

**Sold by Druggists.**

**JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.**



# A Few Points for those who take Magazines.

---

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY, established twenty-two years ago, has grown with the growth of the State, and has won a national reputation for itself and its writers. Bret Harte named THE OVERLAND. He explained with admirable foresight that the highways across the Continent mean inevitable change and growth, new cities and colonies, and greater industries. The name "OVERLAND," struck home to the most important fact of that decade, and crystallized it into historical expression. It is now known far more widely than many magazines of greater circulation. Letters and subscriptions come to it from all parts of the world, and journals such as the *London Athenæum* speak of it as "one of the best known and greatest of American Magazines."

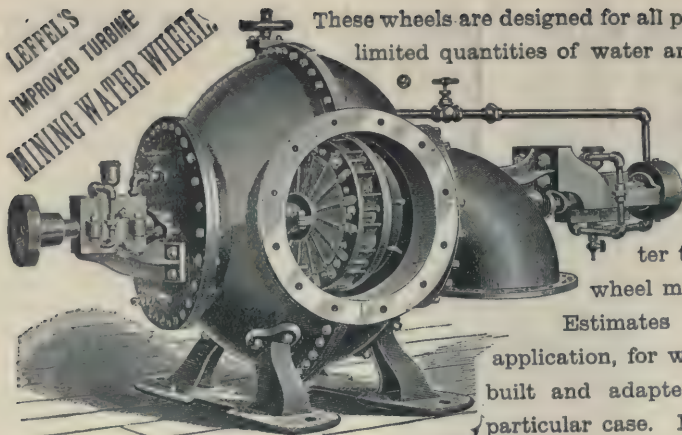
Another point of its success is in the famous grizzly bear cover. The leather-colored paper used was adopted by THE OVERLAND before the *Atlantic* took a somewhat similar shade of cover, and has always been manufactured expressly for the magazine. Concerning the bear, Bret Harte wrote: "He is honest withal. Take him, if you please, as the symbol of local primitive barbarism. In his placid moments he has a stupid, good-natured, gray tranquillity like that of the hills in mid-summer. I am satisfied that his unpleasant habit of scalping with his forepaw is the result of contact with the degraded aborigine, and the effect of bad example on the untutored ursine mind." "Fifty years hence, and he will be extinct as the Dodo or the Dinorix." The *Springfield Republican* lately said that the old *Atlantic* design, the John Winthrop head, and THE OVERLAND MONTHLY bear, were the two best magazine designs in America.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY studies and describes the history, resources, literature and peculiarities of the whole region west of the Missouri. It is the most characteristic western magazine ever published. Wherever the magazine goes, it illustrates and describes the Pacific Coast. It brings settlers here; it tells the world of the resources of the western half of the continent. Whoever wishes to study the far West, the Pacific Coast and the shores of the Pacific, must read THE OVERLAND. Home-seekers and investors read it. Lovers of new and fresh literature find nothing better than THE OVERLAND. Its great support is found at home, but its circulation throughout the United States and in Europe is of itself sufficient to support a magazine. The practical articles, recognized by all business men as greatly advantageous to the community, are yet of far less value than the articles which are the expression of the human interests. Under a new environment, the literature of the Pacific Coast must be measured by high standards, and it must conform to the principles of true literary art. The effort of THE OVERLAND is to bring together the very best work possible, believing that our friends and readers, in California and elsewhere, demand the very best, and will take nothing less. So far the results have justified our confidence. In the long run no other method can succeed. We propose to have the best work attainable; to make the best magazine that can possibly be produced with the means at our command.

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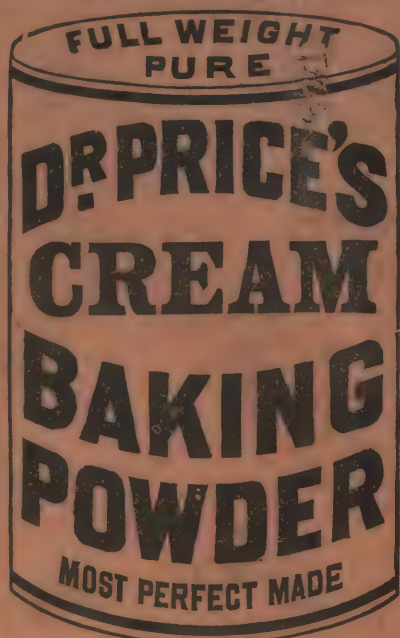
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APRIL, 1890.



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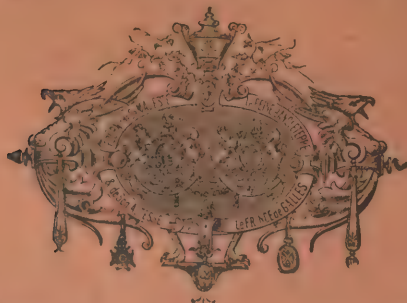
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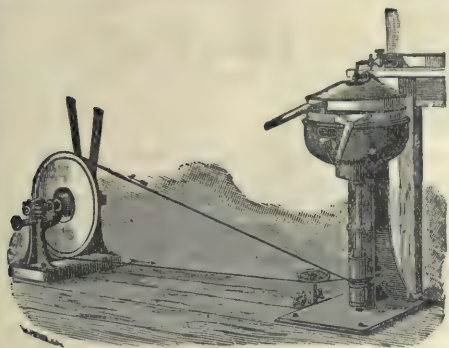
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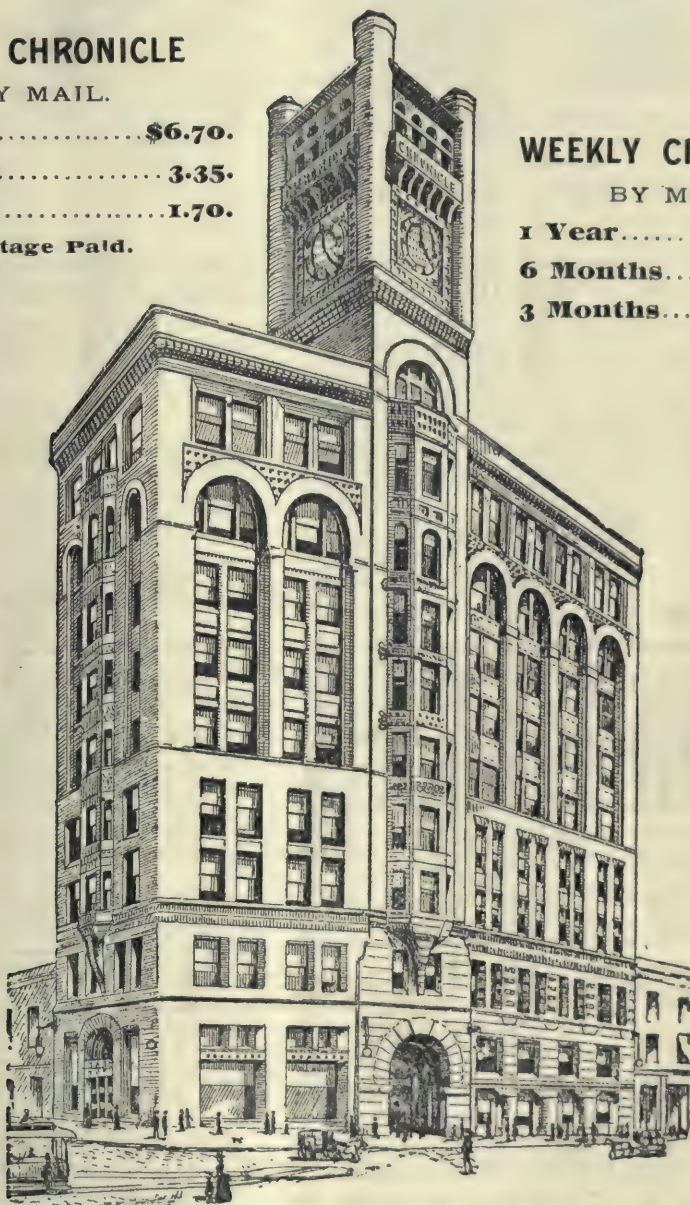
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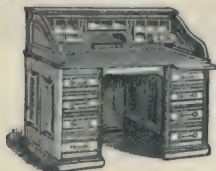
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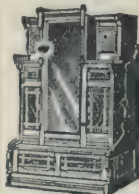
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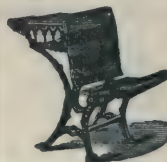
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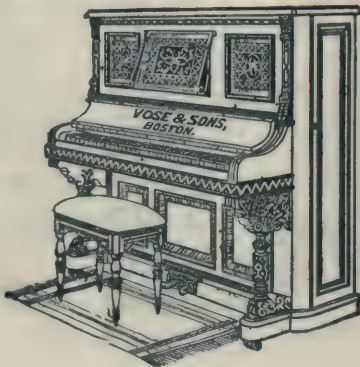
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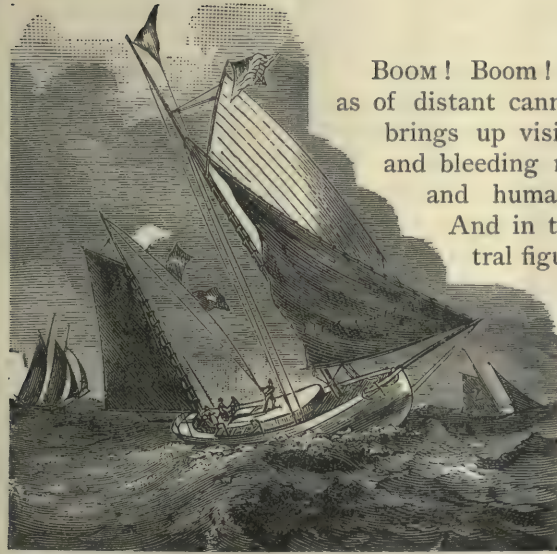
VOL. XV. (SECOND SERIES.)—APRIL, 1890.—No. 88.

## DRIFTING ON THE BAY.

### I.

BOOM! Boom! The hollow reverberating sound as of distant cannon mingles with my dreams, and brings up visions of battle fields, of struggling and bleeding men, of rushing horses, of nature and humanity massed in horrid confusion.

And in the midst of this strife I am a central figure; around me revolves this vivid, moving tragedy. I am hurrying to and fro, performing prodigies of valor, encouraging, planning, executing. The sound of rushing waters, the rustling as of trees swayed by boisterous winds, the battle scenes fade away, and I am in the forest. I am with the Banished Duke and all his train. I philosophize with Jacques, I sigh



with Orlando, I flirt with Rosalind, for she is a woman and fickle.

Then, again, all becomes confusion, and I am assailed by a variety of novel and incomprehensible sensations. I am conscious of a continuous swash, swash, that thrills through me as a mild electric current, a gently swaying motion, a persistent pattering that increases in intensity, then dies away only to come again; a splashing noise followed by a strange rubbing, scrubbing sound. Then another splash, and I feel drops of moisture on my face. I open my eyes, and dreamily wonder where I am. In the uncertain light I can but imperfectly distinguish my surroundings. I am lying upon some sort of couch, with the roof close above me, and about me are ill-defined and unfamiliar shapes. With drowsy indifference I close my eyes, and refuse the mental effort to realize my situation.

I am certain that I am not upon the field of battle, and that satisfies my indolent disposition. Nor am I in the Forest of Arden; but this realization is scarcely

so satisfactory. The Duke's court was a pleasant habitation, the company was pleasing, and Rosalind peculiarly gracious. I will sleep and try to return to this pleasant spot in the land of dreams.

But now new and distracting sensations assail me. The crisp, salt air fills my nostrils, and inspires me with an energy that banishes the delicious drowsiness. And mingled with the salt breeze is an odor that rouses me to full wakefulness. I do not recognize it, but it is appetizing, and I become conscious of a new and pleasing fact. I am hungry — I am more than hungry ; I am ravenous, and I must eat.

"You'll find your breakfast ready, if you want to turn out now, sir."

Is this another of those practical jokes in which my dreaming senses delight? Will the vision of breakfast fade away as did that of the gracious Rosalind; are my deeds of gustatorial valor to be as evanescent as were the martial triumphs of my dreams? No, that is certainly Kelly's weather-beaten but kindly face, that shuts out a part of the uncertain light which struggles into the cabin, and his face brings me back to the reality of my situation. I am on board the *Lola*, the little yacht that receives all his devotion, and in the bunk where he told me to "turn in" last evening — an act which I performed not without misgivings as to my ability to accomplish it successfully. I had never attempted to sleep in such confined quarters before, for I have never been a seafaring man, even in the yachting sense. But I was successful, and fell asleep thinking of the doctor's last words to me. I had consulted him regarding my condition of nervous prostration, and he had commenced his remarks with the usual harangue about not having come to see him earlier. Men were the worst patients he had, he assured me, for their vanity makes them slow to admit that they are ill, but when they do give up they are more helpless than a woman.

"What you need," he continued, "is to get out of your life. Go away somewhere, the farther the better, and leave your life behind you."

I asked him what method of suicide he would recommend.

"Nonsense," he replied. "Do you think your body, your physical existence, is your life? It is no such thing. Your life is outside of yourself; it inheres in your surroundings, it is in the people you are with, in the home where you reside, the office where you destroy yourself, the court-room where you destroy others. Leave your papers and your reports, give your clients a little time to recuperate their fortunes; try foreign travel, or rough it among the mountains."

Foreign travel! I should as soon think of death, and roughing it was even worse. A man who knows how to live cannot put up with discomforts. I went to my office, for I always could think better sitting at my desk than anywhere else, lit a cigar and thought. In the midst of my thought Kelly was ushered in. He had been a sailor all his life, until the inheritance of a little property made him comfortable for life. Then he built his little yacht, and settled down to pass the rest of his days cruising about in her. He looked upon himself as a client, and frequently came in to consult me on trivial matters, which assumed the greatest importance in his mind — a practice that I encouraged, for I enjoyed his company. I was glad to clear my ideas by expressing them in words.

"Now see here, Judge," said he, when he had grasped the situation, "you don't want to go to foreign parts. I've been there, and I know. I've knocked all about the world in my time, some pretty hard knocks, too, and there's no place like this. You take my medicine, and I'll bring you around in no time. Look at me; never knew what it was to be sick. You come with me, Judge, and



"I'll make you comfortable on board the *Lola*, God bless her, and in a week you won't know yourself."

Thus it happened that I awoke this morning amid unfamiliar surroundings. The rippling of the water against the boat, the pattering footsteps over my head, the scrubbing of the deck, had all been referred in my semi-consciousness to scenes that were far away in time and space. All this I realized as I hurriedly prepared for the morning meal that was waiting.

The sun was just lighting up the eastern sky, streaking the gray of dawn with white spears, as I came on deck. We were lying at anchor off the San Mateo coast, and the night breeze had died away, leaving the polished surface of the water a heavy leaden gray in its smoothness. There was an exhilaration in the crisp air that rendered all the senses peculiarly responsive to the surroundings. My soul expanded as I drew in great draughts, until it seemed to vibrate in harmony with all nature. I enjoyed acutely the brilliant colorings of the marsh, an emerald carpet spotted with browns and reds, such as no painter ever dared put upon his canvas, threaded with silvery lacings where the narrow streams wound in and out. Beyond, the eye rested with a satisfied sense of completeness on the green hills, velvety with the young grass, and shading down almost to a black in the cañons where the rich undergrowth showed only as a mass of color. Farther back, the purple outlines of the mountains rose, fringed with the sharply pointed redwoods. I watched the line of sunlight as it slowly crept down the hillsides until it reached the marsh, and then suddenly the sun threw a blaze of warm color over the scene, transforming all our surroundings with a rich glow.

The afternoon was well advanced when we weighed anchor and took our course still southward. We were bound for Alviso. The wind was light, and

we drifted lazily along, as if Nature were in sympathy with our indolent dispositions. I lay on the deck, smoking my pipe, and thinking of nothing; even the slightest mental activity would have been an effort. We were alone as completely as if we had been on the ocean. Far away to the north a sail appeared like a speck upon the horizon; here and there a gull sailed lightly through the air without movement of wings; on either side the hills rose with clear outlines, while the bay was slightly shivered with the ripples raised by the light breeze.

The sun was almost setting when we passed into the narrow channel through the marsh, and soon after we saw the first signs of humanity—a man lying asleep in a boat. He had evidently been fishing, and the slowness of the sport or the drowsy influence of the warm sun had lulled him to rest. As we passed Kelly called my attention to him.

"He's a queer one, he is," he remarked. "He lives up here on a little island, and never sees anybody if he can help it. Gets his living from fish and birds, and don't go to town once a month. Was a merchant once, and rich; and he was a good one too, always helping everybody. But his partner swindled him, took his money, ran away with his wife, and left three little children that died



soon. So this fellow said there was n't no good in nobody, and came down here, and here he's been ever since. Some folks has hard luck."

The boat and its sleeping occupant were still in sight when we drew up alongside of a primitive landing, where a roughly built house furnished a home for an apparently limitless band of small children, who were playing on the shore as we approached, but scattered in hasty confusion when they saw us. They ran into the house, but no adults appeared on the scene, and I fell to wondering whether these children had "just growed" like Topsy, and were living there without parents or guardians, as specimens of the limitless possibilities of the soil and the "glorious climate."

I declined to accompany Kelly to the town, for like my sleeping friend, I had begun to feel that there "was n't no good in nobody," and I had no desire to mix again with my fellow men. I had lived for one day the life that he lived year in and year out, and I was envious of him. Through trials and sufferings he had arrived at the secret of true happiness. The sympathy that he looked for in vain among his fellow men, he had found in nature. He had brushed aside the strife and conflict of the world, and had retained only the sweeter part of life. Humanity might continue its mad race for power and wealth, he would sit calmly by, undisturbed by their passions and ambitions; mankind might reach for the unattainable, he would be satisfied with the attainable, the happiness that came but for the asking.

In the midst of my reverie I

noticed a pair of large black eyes peering at me curiously from around one of the corners of the house, but knowing the timidity common to wild children and wild animals, I continued to smoke my pipe in apparent unconsciousness of any intruder. Soon I was rewarded by seeing an urchin of about ten emerge from cover, and slowly and shyly approach the boat. He was dressed in fragments of garments, barefooted and bareheaded, unless the thick tangled mat of black hair could be called a covering. When he seemed to be sufficiently at his ease for flight to be improbable I ventured to say good day to him. A nervous laugh was my only reply, followed by a series of giggles from the house, showing that this was merely an *avant courier*.

"Is that man in the boat your father?" I inquired, reverting to the question that had worried me before, and considering this the safest way to introduce the subject.

An emphatic shake of the head and another little laugh, followed by the chorus from the house.

"Where is your father?"

A nod of his head in the direction of the town, and the one word, "Yonder."

He had found his voice at last, and I soon had him engaged in conversation, during which the chorus emerged from

the house in varied costumes, the chief common characteristics being scantiness and dirt.

They all had the same large black eyes, brown faces, and irrepressible black hair. I finally brought the conversation around to the man in the boat. Yes, they



THE LANDING.



knew him, but did not like him. The spokesman remembered when he had come to live on the island, ever so long ago, and volunteered to tell me his story.

"He uster live in a big place up the bay, lots bigger 'n Alviso, an' he killed a man, an' had a big fight, an' had knives, an' pistols, an' guns, an' he shot him, an' cut him up, an' the people told him he must go 'way, an' he said no, an' they driv him out, an' so he came here, an' built hisself a house on the island, an' he sleeps in his boat all day, an' he talks to the devil in the night, an' he's an

tole us all 'bout him. No," in answer to a question, "we ain't 'fraid of him, 'cause he wouldn't hurt us. Hello, there's Jim. You know Jim?"

I was obliged to admit the misfortune of not being numbered among Jim's acquaintances, but it was not long before I was favored in this manner. Jim was coming down in a small sailboat, and at sight of a strange craft he immediately stopped and hailed me.

"Howdy, stranger? Ain't been in these parts much, have you? Thought not, 'cause I know everyone on the river"—the little arm of the bay in which we were lying was dignified by this title—"an' I never seen you afore. Curis cuss that, over there," with a nod of the head toward the still sleeping fisherman.

"Curious, eh? What's the matter with him?"

"Well, he's curis. He's been on the river here 'bout two year, an' nobody knows him, an' nobody don't want ter. He's curis. Jest fishes, an' sleeps, an' hunts, an' never passes the time o' day with nobody. I seen a man as knew him when he was a boy up Frisco way, an' he was a wild un. Threw money 'round lively when he was drinking, but awful clost most times. Mean, he was; wouldn't help nobody if he could help it. Hed some sort of a love scrape, an' the girl would n't have him; said she couldn't marry no drinking man, an' that soured him, an' he come down here, an' I guess he won't never go back. Married? No, he never got married. Jest liked that one girl, an' she went back on him. Well, so long. See you again if you stay on the river long."

As Kelly returned with his purchases, and we sailed down the "river" into the bay, I mused on the unreliability of history. The sleeping man was evidently a favorite among the yarn spinners of the neighborhood, and exercised an unconscious though powerful influence in developing the imaginative faculties of the natives.



awful bad man." All this with one breath, and with an evident appreciation of the dramatic effect of the details.

"How did you find out about him?"

"Man came down here shooting; had a jim dandy gun, an' fancy fixin's, an' had little boxes he put inter his gun, an' wore 'em round his waist, and he says he knew him up in the big town, an' he

## II.

"The sun now rose upon the right ;  
Over the hills came he,  
Still hid in mist, and on the left,  
Went down into the sea."

THUS I mused, paraphrasing Coleridge as we turned northward on the morning of the third day. We had drifted about the lower end of the bay, avoiding human habitation, sleeping, eating and smoking, but now we are headed for the world. We shall see the life and bustle of civilization, but still as spectators. A fresh breeze is blowing, and the *Lola* skims through the water, throwing it up on either side. The blood that has been sluggish for two or three days courses through our veins, and wakens us to new life and energy. The birds fly over our heads and around us with a joyous sense of freedom, swooping down now and again for a fish or some floating object, and rising again to wheel in increasing circles over our heads.

We pass well over on the Oakland side, leaving the Point on our right as we head toward the city in order to pass Goat Island. We pass close behind the Piedmont, crowded with her cargo of weary workers, and rouse ourselves to an excitement, waving our hats, an act of provincialism that secures no response from the dignified ferry. How potent are our surroundings in making us what we are ! Not a man on that ferry, however humble he might be should he consult me in my office, but felt a contempt for the disproportionately enthusiastic little tramp upon which he looked down from the deck of the ferry. Yet the superiority was with us, for were we not free while he was a slave, chafing at the restraint of his chains, going to pay the penalty of his bondage ?

As we passed the island, and came into the full play of the wind that swept in through the gate, we felt our

spirits rise again. Humanity might snub us, but nature was in a holiday humor, and ready to enter heartily into our sport. The bay began to be broken up into short, choppy waves, the *Lola* careened well over on the side, the water ran over her decks, and dashed against her sides ; behind us the trough of the sea deepened, and into it the water rushed with boisterous laughter. Every minute the *Lola* would dive into a wave, and a deluge of water would rush over the decks, and then she would shake herself and dash along again. The cabin was closed, everything was secure, and as sea after sea drenched us, we laughed and shouted back to the storm in our glee. After all, what sympathy is so deep and true as that of nature ? Wag on, old world, struggle and strive, I'll none of you ; hereafter nature is my mistress.

We pass under the lee of Angel Island, and as if by magic all is changed. The sea is quiet, the wind comes in uncertain and gentle gusts, the sails flap lazily, the boat rocks, and appears not to advance at all. Soon we pass the island, however, and a steady breeze carries us up the bay, past Red Rock, and the Two Brothers, the guardians of San Pablo Bay, and soon we have left the Bay of Saint Francis.

We pass well over by the Marin shore. Far to our right we see the little white spots marking the old town of San Pablo, behind us the red walls of San Quentin, and the San Rafael marshes. The old, with its sleepy content on one side, the new, with its reminder of crime and violence on the other. And just ahead we see a still older civilization, with its peculiar life preserved by its excessive conservatism from the influence of its surroundings. A little Chinese fishing village nestling behind the cliff, and looking like a bit of China transported to our shores, and set down before us unchanged and unchangeable, — their queer, dirty looking shanties planted





UNDER FULL SAIL.

directly upon the shore, their primitive kitchen, where a Chinese cook is preparing their simple meal of boiled rice, and pork stew flavored with the sweet Chinese cabbage. Just the same meal that they have eaten day after day since they were born, that their ancestors ate day after day before them.

Upon the water the fishermen are spreading their nets, with the clumsy

looking boats, with lateen sails, and long sweeps, or drawing in the nets filled with wriggling, shining fish destined to be dried upon the beach. The breeze blowing from the land tells us that the hauls of earlier days are drying there, and we gladly pass beyond the reach of that odor-laden breeze.

Across San Pablo Bay, through the Straits, passing Vallejo and Benicia, with

the navy yards and the old arsenal, past Martinez nestling among the hills, past the long lines of grain warehouses, and among the puffing river steamers; and then we turn into a narrow arm of the bay, where the wind soon leaves us, and we progress slowly propelled by the long sweeps. We are in the Suisun marshes, the home of the sportsman.

It is almost dark when we come in sight of a schooner lying at anchor, with a canvas awning raised over the deck. Across the water comes the sound of male voices singing to the accompaniment of a guitar,

"How can I bear to leave thee;  
One parting kiss I give thee,  
And then, whate'er befalls me,  
I go where honor calls me.  
Farewell! Farewell!  
My own true love  
Farewell! Farewell!  
My own true love."

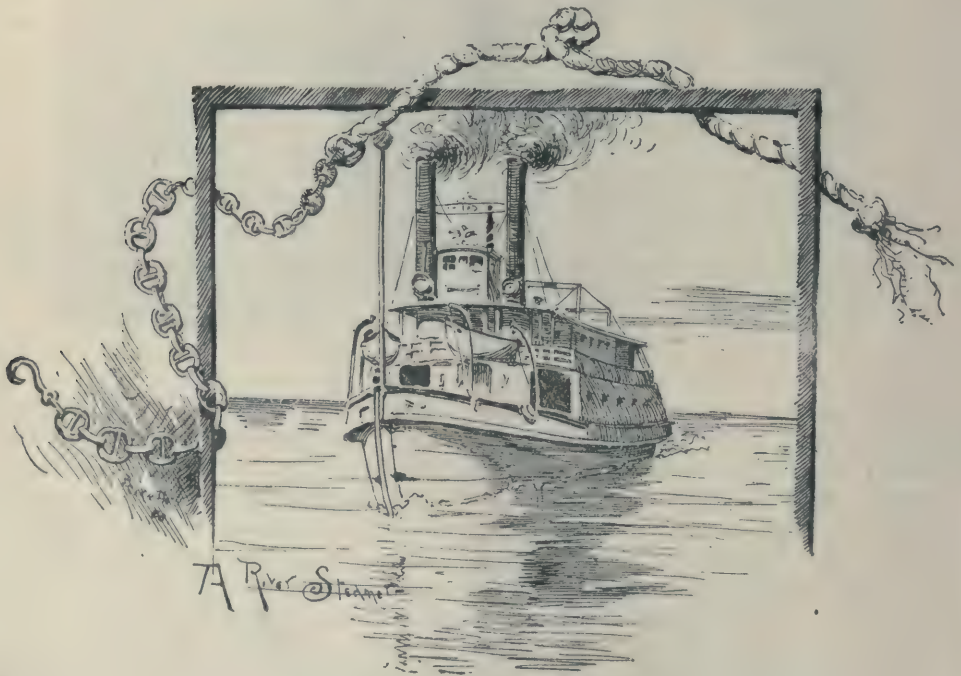
"Whitewing, ahoy!"

The singers appear upon deck, fol-

lowed by the captain, and in the rear is the face of the Japanese cook peering curiously at the new comers. We were soon made welcome, supper is served, and then pipes are produced, and the evening is passed with songs, stories, and smoke. The stories have a decidedly sporting flavor, for it is the Amelia Duck Shooting Club, and each member has any number of tall stories of his experiences with the gun. Kelly favors the company with an account of his experience hunting elephants in Africa while he was travelling, and is acknowledged to have distanced all competitors in the tallness of his story.

"Produce the boneyard. Let the evening exercises commence."

A dice box is produced, and the members proceed to settle in what pond each is to do his shooting in the morning, for there is some little choice in the ponds, and the arbitrament of chance is resorted to to prevent all dispute. The President pond fell to my lot, and as this was





always the closing performance of the evening, Kelly and I returned to the Lola, to dream of the success in the slaughter of ducks that awaited us in the morning.

It was still dark when Kelly aroused me in the morning. We went over to the Whitewing, and I was given a small flat boat and a long pole, and was directed how to reach my destination.

I poled my way along the narrow stream that wound in and out among the tules, until I reached an opening about one hundred yards in diameter. This was the President pond, where for that morning I was to be monarch of all I surveyed. I poled over to a point of land where a "blind" had been raised, hid the boat among the tules and tall grasses, and took my position, ready to perform deeds which should discount the stories of the evening before. What though I was not a sportsman; I would show them what a novice could do.

The day was just breaking; not a duck was in sight; not a sound disturbed the morning air. The solitude seemed to bear down upon me oppressively; the events of the last few days came trooping up before me. My experiences had all been so strange that it seemed unreal. Was the doctor right; had I in truth left my life behind me and passed into a new existence? Had I lost my former identity completely, or would I be able to return to it as easily as I had cast it off? Did I want to, in fact? Why should I not pass the rest of my days here, far from the mad striving of that restless idea called civilization?

And the memory of the sleeping philosopher came back to me. I had heard his story told with bewildering variety of details, but all agreed that he had retired from the world, and found in nature a solace for the disappointments of life. And which of us has not had more disappointments than successes to look back upon? Eternal striving for the unattainable; if we could not discount

success, and enjoy the pleasures of anticipation even while defeat stands ready to laugh at our discomfiture, how unendurable it would all be.

Yet last evening was a pleasant one. It was a relief, one of which I was but partly conscious, but still a real relief when I joined the singers and became one of their party. The dinner had an added flavor for the merry company that ate it with me; the pipe was the sweeter that its curling smoke mingled with the smoke of other pipes; the songs and stories warmed the heart, and gave a sense of completeness to life that could not come in solitude. Yes, social life has its recompenses, and if its sorrows are more acute, its pleasures are the more intense on that account. Solitude is a dull monotony that palls on one. Society has its beauties, which are none the less real because familiarity has dulled our appreciation of them. Strifeless existence is the dream of the indolent, the purposeless. Avaunt thou drowsy philosopher, sleep on through life, I'll none of thee! The world, with its exhilarating strife shall claim me once more. Again I shall feel the impulse —

"Boat ahoy!"

I looked up and saw another flat boat entering the pond from the narrow stream through which I had come.

"We thought you had managed to shoot yourself instead of the ducks. Do you know what time it is? It is high noon, and you were to be back at ten o'clock. Luncheon is awaiting you, and I am sent to round you in. What luck have you had?"

What luck had I had! The whole morning had passed, and I had not even raised my gun. Ducks had come and ducks had gone, but I drempt on forever. And this was the way I had shown what a novice might do! What need to dwell upon the scene that awaited me on my return; the unmerciful chaffing, the cruel manner in which I was shown the collection of one hundred and twen-

ty-eight ducks that represented the morning's shoot?

The afternoon sun was throwing the long shadows of the hills far over the water as we sailed past Port Costa and



ALONG THE SHORE.

into San Pablo Bay again. The breeze was fresh, and our little boat threw the water back on either side with a pleasant ripple. We were headed for home, my drifting was drawing to an end. Kelly was in a particularly good humor, and favored me with reminiscences of his seafaring days which strained my credulity; but I also was happy, and I listened without questioning. We were well out in the middle of the bay, and Kelly was in the midst of one of his most elaborate yarns, when the wind, which had been dying out for some time, left us entirely. We were becalmed, and might have to remain there all night.

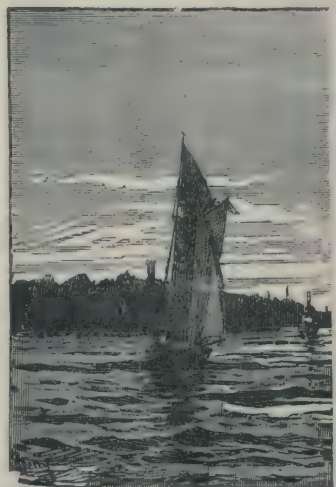
"The winds here are pow'rful uncertain," said Kelly, with small consolation. "It may freshen up again inside of the hour, and then again we may not have a capfull of wind all night."

I was in for it, so what good was it to be impatient. And yet I was. A delay is never so exasperating as when you are just in reach of your destination. I hungered for my office and my law papers; I was impatient to recommence work. But impatience could not help me, so I contented myself by watching the long-necked shags as they

sailed by like so many black things of evil omen. The gulls, those happy pirates, those lawyers of the bay, circled around until some floating object attracted them when a half dozen would swoop down, with shrill scoldings, and fight for the booty. What a despicable lack of *esprit de corps*! Even the lawyers respect members of their own profession. And how clumsy they are in their transitions from one element to another. They float gracefully through the water; they are things of beauty when they wing their way through the air; but when they rise from the water, they

are distinctly ungraceful; when they move along the shore they waddle. After all, their redeeming feature is their cheerful, unblushing mendacity.

The last light of day was in the western sky as we sailed by the city front, and I stepped ashore on the crowded, busy, bustling wharf. The wind had relented, and was blowing just enough to propel us with a lazy rocking motion. I walked through the almost deserted streets, for the business of the day was



A GLIMPSE OF HOME.



done, and wondered that the old sounds of life should be so unfamiliar. Sounds that I had never noticed before struck my ear with almost painful distinctness, the rattle of a distant carriage, the busy

hum of life, the glare of the electric lights — all seemed strange to me. Yet in spite of this I felt that these were my natural surroundings, and with a sense of satisfaction I knew that I was at home.

*H. Elton Smith.*



#### FURTHER RECORDS OF A FAMILY IN SPANISHTOWN.

MRS. HANCOCK's brother Juan is what I should call a horse-breaker, but Mrs. Hancock's sister-in-law began by speaking of him somewhat disrespectfully as a "hoss jockey." When she first called him that, the Spanish woman, who was as usual sitting by the three-cornered fire-place, smoking cigarettes, turned slowly and looked at the speaker with a greater show of interest on her face than I had ever seen there before.

"Clariss see," she said, "who is that name you go to call on to my brother?"

The English employed by Inez is not always strictly idiomatic, but it is usually intelligible.

Clarissy visibly braced herself for her reply. She scorned trying to hide the fact that she had spoken with some contempt. Inez puffed smoke and waited.

"I said a hoss jockey," she replied primly, "and I said what I meant."

"And is it," responded Inez, "that the hoss jockey is a person of honorableness in that place where you been to live in the formerly?"

At this moment Lemuel Hancock himself appeared in the open door. He had heard his wife's question. He had a queer look in his eyes as he glanced from one woman to the other. He smoothed his thin, sandy whiskers, and remarked in his good natured drawl, looking straight into the fire as he spoke:

"Jockeys, is it? Well, there aint any callin' much higher than to be one of them out in New England. They're the high mindedest folks there is. I wanted to be one myself, but father he could n't afford it."

Clarissy stared at her brother in speechless amazement. Mrs. Hancock, however, made a murmur of satisfaction at the explanation, leaned her head back, and watched the smoke curl away from her lips.

I, sitting in the obscure background with the terrier James, who was good enough to repose on my lap, watched, and listened, and wondered. Clarissy was so overcome by her brother's definition of a horse jockey that she rose

almost immediately and left the room.

Lemuel soon followed her. She afterward informed me that he found her on the veranda with the wash-tubs, and that he took hold of her arm,—“clined her arm” was what she said,—and told her if she “did not want to make a ’tarnal fool of herself, and git into hot water besides, she must mind what she said about Juan, for Juan was the one thing that Inez loved.”

It may not be out of place to say here that in Massachusetts if you describe a man as being a “jockey kind of a fellow,” you mean he is tricky and untruthful, like the low horse traders.

Without knowing this fact, Lemuel’s wife had felt the contempt in Clarissy’s tone. And yet, when Juan had taken off his hat to her with that deferential and admiring sweep of the arm which distinguished him, Clarissy had blushed. And she continued to blush whenever the horse-breaker addressed her in his musical, foreign voice. How did the lean, ugly looking, middle-aged man manage to convey so much homage by merely making a remark, or by merely looking at Clarissy Hancock? I used to watch him in perfect amazement.

I was not the only one who did watch him in the weeks that followed our meeting him that day we had started for La Patera in the pony cart. To judge from appearances he had taken up his abode at the old adobe in Spanishtown. He had brought two ponies for Lemuel to try. It did not appear that Lemuel ever tried them, but they remained in the long shed that served as a stable a few rods to the north of the house, and there I used to visit them with James, who careered madly about among the brush, and seemed to assert with all his powers that Santa Barbara was the only place on the face of the globe where life was really worth living.

On the occasions of these visits I would take bananas for the delectation of the ponies, and I would long for some one to

ask me to mount one of them, and ride off toward the mountains that were continually beckoning and beguiling.

It was in vain that I asked Clarissy to accompany me to the shed stables. She had two reasons for not going. One reason was that she “had n’t no interest in hosses any way”; and the other that she “did n’t think it was ladylike to keep running where there was a chance of meeting gentlemen.” By “gentlemen,” I understood that she meant Juan, whom she called whenever she mentioned him by name, “Mr. Hooarn.”

It was in vain for me to assure her that Juan had not the habit of being at the stables at the hour chosen by me. At last, however, I met him there. As I was giving my last banana to the calico pony, James gave a shrill bark of joy, and dashed forward, circling round the figure of the Spaniard, who gave me a salute that was almost a salaam.

Naturally we began conversation on ponies. Instead of asking me if I would like to ride, he asked me if I thought the Señorita Claris-see would like to ride. I asserted eagerly that I felt sure she would enjoy it above everything. She had ridden when a child; she would be so happy to renew that joy. I was basely enthusiastic, for it did not seem as if it would be possible that Clarissy should have one of those ponies and I not have the other.

Juan’s sallow face lighted up. He gave me to understand that it would be a heavenly time for him when he could escort the Señorita Claris-see and me out in the beautiful country. He said there were the mountains, the valley, the magnificent sea beaches. We could go everywhere. It should be his pleasure to take us. Could I persuade the Señorita? Was I perfectly sure it would give her happiness to go?

I restrained myself from telling him that the Señorita would be an idiot indeed if such things did not give her happiness. I flew back to the little room which was particularly ours, and which



was made dim by the one vine-covered window and the overhanging veranda. Clarissy was sitting very straight on her trunk, and was knitting upon an "open work" cotton stocking, intended for a niece who lived in the Hancock neighborhood in Massachusetts.

I related all that had passed between Juan and myself. A pink color spread over her face as she listened. She laid down her knitting, rose, and went with apparent unconsciousness to the bit of a mirror which hung near the window. She looked at herself a minute.

"It's all foolishness," she said, decisively, "for me to think of ridin' hoss-back agin now. 'Taint to be thought of."

My heart sank. She patted her hair a little and smiled. She turned toward me, and added, genially:

"But I guess we might as well go, if you'd just as lives."

The next morning there occurred the phenomenon of breakfast as early as ten o'clock, at which the whole family were present. The air that blew in through the vines was soft, and filled with the odor from a clump of roses that bloomed and climbed by the door. Of course the sun shone; of course the heavens were of that blue which can neither be painted nor described, but which is the sky above Santa Barbara.

Clarissy confided to me in a whisper that she thought Mr. Hooarn looked in better spirits than usual. He sat opposite us. He was freshly shaved; his sparse, grizzled moustache was waxed at the ends, and gave his mild, solemn face almost a belligerent aspect. He had a single bloom of cape jasmine in his buttonhole. The perfume from the glossy flower mingled with the rose odor, and the garlic and fried grease odor, making a combination quite unique.

When we were half through our meal, we experienced a shock of surprise, for through one of the always open doors

there sailed a figure in a tight-fitting riding dress of dark green, with a gray slouch hat and long plume.

It was some moments before I could believe my eyes, which told me that this newcomer, with the dark, suggestive face, was Mrs. Lemuel Hancock. There was the same indolent grace in her movements as she sat down at the table, and she partook of the meal with the same enormous appetite.

Her husband gazed at her in utter amazement.

"The land alive, Inez!" he exclaimed. "What be you up to now?"

She set down her coffee cup, and looked at him without smiling.

"I?" she said, "I am up to going to ride with Juan and with sister Claris-see, and with our friend," indicating me with a motion of her hand. "It will go to make me young again — the riding."

Nothing more was said by anyone while we were at the table. I saw Inez glance once at her brother, and, meeting his eyes, she smiled beautifully upon him. This was the first time I had seen a smile with any life in it upon her sluggish face.

Very soon the ponies were brought round. Clarissy blushed painfully, and nearly floundered off her horse when Juan put her up, but Inez mounted with perfect success from her husband's hand. Lemuel stood among the hounds on the veranda with his hands in his pockets, and watched the little cavalcade as it moved along between the old adobe houses out toward the way which led toward the shore. As for me, I did not care which way we should go. It was enough to be anywhere in a world so beautiful as this.

Juan and Clarissy went first, and Inez and I cantered on behind them, or wished that we might canter; for, owing to the fact that Miss Hancock had never previously ridden a horse, save for her father to plough their garden in Massachusetts, it was hard for her to adjust

herself immediately to a lope or a single-foot.

Perhaps Inez resented this ignorance on the part of her sister-in-law; or was it that she resented that solicitous care that almost seemed tenderness, with which Juan was trying to teach his companion to keep her seat and canter at one and the same time.

For some reason the Spanishwoman's face grew more and more thunderous. I did not dare to address her. She rode with the perfection with which a Spanish woman walks, and higher praise cannot be given.

It was not long before I forgot Inez and her brother and all else in the enjoyment given by passing through scenes so novel and so charming.

Picture to yourself that glittering bay of Santa Barbara on one hand, lying with blinding resplendence beneath the sun. Every breath of air that moves over it but makes it break into more jewel-like beauty. It is really a kind of channel, of, it may be, a score of miles in width. Between this channel and the Pacific are four islands, long, and so hilly that in themselves they are lovely objects, lying upon the bright water. The sound of the long rollers comes in deep music from the ocean, as your horses' feet strike rhythmic on the hard sand.

Another score of miles away is Rincon. I would like to gallop all that distance on one of these days, casting beach after beach behind me, making the long curves of these shores a race course for my gallant steed. When the tide is out, one may take this ride to Rincon. It was low now, and we started out on the first crescent of shore. Though the sunlight was here so brilliant, in the distant cañons there were deep and melancholy shades, almost as if those ravines longed for the golden glory that was like one all embracing mantle here in the valley and by the shore. An enchanted light was on the tops of the mountain peaks -- a

light strangely different from that in which we rode down near the water's edge. The hills near by were very green, for they bore on their summits thick growths of live oaks. There were cliffs of rich chrome; there were colors in the beaches, the trees, the mountains, the hills, the water, and the islands such as I had never dreamed of beholding in one scene. Here all this wealth of hues seemed as much a matter of course as the low tones to which I had been more accustomed in my home. And with all other tints there was the lush green of grass, and already the early spring was bringing out wild flowers in a profusion hitherto unknown to me. I, who was used to prowling about bare, brown fields in April, to find a shy anemone on some sunny slope, or the bolder saxifrage among the rocks of a pasture, -- I could hardly enough devour with my gaze the abundant riches which Nature flings about her in the blessed valley of Santa Barbara. I felt that the curling waves that broke on the yellow beaches would have amply satisfied my heart at this moment. I was conscious of that embarrassment of riches which comes so rarely in our poverty-stricken lives.

Some one touched my arm. Inez had ridden up close. She was not looking at me when I glanced at her; her eyes were fixed on the couple in front of us. We were walking our horses, because the lady in advance was evidently too much shaken by the cradle-like canter of her pony. She was leaning awkwardly forward. Juan was bending toward her, making some remark.

"You can see them too?" asked Inez.

I acknowledged that I could see them.

"And what opinion do you come to make in regard of them?" was the next inquiry.

I did not know what to say. I shook my head.

Mrs. Hancock's face was quite black with displeasure.

"Is it in the possibilittee that he can



love her — *her?* ” she exclaimed with so much contemptuous emphasis on the last pronoun that I shrank for Clarissy.

“Do you go for to call her a beau-tee in your countree?” was the next question.

I could not help smiling. It did not seem to me that in any country in the world, not even in the Hancock neighborhood, could Clarissy be called a beauty.

My companion correctly interpreted my smile.

She nodded at the woman in front, and pronounced the word “money” interrogatively.

“I know nothing about it,” I answered.

“Then Juan is bewitched,” she said, positively.

She turned away her head. We continued to ride slowly, although the couple ahead were now cantering off over the shining beach.

I was aware of a certain interest in the air. I continued furtively to watch Mrs. Hancock. It appeared to me that with every moment that passed, I could better understand why Lemuel had married this woman.

At last she brought her gaze back. Those mysterious, midnight eyes were more than ever soft, for they were full of tears. The red mouth quivered slightly. Her first remark was, however, entirely unexpected.

“You have always seemed to be bearing a likeness with the little dog, James,” she said.

“Indeed!” I responded.

“Yes,” she went on, coming nearer, and again putting her hand on my arm. “You have the sympathee; you be like the terrier; you also have the liking for me. Is it not true? Ah, I see with plainness!”

Yes, it was true. My face told her. I did like her. Just at this moment, I thought I loved her.

Her unwavering, velvety soft regard

was upon me, holding my own glance a happy prisoner. She all at once drew in her pony, and turned his head toward the bay, with a gesture for me to do the same. We sat facing the water, and the mountainous islands which formed the natural guard to this inlet.

Inez dropped the bridle and pressed her hands together, then suddenly bent her head and covered her face with them. I say suddenly, but her movements were very slow; she seemed unable to do anything rapidly.

After a while she raised her head.

We heard Clarissy’s terrier barking down the beach.

“Why should I not say to you what is in my heart?” she exclaimed.

With one hand gently and unconsciously stroking her pony’s ragged mane, Mrs. Hancock told how her brother had been all she had to love in the world; how he had been father and mother to her in her lonely childhood; how he had never loved any one else but her, and it was impossible for her to bear that he should love any one else. She would not bear it, either. It should not be. It was he who had advised her marriage with Lemuel, who had been desperate for her. Juan had said it was well for her to be the wife of a good man, but as for himself, he should never marry.

Inez went into many details of her past life; her sentences became more and more involved, and so filled with Spanish words that I could not be sure that I understood them. But it appeared that she related some love episodes in which her brother had acted the part of a guardian saviour.

Watching her face now, I wondered if this were the half-alive woman who sat at the table in the verandaed adobe, and ate so gluttonously of garlic and oil, and who appeared to find it too much exertion to do more than lean back in a Boston rocker and smoke everlasting cigarettes.

She sat upright in her saddle. She struck her hands together and cried out,

"And to lose him for a woman of wooden! She cannot be able for to know what a thing love is! She be naught but a stick, a stone, an ice! I am hating her! She was not likable to me at the very first. But now — yes — now I am hating her!"

The slumbering eyes burned. A deep red color mounted to her olive cheeks, and diffused itself over her face. She seemed to breathe with difficulty. The blood, which ordinarily only crept in her veins, threatened to work evil upon her in its hurried flow.

"It may be nothing but politeness," I said, trying to speak soothingly. But I need not have spoken, for she did not appear to hear me.

She was looking now toward the two figures that were growing smaller and smaller down the beach.

She took up the bridle from her pony's neck and shook it violently. The animal sprang forward and I after it. We went tearing along over the hard sand, a sweet salt wind in our faces, a small blue sky over our heads, and yonder the mountains which guard Santa Barbara, looking down with calm benevolence upon us, as if sorry that mortals should be so full of suffering.

We found that Clarissy was getting accustomed to the motion of her pony, and was beginning to enjoy her ride. There was a hint of animation in her pale eyes. She was now sitting with stiff uprightness in her saddle, not yielding to the movement of her horse in the least. Her cavalier was instructing, watching, and caring for her with a devotion quite marked.

Could it be possible that he was going to love her? I gazed at Clarissy Hancock with as much interest as if she had an occult power with which to fascinate a Spanish horse-breaker. What would her Aunt Jane say to Mr. Hooarn? How would that ceremonious and defer-

ential bow appear in Aunt Jane's kitchen?

Clarissy was surely ten years younger than Juan; she was very light in hair and skin and eyes; she was decisive and active, and effective. He was dark, and I was quite sure he was not what Yankees would call effective; it would not be surprising if he were what they would call "shiftless." Perhaps the law of opposites, of which romancers write so much, was taking effect upon these two persons.

That night when we had returned, and Clarissy and I were trying to remove the dust from our faces in the washtubs on our veranda, my companion, when she had reached the towel stage of her ablutions, remarked that to her mind Mr. Hooarn was about as p'lite a man as she had ever met. She said their minister at home had a very good way of taking off his hat, but that Mr. Hooarn beat him all holler. She also confided to me the fact that Mr. Hooarn had a kind of a way of treating her as if she were a queen or an empress. She said perhaps it was weak-minded in her to like that way, but she did like it, and she had never been treated that way before in her life. When Mr. Beal, who had been looking round for his second wife, had begun to shine up to her, he had n't no such kind of manners as this Spanish gentleman had. She had always been prejudiced against Spaniards before, and had s'posed they were sticking knives into each other a good deal, and bull fighting, but she was n't too old to learn different.

Before we went out on our daily excursions through the house to see if a meal was likely to be ready, Clarissy pinned a blue bow at her throat, and stood a great while at the glass which could not have reflected much, on account of the darkness of the room.

The terrier James leaped about her in great agitation, as if aware of some change in her, but not knowing precisely what that change meant.



Of course the supper was not ready. It was not until after nine in the evening that we sat down to the table. As I looked across at our hostess, it was impossible to believe in the reality of that scene on the beach a few hours ago.

She had put on her bright flowered loose gown; she had the usual air of lazy negligence; she met my glance with the same indolent, inexpressive eyes, and she ate and drank as copiously as ever.

Opposite Clarissy sat her escort of the afternoon. He was silently attentive, and Clarissy, receiving those attentions with a kind of tremulous satisfaction, had never so nearly approached being interesting.

I looked as persistently as I dared at Juan's sallow, swarthy face, wondering what manner of man he was. Was his fancy really attracted to Lemuel's sister, or did he believe she would bring him some money? Or was he flirting? Impossible to believe the latter — as well think a bronze image of a man might flirt.

A horse-breaker is not very high in the social scale even in Spanishtown. But I found it impossible to believe Juan to be other than a gentleman. He had the dignity, the seriousness, and the impressiveness of an old Castilian. If he but passed the olives it was with an air as if the act might turn out an affair of state, and must be done with sufficient gravity.

"Would the Señorita Claris-see try some of this oil? Ah, she must reconsider her dislike of oil. To like oil was to increase the joys of life, and the Señorita — she should have all the joys of life."

Whereupon the Señorita blushed and murmured something unintelligible.

Juan managed English very much better than his sister, though he sometimes made curious mistakes.

In two weeks more the spring had come in a marvellous beauty. In those two months we had faithfully improved

the time, thanks to Juan, in making trips here and there about the country. How could one tell in which direction we found the most beauty, where all was beauty?

Lemuel gladly surrendered his duties of guide to his brother, and looked on in humorous surprise to see Inez always making one of the sight-seeing party.

He told her gallantly that she need not make this exertion that she might grow young. She was already young enough and charming enough for him.

To this speech she paid no attention, only waving her hand at him as she rode off beside me. She was my daily companion in all these little journeys. We saw the increasing attentions paid by Juan to Miss Hancock, and the fluttering, pleased interest they excited. Whatever might be Juan's feeling toward the lady, it was evident enough that she was fast approaching that state of mind which is called "being in love."

Notwithstanding all these appearances, Inez did not in these rides again appear to notice the relations between her brother and her sister-in-law. We rode behind them, and her face maintained its languid calm. I did not once see her eyes flash. Naturally, I came to think that the outbreak I had witnessed was but a short-lived tempest, that had left peace behind it.

The only circumstance that made me in any degree suspicious was the fact that I often saw Lemuel looking at his wife with an anxious and questioning gaze, as if he wondered what were her thoughts.

As for Clarissy, at thirty-five she was having her first romance, and living guilelessly in it. She used to tell me that Mr. Hooarn had not spoken yet, but every day he "about the same as spoke," her words evidently having reference to an offer of marriage.

She had learned to ride with tolerable skill; she was interested in everything, even in the extremely uninteresting

boy who was her nephew, and who was always present, but who hardly impressed one more than a nonentity would have done.

But she ceased to have that keen wish to know when a "meal of victuals," as she called it, would be served, and I was often obliged to make my excursions to the kitchen alone, and to fry my captured chicken without any aid.

It was one time when we had come home from an excursion to Mission Cañon that the calm of the household was broken.

I had left Clarissy reposing on the bed in our room, while I sat outside the open window on the veranda.

I was thinking of the slow climb into the mountain range, of the glimpses of foothills, which seemed to make way here and there for flashes of the sea; of the prison-like walls of the cañon itself.

Incidentally, also, I was thinking of what Clarissy had told me, that Mr. Hooarn "had spoken," and she was engaged. She said she loved him, but that she had never intended to love an "outlandish man." However, she had always believed firmly that "love goes where it is sent." She looked very happy, and not so commonplace as usual.

As I dreamily recalled the incidents of the day I became aware that some one was speaking within the room.

It was Inez. This was the first time she had come to our room. Clarissy called my name, and I entered, to see our hostess standing by the bed whereon her sister-in-law was now but half reclining. She had evidently tried to rise, and had been pushed back.

Inez was standing in perfect quiet, but her eyes were like flames that are ready to leap forth. She did not seem to notice me in the least.

"And you love him?" she said, as I put my foot within the door-way.

Poor Clarissy was pale and bewildered and frightened. But she said that she loved him, and meant to make him a good wife.

Inez now stood with both hands pressed against her breast, gazing down through the dusk at the woman on the bed. She was breathing heavily, as she had done when she had spoken to me on this subject.

"Hear what I say," she almost whispered. "I—I also love him."

"But—but," stammered Clarissy, "of course you love him. He is your brother."

As she spoke thus, she again tried to rise, and was once more prevented.

"Hear what I say," said Inez again. "It is to speak the truth I come. You say Juan is my brother?"

Clarissy nodded.

"No! No! My lover! The man whom I have most loved in my whole life!"

Clarissy leaped up from the bed, and took hold of the shoulder of the woman before her. She swung her round to the faint light which came through the window.

"Are you lying?" she asked, sternly.

"The truth," said Inez, the fire in her eyes seeming a fire that would scorch.

"Does my brother know?"

"Never."

While Clarissy stood looking at her, Inez smiled as she added,

"Tell him, if you it suits to do so."

She walked to the door. The terrier leaped up and tried to kiss her hand.

She took the dog in her arms and let him lick her wrist.

It was plain she was unconscious that she did so.

"Will you marry him now?" she asked.

But Clarissy had turned away. She did not seem to hear the question. Mrs. Hancock left the room, still holding the terrier.

After that very bad quarter of an hour, I did not need much urging to decide me to leave with Clarissy. There was no steamer just then, but in two hours two women and a dog were journeying toward Buenaventura on their way toward San Francisco.



Clarissy did not see her brother. She left a note which boldly stated that circumstances had made her decide to start home immediately.

Before we had gone a hundred miles, I confided to my companion my belief

that Inez had lied when she had said that Juan was not her brother. But how explain the violence of her jealousy?

"If he is her brother?" said I, slowly,

watching Clarissy's face as I spoke, "he will come after you."

*Maria Louise Pool.*

### THE LESSON.

SANG my little bird to me

"Do be gay! O do be gay!"

Whispered once a flower to me

"Smile alway! O smile alway!"

But I heeded not their cry;

Joyless seemed the world to me;

And I said that Grief and I

Fated were to partners be.

Thus was wasted many an hour.

Grief, encouraged, found me out:

Never failed my daily dower —

Heart-sick Pain and vexing Doubt.

Yet all day my bird did cry

"Do be gay! O do be gay!"

Fragrant breathed the flow'ret's sigh,

"Smile alway! O smile alway!"

Till in half defiant mood,

For I thought they mocked my pain,

"Lo!" I cried, "It shall be proved.

You will find your words are vain."

Then at Pain I flung a laugh;

Schooled myself to smile at Doubt;

Came a cup of Grief to quaff,

Bravely said, "I've found *you* out."

What was this I learned at last?

Sorrow, flouted, would not stay.

Joy, neglectful of my past,

Came to bide with me alway.

*Augusta E. Towner.*

## IN A DIM RELIGIOUS LIGHT.

## I.

THE fire threw quite a glow about the little study. It was a pleasant light, this soft red glimmer; the winter twilight seemed so cold beside it.

The study walls were lined with books—theological books; for look you! this was the pastor's study,—his sanctum sanctorum,—his holy of holies, his inner temple. His papers ran sweet riot over table and floor, and Carolyn, the little wife, was forbidden, in mild but distinct oratory, to disturb anything. "It breaks the train of thought."

And now the fire-glow flooded the little room, and the pastor's face wore a placid expression of comfort. He was lying on the sofa, a slender young man. His wife sat on the floor beside him, her fair young head thrown back against the dark sofa side, her hands in her lap, and her eyes closed. She was young, very young. She had not graduated from college or seminary, had not read and digested Hodge's Systematic Theology, and the knowledge of her inferiority was weighing like lead upon her soul.

Across the room in the half shadow sat another young man. Another graduate, another digester of Hodge. In fact, another idol, and at his side sat his adoring genius, a sixteen-year-old girl, dark haired, dark eyed, with alas! the atmosphere of inferiority about her also. She sat with her eyes open, looking up at her *fiancé* as he tilted back in his arm-chair and gazed with a speculative eye at the ceiling.

There had been a pause. The clock had rung itself into the silence and was running against Time with a loud, aggressive tick.

"If you once begin to doubt, there's the end." The conversation was being pulled together again by the last loose threads.

"I would as lief hang on to Zoroaster with my whole soul, as cling to Christianity only because of my traditions. 'What have I to do with the sacredness of traditions, if I live wholly from within?' Ah, Kendall, that is the key-note. When we can scout public opinion, when we can live our lives without restrictions, when we can throw consistency to the winds, when we can live 'wholly from within,' then man will be divine,—I tell you he will be *divine*. 'With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. Speak what you think now in hard words, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words, though it contradict everything you said today.' Emerson, I salute thee! Thy spirit hath touched the inner light! Thy hand hath grasped the Truth."

Another pause. The young pastor on the sofa was blinking blandly at the ceiling. The young pastor in the chair was rallying from his effort and preparing for another onslaught. Carolyn leaned a little heavier against the sofa in a romantic attitude. Carolyn's attitudes were always romantic, Carrol said.

Kendall shifted his feet. "That is all right theoretically, but just try it practically. You would be miserably misunderstood. Look at —"

"Misunderstood! Of course you would be misunderstood. 'To be great is to be misunderstood,' "—interrupted Carrol, leaning forward and quoting Emerson.

"Yes, that's all well enough," said Kendall in his one-tone, and throwing his hair back from his forehead, "but



take a man with a position to uphold. I tell you it can't be done. Newman tried it. He saw it would n't work, and so he veered off and took to Roman Catholicism. Do you suppose his inmost convictions led him to that issue? Not at all. I believe his liberalism took too pronounced a form to make his berth a soft one, and so he bound himself down with the fastest kind of conservatism, to insure him against any possible return of doubt, and went into the Roman church. I believe he saw the way the wind of public opinion was blowing, and got out of the typhoon. Lead, kindly Light,—of course that was the wide path, and he took it. Perhaps he thought 'all roads lead to Rome,' and took the nighest one to save future difficulty."

Outside, the boughs were rocking in the cutting winter wind. One branch, nearer the window than the rest, gave the pane a faint tap every time the blast bent it. It had a very drowsy effect, that tap, and the clock, and the fire, and the —

Carrol looked down with a careless half-glance that would have passed on, but paused involuntarily, and changed to a gaze of pity and amused interest. Josephine was asleep. He looked at her, and then at Kendall, and remarked, that evidently their conversation had been too much for the girls.

Kendall rose and shook himself together, and Carolyn went to Josephine and took her hand. She felt the atmosphere of disapproval was thickening fast, and might perhaps lead to a mild storm. At all events, she got Jo out of the range of the thunder.

The girls went slowly down stairs, some stray tears rolling silently down Josephine's warm cheeks. She knew she was to blame, but "It was *so* warm," she whispered, mildly.

"If you could only manage to be a little more observant of moods, dear," whispered Carolyn, soothingly.

Carrol came down the stairs, singing

"Marie" in his mellow tenor. His voice was Josephine's continual delight, for poor Jo was musical. Carrol was glad she was musical. She certainly was n't intellectual. She was a dear little thing and all that, but — Pshaw! what did it matter? He was beyond the necessity of depending on outside influence for his content, and — she loved him. Yes, there was no doubt she loved him quite devotedly, poor little thing. How rapidly he was developing mentally. He felt certain lacks so much more keenly now than some months ago; at least he had been less alive to them then, — he would put it negatively. But, after all, what a trivial matter life is, and taking happiness for the *summum bonum*, — "No, Jo, I can't sing. I'm not in the mood. No, I'm not in the least particle angry. Why should I be? O, because you fell asleep? Why, how foolish that is, to be sure. I understand it perfectly, my dear. The conversation did n't interest you; not strange at all, and Kendall's and my fault for not remembering to fit our discussions to your comprehensive capacity. Never mind. Play me something, Jo. I like to lie off and listen in the half dark."

So she played, and he listened in the half dark to Chopin, to Schumann, and to stray bits from Grieg and Jensen.

The days were very cold. The parsonage front windows looked out on bare fields, that caught the frost and held it fast in uneven, frowsy undergrowth until far into the day; upon clustered trees, that, bent and rugged, hardened into a misshapen insensibility by the relentless years, still stood against the storm like old companions; and upon a faint gray line that meant horizon.

The nights were even more bitterly cold, and their dense black sky, pierced by the white light of myriad stars, seemed to have shrunk back from the frozen earth, and left an infinity of space between. The wagons rattling over the gray road's unevenness, the oc

casional clang of the foundry bell carried far by the piping wind; or the hoarse voice of some countryman in laconic geehaw to his lumbering oxen, were all the sounds that broke the stillness of the icy air. It was no wonder the study was always in demand. It owed its popularity to exterior incongenialities. The young men often slid the bolt to, and the girls, understanding this to mean exclusion, would make their way to the less comfortable regions below stairs. And these were the times when Carolyn, with the Madonna face, and Jo, with her sorry eyes, would sit and hold each other's hands in mutual self-degradation.

"I am reading solid books and mean to improve my mind. Haven's Philosophy was always my bugbear at school, so I am taking that in preference to anything else, for discipline. My memory is so poor I am memorizing it as I go along, to impress it upon my mind. I think it will ultimately prove very beneficial, though I don't see it now; but see how many years Kendall and Carrol have studied. School, college, seminary. Their minds are under perfect control, so systematic, so — so —" Carolyn's fund of adjectives seemed pitifully poor, and she paused.

"Well," said Josephine sadly, "I'd give anything, O anything to know something. I know a great deal more than I can show. That is, I feel more than I know—O, I mean, I can't *say* what I *think*. There!"

"You mean you have n't the power of expression. Your vocabulary is stunted. Now so is mine, dear; and I think if we read books together it would improve us. Kendall and Carrol have been reading Emerson. Let us read Emerson. They say the Over-Soul is very fine. Let us read the Over-Soul. If we can't understand *quite* all, we can ask them, and I'm sure they would be most willing to explain everything. You see, being so intellectual, it is no wonder they think

we are — a — frivolous and ignorant, and we really ought to try to fit ourselves to be their companions, and not let them think we don't appreciate what is good. If I were not married I would go back to school. I'd try Vassar, I think. But as it is, I am going to take a course of reading, and confine myself to serious literature. O, if I had your chance to go to college I'd work and slave —"

"Well, I won't. If they'll let me, I'll study hard as I know how, but I can't go anywhere where they make you work in a — a straight streak. It may be my mind is not right, but I can't learn that way. I know I'll get along if they'll let me alone, but I can't study in a class, so there!"

The bolt of the study door slid back, and the girls went upstairs. Carrol was lounging in his favorite chair, and Kendall was by the window. Hewas declaiming between the puffs of his pipe. This was his fourth, steady running, and then Kendall wondered why his complexion was Asiatic.

"If you had kept on talking *one* moment longer," said Carrol impulsively, "I should have seen your soul."

This produced a lull, and the next remark that broke the stillness was the simple little assertion, that "if we could get under the right conditions we could attain Nirvana," and then not apropos of Nirvana, but quite in the way of desultory conversation, the remarks drifted to matrimony, domestic life, and so forth.

"To quote old Schopenhauer," said Carrol, "'In our monogamistic part of the world for a man to marry is to halve his rights and to double his duties.' I believe in celibacy myself. A man with genius must have intellectual sympathy, and if he's married he's restricted; his mind is brought down to petty trivialities, and he degenerates. A genius needs pure ether, intellectual affinities; and then he expands and grows, and all Heaven cannot compass his soul."

The rings of smoke from Kendall's



pipe spread on and up into rather questionable aureoles above his head.

"Yes," said he sighing. "A man certainly takes a momentous step when he marries, and more especially is the responsibility increased if he be a student. In ten — yes, one hundred instances to one, it develops to his disadvantage, and wrecks his prospects through the continual friction to which he is subjected, and against which his mind revolts. If one could marry a woman of thorough sympathy, keen perceptions, one who would intuit one's moods, it might be less of a venture. But in the ordinary run a man is apt to make a serious blunder when he marries, and the worst of it is he only finds it out when the whole thing is irrevocable and irremediable."

The girls sat quite silent. In their respective attitudes of wife and *fiancée* they felt too subdued to utter the faintest suggestion. It was not the first time Carolyn had been made to feel her existence as a possible check rein to Kendall's Pegasus. Of course he never said so, but one can feel, and — Kendall always maintained it was a peculiarity of extreme egotism to make personal applications of generalities. She supposed she was egotistic. But some stray grains of doubt had filtered into Josephine's little brain, and made her uneasy and depressed. She would ask Carrol to explain it all to her at his first opportunity.

So after supper, when the lights were low in the little parlor, she asked quietly, "May I say something to you, Carrol, that will make you think me very stupid? More stupid than you do even now? Perhaps I ought not to ask, but *would* you mind telling me what you and Kendall were talking about this afternoon? I mean, what you meant when you were talking of mistakes, and marriage, and all that. It made me wonder whether you were happy and satisfied about our being engaged. It made me think you could n't be if you talked so about marriage."

The young man smiled down at her and waited a moment before answering, while she watched his face with a curious persistency, searching out his expression with her fixed gaze.

"We were discussing the subject abstractly, Josephine," he said, "but it is evident you have taken it personally, and I regret that, for it speaks of a small mind. However, I will explain anything you desire, if you will be explicit and not deal in generalities. What is there you do not understand?"

"O, it made me think you felt sorry you were engaged, and I want you to feel sure that if you are sorry — if you *do* regret it — there is nothing, no, nothing I would n't do rather than marry you. You know — I think you know too well, — how much I love you, Carrol; but I would rather die than have you marry me because you had bound yourself in any way, and after all to regret it and despise me because I am such a foolish thing, and can't talk with you about things you know all about. So you must tell me, Carrol, just what you meant by saying it was a mistake for a man to marry, and that it spoils his life, and that his wife must be intellectual, and sympathetic, and all that."

"Pardon me, my dear, you are attributing to me what in truth belongs to Kendall. I never said marriage was a mistake; but I have no hesitancy in stating that I consider it so in most cases. There is hardly one instance I recall that has not proved disastrous. Of course, one can cite many cases where husband and wife are negatively happy, but one does not desire that. There should be perfect union; complete understanding; thorough sympathy. That is what Kendall and I asserted."

"Yes, I understand now," she said, slowly, "but there is something else I wish you would tell me. Do you —? Are — you —? Am I sympathetic? Do you think you would be sorry if you married me? Please tell me, for I am so worried about it."

He did not smile now, neither did he answer her immediately. He sighed, rose, and paced up and down the length of the little room before he said: "You are demanding something of me to which I find it very difficult to respond. I will not deny that I have often seriously considered the question of late, but have come to no conclusion more definite than to let the whole thing rest as it is. Of course, I love you, Jo. You must n't doubt that. But the question of compatibility, of sympathy, and congeniality, that has occasioned me some little anxiety. You are young, darling, and your mind is undisciplined. Ultimately, you might develop intellectually, so that the sympathy of which we speak might exist. As it is, I must allow I fail to recognize it in any perceptible degree. I do not feel that union of mind and mind that really ought to be apparent. I do not feel that influence of your spirit over mine that should exist. Now, as I do not say this to wound you — I would never willingly do that — I only mean to be quite frank, and straightforward and open with you. I should never have spoken of the matter had you not broached the subject, and insisted on explanation. We are engaged, and there is no reason why we should not marry, if you are satisfied to take any risks that might attend the step. I will endeavor to make you happy, and you — ah, well, Jo, we must needs look far, far beyond any earthly satisfaction to find content. Now let us drop this and not speak of it again, dear," and he took her face between his hands and kissed it.

She looked up at him with very loving eyes, and then went slowly away. She could not stay there, loving him so much, and feel that he was so separated from her. She was feeling then that she ought to say something that might clear her of this sense of deficiency; that might right her in his eyes, and make him see that she did appreciate and sym-

pathize, and — but it was all so vague, all but the pain of it, that she hardly was conscious of thought at all, and only longed to get away — alone, anywhere, — only quite, quite away. But she went to the piano and began to play, and gradually grew quieter and less tremulous, and by the time Carrol came to her and stood looking down at her was quite happy again, and could take his hand and lay it against her warm cheek with a great sense of security and love.

## II.

It had grown very late, and the study bolt had slid back some time ago, but the girls still lingered down stairs. Kendall had lit the lamp, and was watching it flicker, with an uncertain irritation, that arose from doubt as to the quantity of oil in the bowl, and likewise from a baffled desire to hear the tea-bell ring. The lamp relieved his doubt by going out; he stumbled over a footstool in trying to get a match. "I tell you, Carrol, this can't go on. My work is so disturbed by these petty laxities that it grows unbearable, and my disposition is being ruined by all these irritating daily occurrences, little enough in themselves, but —"

"You're hungry," exclaimed Carrol, easily. "Let's go and find the girls. The fire is going out."

There was no coal in the box, and the two men went down stairs arm full, one with the lamp and a pet plate of Carolyn's, and the other with the empty fuel box. The girls were in the kitchen before the stove. Jo had a turkey wing, and was wafting it back and forth before the draft hole. Carolyn was whittling a piece of wood with a kitchen knife. There was no visible sign of supper anywhere about.

"Where's Mary Anne?" asked Kendall, putting down the lamp and narrowly escaping dropping the plate.

"You know, dear, she went out. To



confession, I think; and she has n't come back. We have been waiting for her, but when it grew so very late, we thought you might want your supper, and so we came in here to get it, and — Mary Anne let the fire go out, and there is no bread, and if we could make the fire burn perhaps we might get you something to eat, but it's so hard to make it burn — you have no idea," and Carolyn dropped her splinters into the dark abyss of stove with a meek sigh.

Carrol began to laugh, and Jo sat on the floor and giggled along, with the grimy turkey wing making smudges on her gown wherever it happened to fall. Carolyn waited to see how Kendall would take the situation. But he refused to take it at all, and without a word went up to his study and locked himself in.

His silent disgust was damning.

"Too full or too empty for utterance," said Carrol, and then he set to work building the fire. It did take rather long to get it snapping and flaming, but finally he succeeded, and about nine o'clock they had a supper that in part appeased Kendall's wrath. But as the hours dragged on, and still no Mary Anne, he grew darkly apprehensive, and when they could no longer reasonably expect her, he allowed himself to settle into a steady irritation. It was clear Mary Anne had no intention of returning that night, and in the morning he must get up and make the fire. How could a man write eloquently on the immortality of the soul, when the ashes of a burned-out existence were settling in his hair? It was certainly no fault of Carolyn's that the maid chose to extend her "day out" far into the next day after, but Kendall maintained that such a thing would have been impossible if the household reins had been held properly and by efficient hands.

"My mother's house was perfectly managed. Her maids understood her authority, and — respected it. I never

knew such a thing to occur under her management during all the years I — lived at home. And she exercised no severity. She was kind, but firm, and the servants never presumed."

He was trying to experiment with the drafts, and his sentences came rather spasmodically, as the fire burned or sank under the different conditions occasioned by his manipulations.

There was a streak of black along the line of his forehead. Carolyn looked at it regretfully. It was such an "outward, visible sign of an inward, spiritual *disgrace*," for when Kendall was angry he always stroked his brow, and his hands were crooked with the coal dust. She did not reply, — not because she was not hurt at his rebuke, but because she could n't think of anything to say that would help matters.

"Your attitude toward Mary Anne is entirely erroneous. I do not know whether you actually have no dignity, or whether you lower it to suit the demands of your servant. The former would be pitiable enough, but the latter would be despicable, and if the case, must be abandoned at once. I *will* have my house run properly, and the servant thereof must recognize some authority. If not yours, then mine."

Carolyn was stirring the oatmeal; her tears dropping on the stove lid sizzled merrily, but she only said: "You knew I was inexperienced when you married me, Kendall. You are not quite just to me, I think."

Perhaps he would rather have had her show some spirit. This mildly reproachful way of hers was extremely irritating to a man. Because one had only been married eight months, was no reason why one should be a mere "mush of concession."

He washed his hands in the sink. That in itself was a humiliation to a man who rather prided himself on his upstairs aristocracy.

"Ah well," he said, resignedly, and

sighing, "perhaps I *did* know you were inexperienced, but also perhaps I hoped you were not a puling infant."

"If I were married to a man who called me a puling infant, I'd stay with him just long enough to make him wish he had n't, and then — I'd leave him."

Kendall turned around with the towel in his hands and laughed in Jo's face.

"You'd leave him, would you? Your innocence is a charm in itself, my child. You? You'd hang on his neck and adore him. You? You have n't strength of character enough to leave him, even if you could, which, I beg to inform you, my wise sister-in-law, you could n't. When people are married, they are *married*, and no silly whim can sever *that* tie; a tie that gives the husband authority over the wife, and that she cannot despise."

"Well, I know *one* thing —"

Kendall's face was so plainly indicative of intense surprise at this, that Jo was goaded to unthought-of lengths in her temper.

"Yes, *sir*! I know one thing, and that is if I were married to *you* I'd despise your authority and you too, so there now. You're a *fine* minister, — and if I were Carolyn I'd go home."

By this time the tears were flowing down her cheeks so profusely as to make swallowing a share of them a necessity. Kendall laughed, and remarked carelessly that she had better run upstairs before Carrol saw her in one of her tantrums. She flung back something to the effect that "*she* did n't wish to be hypocritical and hide all her faults until after she was married, and then let them loose," but she went, nevertheless, and ran against Carrol in the hall. He tried to stop her, but she hurried past him to her own room. She did n't care about the temper, but one's nose gets so red when one cries.

"What an undisciplined child Jo is," Kendall said, after she had gone. Then he went over to Carolyn, who was look-

ing very pale indeed, and took her in his arms.

"You love me, my wife?" he asked, and kissed her.

She wept a tear or two and said "Yes."

So Carrol found them when he came in, — Kendall in a state of enviable self-satisfaction in having adjusted matters with so much neatness and despatch, and Carolyn laboring under the pleasing delusion that Kendall had acknowledged himself in the wrong and had offered her a due apology. Kendall believed in suggestion as being infinitely more effective than bald reality, and he always managed his reconciliations with Carolyn should be purely suggestive, — except when she happened to have been the one at fault, and then, — well, that was different.

"What's the matter with Jo?" inquired Carrol. The atmosphere was so calmly beatific that he half suspected there had been a previous season of storm.

"O, only a bit of childish temper," replied Kendall laughing. "She got too enthusiastic, that's all. She'll come about all right."

Carolyn hardly liked to have Kendall give such a half explanation and in such a trivial tone. She would much rather have told it all to Carrol, and justified Jo's outburst in that way, but she knew Kendall disapproved of discussing family affairs with a third person — except when it pleased him — and so she kept silent.

Carrol looked rather serious. It was scarcely pleasant to have his *fiancée* described as "childish"; and "too enthusiastic," when it so clearly meant a loss of self-control, was not reassuring. He had no desire to pose as a David Copperfield. It put a man in such a distinctly unenviable position, besides making him ridiculous, and exposing him to all manner of sympathy and that.

"What ails thee, right noble signeur?" asked Kendall, going up to him with a jovial air, "Thou look s't even like unto



an Egyptian Sphinx, such is the unintelligibility of thy expression. Be not moody, gentle sir, nor morose. All will yet be well, and thou shalt be stayed with flagons and comforted with apples, even to the extent of thy desire."

O yes. It was all very well to be lightly jocular now. In the meantime Carrol could speculate upon the possible advantage of a wife with an ungovernable temper, and one who was too childish to be able to control it.

During the day Mary Anne returned, looking so weak and ill that Carolyn's heart smote her for her doubts, and instead of the reproaches she had meant to hurl at the delinquent, she said kindly, "Why, Mary Anne, are you sick?"

The poor creature sat down in the nearest chair, and wept long and loud. "It's a chill I had in the church, ma'am. I shook an' I shook, and not a wan to do a harpeth for me, an' me not able to git home. They made me go to the Dougans',—he as lives on the thrack and does the wurruk for the station, ma'am,—and Mrs. Dougan put me to bed, and I come home as soon as I cud, and ye poor dear, how did ye git the males, and ye not used to the wurruk?" She was so visibly affected by the thought of Carolyn's struggle with the "males," that she gave way to her grief anew, and wept with all the true vigor of her nationality.

Carolyn waited for the convulsions of emotion to subside, and then ordered her off to bed; but she refused to go, and continued up and doing, only retiring every alternate day to have her chill out, and coming down again as soon as it was effected. She was a faithful soul, and very fond of her mistress.

"You see, Kendall, it was n't through lack of respect for my authority, but through 'circumstances over which she had no control,'" remarked Carolyn with unusual levity.

"Nevertheless, the fact remains the same," replied her liege lord. "You

have n't sound house-keeping principles, you know. You are lax," which was n't as convincing as it might have been of previous regret and apology. But Carolyn was wise, and preferred discretion as being the better part of valor. It would be so essentially indiscreet to rouse any fresh controversy.

Carrol and Jo were beginning to talk of returning to town. Carrol must go in any event, for he was to enter upon his duties very soon, and of course must be on the field, and Jo ought to go to school,—they had decided on that, except the young person herself, who roundly objected. Her mother urged her return especially on that ground, feeling at the same time how incongruous it was—the child's being engaged and going to school. But she was a French woman, and so it did not strike her as anything so *very* far out of the way, merely inconsistent. Carolyn had married at eighteen, and why not Jo? So they took leave of the parsonage, turning for a last look at Carolyn standing wistfully in the doorway, and Kendall waving adieux from the gate, and rattled down the frozen road to the station. In Jo's pocket was a letter from Kendall to her mother, in which he advised her very strenuously to insist on Jo's entering school. How could she expect to be of assistance to Carrol with the meagre education a sixteen-year-old girl is possessed of? There was much more good advice of the same nature folded away in that letter, the reading of which caused the mother to doubt whether after all it would be a happy life for little Jo under certain circumstances. But again the foreign traditions crept in, and she could not even contemplate a broken engagement without the most visible repugnance.

So the plans were duly matured, and Jo was at home and Carrol at his charge before the week was out. On the following Monday Josephine went to school. It was certainly an ordeal, and though

she passed through it without any visible sign of perturbation, her head was spinning, and it was almost more than she could do to appear composed, and as if it were natural to be there.

"You have been studying at home, I believe, Miss Mann?" asked one of the teachers presently.

Jo murmured: "Yes, for two years. I was not well, and so I had to give it up. I mean school."

"Yes — a — well, home study is so apt to be of a desultory nature. You may find it difficult to keep up systematically as my young ladies do. But we will see —" Then she took up a book and began the lesson. It lagged a good deal, and the girls did not appear to take much interest in it. Josephine grew more and more nervous, and finally begged to be excused. The buzz and hum of the many voices confused her, and she really looked ill, and was glad to get into the open air, away from the heat and the noise, and the girls. By the time she reached home she had worked herself into a frenzy, and no sooner had she got inside the door than she gave way and shrieked in wild hysterics. It was a severe attack, and after she had laughed and cried herself into a perfect fever she was ready to give herself up to the most abject shame and remorse. Surely she was a very child, and ought not to be humored in her whims. She must continue, of course.

But her father heard about it, and said, "No, I would rather have her an eternal ignoramus than see her as she was then. No, she shan't return."

"It is n't that I don't want to study," said the unnerved one piteously, "but I can't bear those girls, and I don't want to learn a string of old axioms. I know I can do well if you'll only let me study in my own way." But this was not to be thought of, and the question of a tutor was discussed in solemn conclave. But it was a lady who had been highly recommended that was finally decided upon.

Kendall and Carolyn, who were at home for a few days, thought it very fortunate they could speak to her personally, and urge upon her certain necessities — at least Kendall thought so.

"We are very anxious to have cultivated in her the habit of philosophical thought," remarked Kendall. "She lacks that. She is too intuitive."

"But do you not think that is the nature of certain brain developments and constitutional? depending on the individual? I should not call it an evidence of any lack of power." Miss Cathell was rather uncomfortable in the presence of so many people, who all seemed to have some suggestion to offer. She wondered, could she ever meet all the demands. She was thinking about this while Kendall said:

"Well, granting it *is* natural mind-formation. That makes it no less desirable that the other functions should be properly cultivated, and not left to give way to warp on the other side. Perfectly developed mental capacity; a rounded intellect; power of reasoning clearly. Our women are too apt to grasp at facts without the power of working up to the same consequence, and gaining it as a natural sequence. That is where we have the advantage. We are logical."

"We do not wish to force her," said Carrol, presently, — he was able to devote his Mondays to Jo — "but I think a thorough course in reading would do her infinite good, over against the physics, and make a certain diversity in her study. Rhetoric, too, and the histories, ancient and modern. They would prove of real interest to her."

"Jo's spelling is rather poor," said Carolyn, thoughtfully.

Miss Cathell gave the subject of the debate a quick look.

"And," remarked Mrs. Mann, "her father and I are anxious to have her proficient in the languages."

At last there came a pause, and some one suggested beginning at once.



"Would you prefer to do so, Miss Mann, or would you rather begin next Monday? The better plan would be to begin with the new week, I think; and I could scarcely give you hours until Wednesday or Thursday of this week in any case."

Jo, being directly addressed, looked up and said faintly, "Yes, next week if they all thought best. And would you like me to study any in the — the — interregnum?"

Kendall laughed and Carrol said, "Interim, Jo," and laughed too.

After Miss Cathell had gone, they all decided, — save Jo, — that there was no reason why she should not go through a thorough course of study under the new régime.

"She is a cultivated woman. A woman of some resource, I should say," Kendall remarked in comment, and Carrol thought she understood the exigencies of the case.

After a while they left Carrol and Jo alone, and then Jo, who was slightly nervous, cried a little, and Carrol comforted her, and she was very happy indeed.

She tried very hard to "cultivate her mind" after that, and spent hours in trying to commit the "Chart of English Literature in its development from the Beowulf to the work of the modern Essayists" to memory. "The Succession to the English Throne," too, was rather embarrassing, but she managed to memorize even that, and as for Shakespeare and the rest of the Elizabethan dramatists, — she knew them so well that it was no exertion to learn their direct classification and that of their works. But the philosophy and the histories proved more perplexing. She could not remember dates, nor could she recollect that such and such monarchs were contemporaries, and connected in history by the relation of certain events. Miss Cathell told her she should get one date, — one important one, — and drive that into her memory as one drives a stake

into the ground, and then she could from that recollect everything decently and in order, as she would hang everything on that firm driven post. But Jo could not see it. Her brain was perforated now with all the mental stakes she had driven there, and that had grown weaker and weaker with time, and finally slipped out.

"It's no use," she would say disconsolately, "I have n't a well regulated mind, Miss Cathell, and I can't discipline it to dates. Is n't there any way of being well educated without dates?"

Miss Cathell poured out more sympathy on the young person than she would admit, but at the same time she believed in dates. So Jo would wrestle with her enemies, and when they finally proved too overpowering, would fly to her room and find consolation in *Rosalind and Ophelia*, *Shylock* and *Henry the Fifth*.

But she grew a little pale over it all, and was apt to be irritable when Carrol came.

"Don't expect me till I'm here, Jo, and then you won't get so nervous waiting. By the way, I did n't get a letter yesterday. Did you write?"

No, she had n't written.

"Why?"

"O, because I think I won't bother you with any more letters," she began carelessly. "It must be such an effort to correct them. I'll wait until I can write correctly, or perhaps — we had better — well, if you did n't come any more and we were n't engaged — I could n't annoy you by getting nervous when you were late — and I need n't — bother you — with my awful letters."

She had broken down completely, and was sobbing out the last words.

"Why, Jo, my dear, don't cry so. I did n't know I was wounding you by correcting the mistakes in the letters. Poor little Jo! *Don't* cry so, darling, it will make you ill. Come, dear, shall we take a walk? I don't believe you get enough air. You look pale. Poor little Jo."

She did look pale, and Carrol felt very tenderly toward her just then. Later, when they were sitting together in the dim corner of the library, out of the glare of the lamps, he repeated one of Robertson's sermons to her, and discoursed on anthropomorphism.

### III.

CAROLYN was ailing, and Kendall had brought her home for a few days.

"You see," he exclaimed, laughing, "she needs her mother. My wife is rather dependent on her mother. All children are—that is, most children are."

It rather irritated him when he thought of the expense incurred by these frequent home-comings. It was not alone the journey, but there was the "supply." However, on the whole, he managed to be rather contented. He needed the rest himself, and he and Carrol could see one another frequently, and discuss their church affairs together.

Carrol was in a very dubious state of mind these days. Perhaps he had been reading too much Schopenhauer. At all events, he felt that the underpinning of his faith had dropped away, and left him likely to cave in spiritually and mentally at any moment. He thought he ought to confess his doubts to his church and then "get out"—but Kendall said it was only a "phase," a "condition," and he had better "hold on and wait till you come round to your ground belief, which is firm enough—only you don't know it now. Suppose a man obeyed his every impulse, what a mess he would make of his life. I tell you, if you or any other man were going to get up and confess your doubts every time they attacked you, you would be in a state of chronic confession, only to find it utterly futile in the end."

"But I can't accept that, Kendall. It would be cheating myself into a comfortable quiescence and be moral cowardice.

I wish to heaven I could. Why, man, I feel like a vile hypocrite every time I go into my pulpit, preaching what I do believe and around what I do not. That sort of thing can't stand with the people long, even if I were willing to abide by what you say, and go on regardless of inner conflict. They'd grow conscious of it. They could n't escape it. 'If he have not found his home in God, his manners, his forms of speech, the turn of his sentences will involuntarily confess it, let him brave it out how he will. If he have found his centre, the Deity will shine through him, through all the disguises of ignorance, of ungenial temperament, of unfavorable circumstances. The tone of *seeking* is one, and the tone of *having* is another.' Don't you see it won't stand, Kendall?"

"If I were you," remarked Kendall, disregarding the query, "I'd let Emerson alone for a while. You're bound not to settle while you keep stirring yourself up with all these indiscriminate philosophies. You cannot brace against them. Your theology is n't stable enough yet, and will not be till you're mature and find your level. Call it moral cowardice or what else you will, but I am not in favor of breaking the lamp-chimney because it's smoky and we can't see through it, nor the light shine through it. Better rub off the smut and make it clear. The light is all right, Carrol. The surrounding conditions are murky sometimes, I'll admit, but you are liable to injure yourself seriously if you try the breaking process. You'd be sure to step on the pieces, and glass cuts, my boy."

"Well, good, then. I would, at the very least, be bleeding in the cause of truth—truth to myself. A man can't swear away his own convictions, and I won't preach what I can't accept. This truth to myself is the only truth I'm dead sure of now, and if what you say is true I am not sure of *that*. Pshaw! Sometimes I doubt my own existence.



It's not alone in this; it's in everything that concerns me that I'm afloat, and I don't see anyway but to own up all around and then—

"‘Get out?’ Do. It would be eminently manly."

"Well, what then? What is there left to do?"

"If you mean your church, stick to it and preach what you can, and wait till you sail back into calm seas. If you mean Jo—"

"Ah, let that alone Kendall. I—I promise you I won't ‘get out’ there," and he laughed sharply and walked up and down. "My foot's asleep," he said, stamping it.

"So is your mind," said Kendall, "asleep and having nightmare," and he laughed and lit another cigar.

Jo came down stairs, and paused in the doorway a moment before entering the room. There was a flush on her cheeks that was rather becoming, and her eyes were unusually bright. Carrol beckoned to her, and she went to him and took his hand. Nothing was said, and Jo felt she had interrupted some weighty discourse, and naturally was a little uncomfortable.

"O, dear me, suz," said she, after a moment, and sighing out her unrest.

Kendall rose from his chair and stood before the fire facing the room, his hands behind him and the skirts of his frock coat drawn forward—a favorite attitude of his. "That is," said he, meditatively, "a form of ejaculation I abhor."

Jo looked startled.

"It is, in reality, a species of profanity, for it makes use of the name of the Deity, and not in a spirit of devotion. Now, if we go back to the root,—if I may so call it,—of the expression, we find it is merely an abbreviated form of cry for divine succor—‘Deus mea Sustiat!’ It is well to know these things, that we may avoid falling into popular errors and adopting expressions that, if they do no worse, smack of vulgarity."

He looked at Jo disapprovingly and walked out of the room.

"Was it as bad as all that?" asked she of Carrol when he was gone. "He makes me feel so—so inferior. I think Kendall is the most critical person I ever knew. You can't breathe naturally but he begins to lecture you on the effect ‘inhalation through the month’ has on your glottis."

"Well, you should n't breathe through your mouth in any case, my dear, so Kendall is right enough. And you certainly are surprisingly ignorant on some subjects, and he naturally feels compelled to furnish you with all the information he can."

Nothing more was said for a time. Carrol was too deep in his mental quagmire to feel the breath of Jo's fresh young life as a grateful touch, as he sometimes did. He was full of doubt, and despondency had laid a heavy hand on him. And Jo was thinking of the last lines of some verses she had just written, and wondering whether "sun-beam's lance" was as poetical as "sun's sharp shaft." She rather favored the alliteration herself. Of course, these verses never saw the light of publicity, and even Carrol was ignorant of their existence. She only scribbled them because the thoughts ran themselves into rhyme,—and very questionable rhyme at that,—and then she felt the necessity of committing them to paper.

In the meantime Kendall had found Carolyn stretched out on the sofa in her mother's room. He thought this preeminently deleterious, as fostering a spirit of laziness at the expense of the exertion of others.

"Where are my razor and strop?" he inquired.

She supposed they were upstairs in his drawer, but she was n't sure. She *thought* she had remembered to pack them, but she might have overlooked them. She was sorry.

But regret hardly struck him as a

mediating circumstance when he wanted to shave, and there was every probability of his razor being leagues off.

"You'll oblige me by rising and making it your business to search for the articles," said he sharply. He did not mean to be severe, but he was ruffled by her apparent lack of interest. She rose and went slowly upstairs. He watched her as she made her way heavily across the room, and it struck him she looked pale. In a moment she called to him from the stair-head that his razor was where she had put it, in the drawer, and the next moment he heard a low exclamation and a dull thud. He was beside her in a moment, and had her in his arms carrying her carefully to her bed, and whispering to her in tenderest tones of entreaty to open her eyes and speak to him. But the eyes did not open then, and when they did it was with no light of recognition in them. Nor did they ever look upon the face of the little child that was born soon after,—when the intelligence had crept back into their hollow shadows it was dead.

Kendall was deeply shaken by it all, and was untiring in his attendance. So much so that the nurse often felt it would be better for the patient if his attentions were not brought to quite so much of a focus; but of course she could or did make only mild suggestions, and as he failed to carry them into effect she resigned herself to the worst, and waited with the confidence of conviction to seeing her charge relapse into unconsciousness some day, when his sermon proved too lengthy, or his marginal notes thereon too exhaustive for her weak condition.

Carolyn recovered but slowly, and Kendall had reluctantly gone back to his work when she was still only able to walk unsteadily across the room. The experience of her illness, the loss of her child, had affected her seriously, and made her despondent and morbid. Jo used to sit beside her by the hour, and read to her chiefly from books they had heard

discussed in the sacred precincts of the study. And if Matthew Arnold was not reassuring from a theological point of view, he must be improving to the mind as suggesting new trains of thought.

Carolyn listened to it all rather absently. She was thinking over Kendall's last letter, in which he gave her abstracts of his latest sermons, "Vital Elements of Christianity" and "What is Religion?" So her attention was divided, and she failed to grasp enough of the meaning of the books to cause her any unrest. But Jo, although not understanding much of the philosophy, was really shaken by the strange atmosphere, and felt unwilling to ask explanations of anyone, and so the doubts remained in her mind, and took root there and grew. The study discussions had had their effect, and she was very susceptible to impressions, and perhaps she understood more than would have been credited her, thinking matters out with the "thoughts of youth," which are "long, long thoughts." She admired intensely the way in which Carolyn settled the question of the Atonement,—she had heard Kendall say the same things,—but somehow she could not feel as she used, and she often thought she must go to Carrol and tell him her troubles, and ask him to set her on a firm foundation of faith once more. She thought he could explain her doubts away in a moment, only—he would think her *so* ignorant if she asked him what he meant by a "personal God."

She sat by the window one afternoon, watching the cold spring creep into the bosom of the bare world. She thought it was pathetic to see the faint attempt at warmth the thin sunlight made on the naked boughs. She turned around to Carolyn and stroked her white cheek tenderly.

"Shall I read?" she asked.

"No, not now. I could not understand anything now. I sometimes think I am losing my mind. O, why did my baby



die? Why did God take my little baby away when it could have been a comfort to me. Marriage is a dreadful thing, Jo. One thinks one can do one's duty, and one can't. I thought I could make Kendall happy, but I haven't, and now the baby is gone and he is disappointed. I have lost his love and I can never get it back, and—O Jo—Jo—you'll have to go through it all too if you don't take my advice. I've thought about you until my heart is broken. It will drive me mad. O Jo, give it all up! There is time yet. Give it up, and don't have to battle with regret as I am doing. Anything is better than this—anything. And my baby is not here to comfort me."

Jo said not a word, but stroked the poor thin hand in silent sympathy. Her former misgivings were as nothing to this. Would she indeed ever live to feel she had done Carrol a wrong, as Carolyn felt she had done Kendall? Her heart seemed to stand still, and her breath caught in a helpless little gasp. But she still stroked the hand, and when she spoke it was in the soothing mother-voice one uses to a sick child, and with the same irrelevancy, hoping to distract her attention from her woes.

"Do you want me to tell you a secret, dear? It's something I have never told anyone before, but perhaps you'd like to know it and would'nt laugh at me—and then, of course, you must never tell."

Carolyn shook her head silently.

"Well," said poor Jo, shamefacedly, "I have written some verses. Don't laugh, *don't* laugh, Carolyn. I don't want anyone to see them but you. If you like, I'll read them to you. Do you?"

Carolyn did not laugh, but she could not restrain a smile. The idea of little Jo's trying to write poetry.

"Well, go on, Jo. Of course I do, dear."

*Her Prayer.*

"Drooping is the golden head  
As the baby says her prayer

Sinking sunbeams stealing in  
Rest upon the ringlets there.

"Little eyes so sweetly blue,  
Little hands so frail and fair,  
See them clasped upon my knee  
As the baby says her prayer.

"Softly speaks the little one,  
Naught cares she for doctrine, creed.  
In her simple 'Bless me, Lord'  
Asking all to fill her need.

"Still she prays, with broken words,  
In a voice so soft and mild;  
While I, at whose feet she kneels,  
Need the faith of this wee child.

"Will she, when the days have fled,  
When the years have come and gone,  
Find it, as I find it now,  
Hard to say 'Thy will be done?'

"Could I pray it as she prays  
Trusting, leaving all the rest  
To Him who is always good,  
And whose way is always best.

"Then could I too kneeling, bow  
Low my head in silence there,  
Confident in heaven above  
God had heard and blessed my prayer."

When she ceased reading there was only one sound in the room; that of Carolyn sobbing softly. Jo's voice had been very tremulous from her excitement at reading the lines, and perhaps that had lent a certain pathos to them, for as the last words fell, very low and tender, from the frightened lips, Carolyn leaned forward and gathered the poor little poetess into her arms and wept away the tears that had refused to fall in all these long days.

"They're not good, I know, but I felt them, and no one need ever know but you," explained Jo, crumpling up the sheet and pushing it into her belt.

Carolyn kissed her. "No, they may not be good from a literary standpoint, but they have helped me, Jo, and that ought to make you glad, for if there were not some virtue in them, they could n't have appealed to poor, broken-down, wicked me. I can't criticise them, but they have gone to my heart. Perhaps

it's because you read them just now, when they seem to be fitted to my mood, and perhaps it's because I know you wrote them."

"Yes, of course that's it," said Jo.

She was watching Carolyn very narrowly, and when she was assured her attention had been diverted from herself to safer subjects in the present state of her health, she rose and said, carelessly, "Well, dear, I'll go now and dress for dinner, and when I come back I'll read to you again from Sartor Resartus. But if you want to go on by yourself don't wait. I can catch up with you. Shall I light the lamp before I go?" She did not wait for a reply, but struck a match and set the room aglow with the mellow light. It was more cheerful so, and Carolyn would find something to do that would keep her mind occupied. The darkness was apt to make her introspective, and that led to evil results.

Jo was just beginning to be "observant of moods." After she had reached her own room, she shut the door very gently, and turned the key in the lock. The sickly gray of an early spring evening filled the room and seemed to chill the air. The shadows deepened every moment, and hung their black lengths in every corner, stealing nearer and nearer the figure that had flung itself upon the bottom of the bed, and was in silence and alone fighting one of those battles upon whose issue the entire after life is so signally dependent. She did not weep; she could not pray. She was simply trying her best to determine her position, so that she might take the right course, wherever it led. She was too young to know much about self-abnegation. It did not suggest itself to her as an alternative: it was a necessity. She did not consider the effect a course of sacrifice would have upon her subsequent life. She only felt she must yield up all, if all was required. There was no question of reward in any form whatsoever. If she made the sacrifice it

would be complete and supreme. As for the rest, what was it Mr. Boucher took as a text for one of his grandest sermons? "And having done all — stand."

Carolyn had only put into words what had so often suggested itself to her of late, that to marry Carrol would be to sacrifice him. If she knew that as a surety — If she was convinced it was true — But she was young, and if she courted trouble, she soon lost the zest of entertaining her ungenial guest. She rose and lit the gas. In any case, she could do nothing yet. By and by, if she found she was right, why — "I will act according to my lights," she said to herself. "By and by, but not now — not now."

#### IV.

MEANWHILE, Kendall was monarch of all he surveyed in the little parsonage, and if he enjoyed undisputed sway, — as he certainly did, — it lost somewhat of its savor when he realized that no one was there to be awed into admiration of his sovereignty. No one was there to care whether he gave himself over to a mood or not; whether he had a thought for a new sermon to listen to and commend it. His meals were served him regularly by the faithful Mary Anne; his lamp always filled, and his study dusted in occult fashion. In fact, the house was run on a strictly methodical basis, — as far as upstairs went. The kitchen and closets were let go "wid a lick and a promise till I'm not so drove, the day." Kendall missed no attention certainly, and yet — I wonder if half our enjoyment of the good things of this life is not in contemplation of the fact, however little we may realize it, that there is always a class that looks on simply and does not share with us. Either on this score or some other, Kendall failed to grasp a full enjoyment of his thought-inspiring solitude, and after grave consideration decided there was no apparent reason



why Carolyn should not return to her home.

She was primarily his wife, and should be at his side and take her position before his parish at the earliest possible moment. The weather was ideal now, the country beautiful; and apart from any selfish consideration they—her family—might accredit him, he desired her return on the plea the benefit the change would yield her.

So Carolyn came home. It was very hard to wrench herself away from the dependence she had felt her illness warranted, to assume an entirely different position at home. But she had thought out her situation, its requirements, and the possibility of her being able to meet them, and had concluded to adopt a widely different course from the one she had followed before.

She felt that all the freshness and youth had gone out of her life, and she had a vague sense of being left with only "sense of duty," in place of "ideal," to strive after. Still she would strive. She always spoke of herself as having been. That is, in the way elderly people have of describing their youth. She did not feel she had much in the way of life to look forward to. She was twenty years old.

She left Kendall more alone than formerly, and went about overseeing and directing in quite the approved fashion of a model housewife. Certain hours she gave up to study, and so her days passed. She happened one day to quote that little scrap to Kendall,

"I slept and dreamed that life was beauty.  
I waked and found that life was duty."

He immediately broke into such an enthusiasm of denial that she regretted having been indiscreet enough to provoke it.

"Life *is* beauty, and only those who are blind fail to see the full significance of it. I tell you life is a wonderful, a grand opportunity for the development

of the soul. I might call it a concession of God to poor humanity. And not alone this; it is not alone beautiful in a spiritual sense, but it is instinct with real and natural loveliness at every turn. Who tells me life is not beauty? Every law proclaims it; every element of our nature confirms it," and so on, until an interruption occurred in the ringing of the door-bell, which Carolyn looked upon as a special dispensation.

She was very lonely without Jo, and often cried herself to sleep at night in the darkness of her own room, when Kendall had suggested the benefit of early hours for invalids, and was enjoying a solitary pipe in his study with the bolt drawn across the door. But she was growing used to being "left to her own destruction," and, all in all, was rather less unhappy than she would have felt consistent with her utter renunciation of all she had believed necessary to her well-being. Kendall wrote his sermons; delivered his prayer-meeting addresses; performed burial services and marriage ceremonies, and altogether carried on his work with praiseworthy precision, and—swallowed his doubts like bitter pills, and let no one be the wiser. He was deeply concerned over Carrol's condition and thought his course deplorable, especially as he could not be brought to take a reasonable view of the case, and feel he was doing no one injustice by remaining silent. In every letter Carrol grew more and more emphatic in his denial of Kendall's theory, saying he wanted to "stand face to face with truth, and no negative position would satisfy him. He wanted Right and not Expediency." He was restive under the restraint of his position, and Kendall was given over to the gloomiest doubts and forebodings regarding him.

"You are simply breaking your neck for a chimera. Why can't you wait and be prudent?" he wrote; but back came a postal upon which was written, with due attention to the quotation marks:

“So, in regard to disagreeable and formidable things, prudence does not consist in evasion or in flight, but in courage. He who wishes to walk in the most peaceful parts of life with any serenity must screw himself up to resolution.’”

Very little was said about Jo in these letters, and when Carolyn read that postal she could not quite conceive how Carrol could reconcile this with his oft repeated statement that “Life demands so much submission to circumstances from a man; so much sacrifice of his dearest hopes; so much relinquishment of his highest ambitions, and these to be paid in silence, all.”

He had said that once, when Kendall had spoken of his engagement to Jo as being rather questionable from a worldly standpoint. Carolyn had ever since had some doubts as to his course of action being quite just to the girl, who could scarcely be supposed to appreciate all the subtleties of his reasoning, and who, moreover, was unconscious that she was “a circumstance” that demanded submission in silence. Carolyn thought him rather inconsistent to urge such extreme views; in the one case to hold that only a course of determined courage and resolution was right, and in the other to foist his responsibilities on life. It made it difficult to know just what stand to take. She sometimes thought she would write to Jo, but then — what? She could not tell her Carrol did not love her — he always contended he did. She felt her sister ought to know that he spoke of life as a “grand sacrifice” whenever the engagement was mentioned; but then, again, did that mean he would welcome a release from it? He had often and often said to Jo he thought a man had no right to break an engagement under any circumstances. If the girl chose to put an end to it he could do nothing but submit, but as to taking the initiative—

But if Carolyn imagined Jo was living a life of blissful ignorance of all this she

was mistaken. Every word of these reassuring little remarks had burnt itself upon her memory, and now in these days of her doubt they rose before her in twofold significance, and with awful demands upon her love for him. It was long before she reached a conclusion definite enough to permit of action, but when she did it was that Carrol was sacrificing himself to his mistaken sense of honor; that he would never release himself, and that therefore it was her duty to give him up, and in a way that would admit of no denial on his part. She felt a crushing sense of loneliness in her trouble, for she had so little to believe in now. Everything was being wrenched from her at once. Where was her faith? That would have helped her, but where was it now?

When Carrol came again she met him at the door and drew him into the dim library. It was late, and he gave excuses, but she did not seem to mind his tardiness. He said he had an engagement that would necessitate his leaving very soon, but even this did not seem to affect her. She was very quiet, and they talked together about everything but what was closest to her heart. At last she made one feeble little effort to gain a reprieve, in asking him if he did not think it would be wise to break their engagement and be simply friends, hoping he would tell her that such a change in their relations would be impossible, and an attempt to effect it would be only giving him misery, but he said: “Don’t talk of that, Jo. We have gone over it so many times, and it is so futile. All we can do is to go on, and trust in Providence or Fate, or whatsoever.”

Then she felt the time had come, that it was as she had feared, that her last chance had slipped away from her, and she must take his life and give it back to him. But in a moment it flashed through her mind that she was too weak to send him away from her while the strength of his personality overpowered



her will, and made her ready to acquiesce in whatever he said. No, she must wait. At last he rose to go, and she did not move but sat and looked at him silently. He bent over and kissed her, and she suffered it in silence, and then she saw him no more. The sound of the opening door fell on her ear. It closed, and he was gone. She threw herself prone on the floor, and sobbed out her utter misery and desolation.

After a little she felt a change,—a strength of purpose that gave her resolution a new life, and she went upstairs and wrote Carrol her last letter in an almost exalted frame of mind. She was passing through the ecstasy of self-sacrifice, and had not yet reached the dead level of despair that would follow its accomplishment. The letter was as inconsequent in all but the one point of a rupture being unavoidable, as may be,—and she put that on the ground of its being to her advantage, and bade him come no more, as she did not feel equal to seeing him.

As he looked at it there was nothing left him to do but to submit and comply with her request without question, and he wrote her to that effect, saying at the same time that if she thought it caused him no pain it was because she knew him not. He thought she had written the letter in temper, but the air of finality about it was unmistakable. She cried when she read his reply, and grieved over the thought of his suffering; but he would soon get over that, and so she clung to her resolve and the letters ceased. It was better so. And now “having done all,” she would “stand.”

For weeks after this she rose every morning simply to sit about listlessly all day, and go to her room early at night to cry. They all worried about her condition, but dared say very little, she was so impatient of interference.

Kendall had been much surprised at the “strength of character as made evident by her stand in the affair,” and was

very tender and affectionate to her, and Carolyn tried to comfort her by every means in her power; but it was a hard season for Jo, and she had not yet got to the point where she “could look at life from upper windows.” At last, however, there came a change, and it was born one night in the darkness of her own room, where she had gone to be alone, out of the range of the voice that seemed to wear on her brain, as the noise of a rasping file does on acute nerves. She had kept repeating to herself, “And having done all—stand.” Well, she had done all—or *had* she done all? Did *all* begin and end with the giving up of Carrol? It was a surprise to her to feel that there were any further demands on her. She had imagined she could make her one sacrifice sufficient, but it seemed that was not enough. Was life a continual giving up a—surrendering of our wishes to those of others?

She was blinded and confused by this new light, that made her resolves so pale and weak in the face of the responsibilities of the life she saw before her. In an instant everything seemed clear, and she knew she had a new world to battle with—or no, not a new world,—an old world but with a new purpose—that of a woman.

“I have always longed for a revelation,” she thought, “and I believe I have had one. I am standing ‘where the brook and river meet.’ I must go on now, for the wide water is carrying me, and I will sail well—O, let me sail well, though the boat is uncertain now, and though I am not wise enough to know how to steer.” She had broken down, and was almost wailing out her prayer.

It was not the easiest of tasks she had undertaken,—this of “sailing well,”—and she had some fierce struggles with herself; but after a little she began to take an interest in her work for its own sake, forgetting she had ever looked on it simply as a means to an end. Once she summoned up courage to send some

of her verses to a magazine, and to her intense surprise they were accepted. This stimulated her to fresh endeavors, and though that first success was followed by many and many a "return," she did not despair, but kept on until she felt the hand of every editor in the land must be turned against her in wrath. She studied too, in her own way, taking the bad with the good, and getting a certain kind of education that, though scarcely thorough, was certainly more suited to her peculiar needs than a more academic one would have been. She read Ruskin and Tom Paine, and Carlyle and Walt Whitman, and let the motley assortment yield her their best.

She was staying with Carolyn when the news came that Carrol had left his church and was going abroad. Kendall denounced his action roundly, and predicted all manner of ill as a natural result of his "asinine conduct," but it was no use expostulating now. So after that Jo heard very little of Carrol, and for a couple of years went on in a very quiet way, living her uneventful life and working away at her writing and music with as much love and enthusiasm as of old.

"It is not from any religious feeling," she said to a friend who was admiring her energy, "I only wish it were. It is only a phase of the purest egotism, for I appreciate the good I gain from every new experience, and so I am rather more willing to close hands with discipline, and admit she means me no ill. It is vanity, of course, to look at it in that light — I mean merely as a gain, spiritually and mentally — but if I am to be sincere, I must be frank, and not allow you to imagine I accept everything in a spirit of Christian resignation."

She talked very little of her doubts, but they grew no less, and she felt day by day what an utter loss she had sustained. She felt an unconquerable resentment toward those old days, for she believed she would have been "comfortably quiescent," at the least, if they had

not planted the first seeds of doubt in her mind.

She was less often with Carolyn now than formerly, though occasionally she could not resist the temptation of taking a holiday and seeing the baby, whose recent arrival had caused her to lay aside her more trivial reading, to enter in on a thorough course of "Mother Goose." Kendall had grown much less dogmatic and arbitrary than in the old days, and Carolyn was very necessary to him, and he talked openly of his dependence on her. She had an unobtrusive way of managing affairs in his parish that benefited him much, and he realized her power for good.

It was about this time that he received a letter from Carrol from Dresden. He took it into his study and closed the door. After what seemed an interminable time, he called to Jo to come to him, and as she entered the door he handed the letter to her without a word, went out, and left her alone with the close-written sheets in her hands.

She had a strange dread of them, and stood looking down at the familiar characters in a vague, half-conscious sort of way, feeling impelled all the while to read, and yet with this strange dread upon her, that seemed to prevent her doing anything but just stand there and wait. The sound of the baby crying in the next room startled her, and she sat down from very weakness. The crying ceased, and then she gathered up the sheets and read:

"If in former days, Kendall, you ever felt for me what you call love, I beg you summon up all the old feeling to plead for me for your forbearance.

"This is a miserably blue day, and I am ill, and depressed, and alone. I could put my head upon my pillow and weep like a tired child, but the child in me is gone forever, and the man must even rise to his full stature, and stand against the world. I feel a pressing need of companionship, but none is there, and



so I fly to you in my extremity, and you must bear with me, for a little—only for a little, for after this—the Deluge. Indeed, I feel it has come upon me now, and I could cry out with David,

“ ‘Save me, O God, for the waters are come in unto my soul.

“ ‘I sink in deep mire where there is no standing. I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me.

“ ‘I am weary of my crying; my throat is dried. Mine eyes fail while I wait for my God.’

“And yet with all this; with the awful realization of the utter isolation of my soul; of the entire futility of all my efforts to probe the mysteries of the unseen; of the infinitesimal consequence of my life as merely an existence, I feel the presence of a Something that bids me hope; that calls me to the higher work; that assures me life is not a paltry experience, and that promises me a companionship in God.

“I can hear a harmony as of the heavens as they rise to chant ‘Gloria’ to the infant Day. I can see the Day in its adolescence, infinitely wonderful, compassionate, divine. I can mark it crucified by shadows to the awful night; the damps rise upon its brow, and—it is done. And what is this? The sky is alight with myriad stars; the spheres emit a glory as they revolve upon their axes. Surely, it must be good. And the moon rises and holds sacred watch. It is the holy love of the divine Mother, that throws its radiance through the dark of ages.

“What matters it if we, petty as we are, cannot compass the wonder of the laws that spring from the infinite mind? What if we cannot conceive of the compassion that flows from the infinite love? We make laws according to our comprehension, and set them aloft as being divine; they tremble and fall, while the divine laws stand, and we know them not, because of their vastness, and our own poor comprehension. But the laws are there; the love is there, and, shroud

them as we may in the fogs of our philosophies, they still exist, and will exist unto all eternity. So, what have I to do with any man-made law? It is as nothing to me, and I can accept it now; the Light has shown me its poor consequence.

“Our theories, our theologies, are only grown out of man’s necessity of something tangible wherewith to bind his weakling faith to the Supreme. So let them remain so they fulfill their destiny. Why should we cavil? It is all good and meet. I can drink the cup, and the bitter will be as sweet to my palate for His sake. I have come out of the darkness, not into the light, but into the dimness that foretells the day.

“Next week I start for Rome, and you will hear from me no more. With the relinquishment of my old life I must relinquish thee, and—Farewell—Farewell. I am passing beyond it all. If we ever meet again it will be as more than brothers, as less than friends. And if we meet no more on this side, it will be beyond, where the light makes all things clear, and we may know one another as we are. Farewell! and ever Farewell.”

It was a day in late November. The wind-swept streets looked clean and gray; the skies were lowering their weight of clouds, and it threatened snow.

A figure walked slowly along the pavement, and scarcely noticed the cold wind that rushed by with a fierce wail. She was rather tired today, and it was depressing weather. Despite all her philosophy she could not always get beyond her old fashion of *remembering*. “And it is ten years ago,” she thought.

Well, she was tired, it was cold, and she entered the vast cathedral, and wandered down the dim aisle, and at last sank into a seat, and sat silent and worshipful in the mood the atmosphere of the place always inspired in her. She often wandered in here. It had a restful influence, and she could forget her

cares and even her joys—even the fact that she had made for herself a name, and could wield good influence with her pen,—and sometimes it was a solace to have no *thoughts*, simply to rest and forget that one existed.

Beyond shone the silver-white of the grand candle-lit altar. On one side the figure of the blessed virgin, with uplifted eyes and folded hands, a lamp burning at her feet; on the other, Christ crucified. The figures of the few people who had strayed in like herself were vague in the dim light of the place. A woman came up the aisle, stopping to kneel and pray as she reached the pew where the motionless figure sat, and then went her way past the chancel and toward the door.

At last Josephine rose and herself wandered toward the brighter light. A

door opened at the side of the chancel, and the figure of a priest came slowly forward. He spoke in a low tone to a woman who was doing some office about the altar, and then descended the steps. The small figure standing solitary in the wide aisle attracted his attention, and he paused and looked at her.

She had been watching him as he came, and now they gazed into each other's eyes.

A door opened, and a draught of air made the candles flicker. A strange shadow fell on the priest's face—probably from the uncertain light—and he turned and re-entered the sacristy.

In a moment the little figure went to the door, paused an instant, looked back at the dim light of the holy space, and passed out into the world which was white with fallen snow.

*Julie M. Lippmann.*

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## PROHIBITION IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

THE establishment and enforcement of prohibition in portions of a section famous for its wines, is a matter that seems anomalous enough to deserve some explanation. The average Californian never dreamed that there lurked in the State constitution a latent local option provision. And to obtain from the highest tribunal in the State legal sanction for a prohibitory ordinance almost as strict as the "Maine law" is a piece of Yankee enterprise that compares well with some of the achievements of boom days in other directions. In the counties of Los Angeles, Orange, San Bernardino, and San Diego, over 30,000 people in ten towns are living under municipal prohibition, and nearly 10,000

more boast of immunity from saloons, more or less aided by a prohibitory provision in land deeds. It adds an element of picturesque contrast that just outside the pioneer prohibition city are two of the largest wineries in the State, and that in the very heart of the last city to pass a prohibitory ordinance a winery and distillery continues, unmolested, its work of manufacture and wholesale trade.

The local option movement seems worthy of more than passing newspaper notice, but it is not easy writing history till time has developed a proper historical perspective. The most that will be attempted in this sketch is a record of facts, leaving inference and prediction to the reader.



Southern California has been largely colonized from prohibition States. Cosmopolitan as the new population is, it is surprising to note the large per cent coming from Maine, Iowa, Kansas, Massachusetts, and other States having severely restrictive laws against the liquor traffic. These people brought their pronounced temperance sentiments with them, and finding themselves in a State without even a general local option law, proceeded to cast about for some device for attaining municipal prohibition. In several new towns a prohibitory clause was inserted in the deeds. The following is the essential section :

It is provided with a covenant running with the land, that if at any time said purchaser, his heirs, assigns, or successors, shall, with the knowledge or consent of the owner of said premises, use, or cause to be used, or shall allow or authorize in any manner, directly or indirectly, said premises or any part thereof to be used for the purpose of vending intoxicating liquors for drinking purposes, whether said vending shall be directly or under some evasive guise, thereupon the title hereby granted shall revert to and be vested in the grantors herein, or their successors ; and they or their successors shall be entitled to the immediate possession thereof.

This would seem to be ironclad, and the validity of such a proviso has been affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States, as being in the nature of a consideration in the transfer. In a decision delivered in October, 1879, Justice Field said :

The condition in the deed of the plaintiff against the manufacture or the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage at any place of public resort on the premises was not subversive of the estate conveyed. It left the estate lienable, and inheritable, and free to be subjected to other uses. It was not unlawful nor against public policy, but, on the contrary, it was imposed in the interest of public health and morality. We have no doubt that the condition in the deed to the defendant here is valid, and not repugnant to the estate conveyed. It is a condition subsequent, and upon its breach the company had a right to treat the estate as having reverted to it, and bring ejectment for the premises.

The principal Southern California towns protected against the saloon in this

manner are : Ontario, Coronado, Escondido, Long Beach, Beaumont, Glendora, Redondo, and Winchester. The success of this plan of prohibition by private agreement has, however, been only partial. At Coronado, the practical effect of the prohibitory clause is to create a monopoly. The land company allows no saloon on the lots sold, but at the great Hotel del Coronado the bar dispenses liquid refreshments at fancy prices. In some towns the temperance clause has been omitted from a few deeds, or the proviso is limited to certain subdivisions. Still, the legal bar of such a clause, backed by the condition of public sentiment which it indicates, has been in a measure effective, and helps give several towns the right to claim that they enjoy prohibition.

In its early history, Pasadena had depended on the strength of its temperance sentiment. While the place existed only as a quiet rural community, the saloon stayed away (as did indeed nearly all other kinds of business), because there was no trade for it. In October, 1884, however, just as the rumble of the boom began to be heard afar off, and the sleepy village, scattered through orange groves and vineyards, began to arouse itself and think of town lots and tenderfeet, one pleasant morning a full-fledged saloon threw open its doors. The vague rumors of such an event had not been fully credited, and no thunder-clap out of a clear sky could have so excited the town as did this same first saloon. For a time the prospective Raymond hotel and the projected railroad to Los Angeles were forgotten. A public meeting was called in the school-house square, and the bold defier of public opinion denounced in stirring harangues, while he himself sat in his carriage on the outskirts of the crowd, and laughed at the helplessness of the orators. It was a curious mingling of wild fanaticism, pathetic sorrow over a public calamity, and cool contempt alike for the women who

prayed and the men who threatened violence. There were not wanting a few cool heads, who counseled municipal incorporation as the first step in any effective plan for getting rid of the intruder. The campaign of sentiment, however, had to run its course; and we were treated to a sort of "woman's crusade," in which the protests of citizens' committees, the intercession of the ladies, and the songs of delegations of Bands of Hope, proved of no avail. The saloon-keeper was defiant, and fixing his prices according to the unpopularity of his business, continued to grow rich selling beer at fifteen cents a glass. Then the boycott was tried, and in June, 1885, nearly all the business men of the town signed the following agreement:

We agree that we will not patronize or in any way give support to any person who is engaged in the indiscriminate sale of liquors in Pasadena, and that we will not, knowingly, employ or retain in our employ, or in any manner lend support to, any person who patronizes such traffic in our midst.

This was intended to effectually freeze out both those who sold and those who bought whiskey; and some laborers, whose breath was more fragrant of California brandy than California roses, found themselves out of a job. But the boycott does not thrive on American soil, and in this case it failed to work the sweeping reform that was expected.

Gradually the conviction gained ground that as no remedy existed under the general laws of the State, it would be best to assume the powers of municipal government, and see if they would furnish any recourse. In June, 1886, the voters decided in favor of incorporation of a city of the sixth class. Not feeling sure of any restrictive power beyond that of high license, the trustees at first licensed the one saloon at \$1,200 a year. This was far from satisfactory to the temperance people, and a committee, representing the various churches, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Women's Christian Temperance

Union, was chosen to manage the anti-saloon fight. This committee submitted a series of questions regarding the legal rights of municipalities to regulate the liquor traffic to Williams & McKinley, of Los Angeles, the attorneys who had just been successful in the conduct of Los Angeles high license cases. Their opinion was the first legal authority in favor of municipal prohibition, claiming that the right exists as a police power under Section 11, Article XI, of the State Constitution, which provides that "any county, city or town may enforce within its limits all such local police, sanitary, and other regulations as are not in conflict with general laws." The committee was cautioned against attempting to declare liquor selling a nuisance, or assuming that there was any general local option law, and advised to frame a police regulation which would be legal in the absence of any general law to the contrary.

A petition for a prohibition ordinance was prepared, signed by 540 voters and tax payers, and presented to the trustees. There was some reluctance on the part of the city fathers to enter a legal contest that might entail thousands of dollars of expense on the city, and a guarantee or "indemnity" fund of over \$6000 was raised, to meet the cost of testing the proposed ordinance in the courts. Negotiable notes were given, and a deposit of ten per cent placed in one of the banks. The subscribers to the fund were the most prominent business men in the city, and the ease with which it was raised is a striking proof of the general support of the people of the proposed restrictive measures. On February 19, 1887, the long wished for outcome of a temperance agitation that had lasted two years and a half was reached, and the city trustees passed the now famous Pasadena Ordinance, number 45, the first prohibitory law, in the strict sense of the term, to go into effect in the State of California. The follow-



ing is the essential part of the ordinance :

It shall be and is hereby made unlawful for any person or persons, either as owner, principal, agent, servant, or employé, to establish, open, keep, maintain, or carry on, or assist in carrying on, within the corporate limits of the city of Pasadena, any tippling-house, dram-shop, cellar, saloon, bar, bar-room, sample-room, or other place where spirituous, vinous, malt, or mixed liquors are sold or given away ; provided, that the prohibitions of this ordinance shall not apply to the sale of liquors for medicinal purposes by a regularly licensed druggist, upon the prescription of a physician entitled to practice medicine under the laws of the State of California ; nor shall such prohibitions apply to the sale of such liquors for chemical or mechanical purposes.

Any act in violation of this Ordinance, for each day of its continuance, shall be construed as a separate offense. Every person who violates any of the provisions of this Ordinance shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be punishable by imprisonment not exceeding three months, or by fine not exceeding three hundred dollars, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

The city license of the saloon keeper, Campbell, did not expire until May 1st, but the ordinance was passed thus early to head off other saloons that were expected to open.

As soon as the ordinance went into effect, Campbell was arraigned before the city recorder, and convicted. He took an immediate appeal to the superior court of Los Angeles County, and Judge W. A. Cheney delivered an opinion sustaining the validity of the ordinance. The argument of the decision is in brief as follows : In prohibiting the legislature from enacting local and special laws in certain enumerated cases, it was the intention of the people of the State to relegate the regulation of certain local affairs to the local legislative bodies. It is within the police powers of the legislature to pass laws prohibiting the sale of liquors. The police powers relegated to the counties, cities, and towns, when exercised within their limits and when consonant with general laws, are as extensive as the police powers of the legislature. There is no general law of the State that is violated by this

ordinance, which must, therefore, be considered a valid exercise of the police powers of a municipal corporation.

The case was carried to the supreme court, and on October 31, 1887, an opinion was delivered by Judge Patterson sustaining Judge Cheney's ruling. The opinion is quite long, but the following is a summary of its important points. The first claim made by the petitioner was that the ordinance had deprived him of property "without due process of law," in preventing the sale of his stock of liquors. This the court dismissed, on the ground that the facts regarding the ownership of the liquors was not clearly set forth. The next claim was that the city of Pasadena had no power to pass such an ordinance, because the law governing municipal corporations of the sixth class does not expressly confer any power to regulate the liquor traffic, as is done in case of cities of the fourth class. To this the court replies, that while before the adoption of the Constitution of 1879 cities and towns possessed only such powers as were expressly or by necessary implication conferred by their charters, under that instrument, Section 11, Article XI, general powers of police regulation, not in conflict with the general laws, were granted. A number of cases from State and United States Courts are cited, in support of the view that prohibitory laws are not repugnant to the constitution of the United States. This portion of the opinion concludes as follows :

Unless we are prepared, therefore, to overrule the decisions of our own State, and disregard the opinions of the Supreme Court of the United States, we must hold that the ordinance in question is free from objection, so far as its constitutionality is concerned ; that it is not violative of any clause of the constitution of the United States, and that it is in its scope and operation within the police powers which may be lawfully enforced under the provisions of the constitution of this State.

The remaining question raised was that of conflict with general laws. The opinion states that any license ordinance

passed by the Board of Supervisors of Los Angeles County could not operate to divest the authorities of the city of the right to legislate upon the same subject, and enforce such regulations within the city limits. Then follows an important general defense of the validity of the ordinance.

Our attention has not been called to any general law from which an intention on the part of the legislature to prohibit such ordinances as the one before us, — local police regulations in cities, — can be inferred. It is true, as claimed by the petitioner, the legislature has by many acts manifested the policy of encouraging the growth of the grape and the manufacture of wines and brandies by our people, and has considered the liquor traffic heretofore as a legitimate source of revenue; but no act now in force and effect is by its express terms, or by implication, a limitation upon the powers of the municipalities of the State to regulate or prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors in bar-rooms. There is nothing in these acts inconsistent with the constitutional authority vested in the municipalities, to make and enforce such local regulations respecting saloons, etc., as may be deemed best by the local legislative bodies. Section 11 of Article XI is itself a charter for each county, city, town, and township in the State, so far as its local regulations are concerned; and nothing less than a positive and general law upon the same subject can be said to create a conflict within the meaning of that section.

Judges McKinstry, Thornton, Temple, Searles, and Sharpstein concurred in this opinion.

Judge McFarland delivered a dissenting opinion, in which he takes issue with Judge Patterson in ruling that the question of deprivation of property without due process of law was not properly before the court. He argues that the laws of the State recognize wines and liquors as property "as fully as flour, bacon or sugar," and that this ordinance, by forbidding the sale of a stock of liquors within the municipality of Pasadena, practically confiscated them. He further claims that "an ordinance may be in conflict with the general laws, although the latter may not in express terms forbid the passage of the former. Whatever is inconsistent, or inharmonious, or at variance with, or contradictory of, or

repugnant to, the general policy of the State, as expressed in its general laws, is in conflict with those laws." He then cites many acts of the State designed to encourage the wine industry, and argues that the policy of the State has been not to cripple but to help the manufacture of liquors, and that this ordinance being plainly repugnant to this clearly defined policy, is illegal.

It is to be regretted that the question of property rights raised by the petitioner was not decided on its merits, instead of being dismissed on a technicality. And as important as this decision is in its support of the right of municipal prohibition, it defines that right simply as incidental to general police powers, and not as expressly sanctioned by any State law.

The temperance agitation in a number of Southern California towns took the direction of incorporation and municipal prohibition; as soon as the validity of the Pasadena ordinance was duly passed upon by the courts. The following is a list of the prohibition towns, with the date of the adoption of the ordinance:

Riverside .....	Nov. 21, 1887
Monrovia .....	Dec. 21, 1887
South Pasadena .....	March 24, 1888
Long Beach .....	April 16, 1888
Orange .....	April, 1888
San Jacinto .....	May 10, 1888
Elsinore .....	May 21, 1888
Compton .....	June 18, 1888
Escondido .....	April, 1889
Pomona .....	May 29, 1889

The only case of repeal is at San Jacinto, where mob law had been resorted to, and the first saloon gutted, and the liquors destroyed. Prohibition was tried two months, and then, by a "flop" on the part of one of the trustees, the ordinance was amended, so as to allow the sale of liquors under severe restrictions. The temperance sentiment of the town is so strong, however, that the only saloon that was licensed has since closed



for want of business. The ordinances passed have been the same as Pasadena's, with the necessary verbal changes, in order to keep within the exact limits of the law approved by the courts. The only exception is at Pomona, where the ordinance allows the sale of wine "in quantities of two gallons and over." This provision was inserted so as to exempt the Pomona winery, one of the largest in Southern California, and a heavy shipper to England. Prohibition has seemed to have a good effect on this winery, for its business the past season has been heavier than ever before.

Law is one thing, enforcement is another; and in regard to liquor laws, experience has shown that this is especially true. Pasadena and Riverside have been the battle ground of the legal contests that have so far been waged over the prohibition legislation in Southern California. During the time that the temperance crusade had been going on in Pasadena, the town had been taking rapid strides forward; and when the ordinance was finally passed, the quiet rural hamlet of '84 had grown into a flourishing city that in the halcyon days of the boom felt itself a rival to Los Angeles. The enforcement of prohibition in any city of ten or twelve thousand population is no easy matter; and it has naturally been attended with unusual difficulties in a California city surrounded by wineries and low license towns. At the time the ordinance was passed, there was a tacit understanding that first-class hotels should be allowed to serve liquors to their guests. This was intended especially to meet the case of the Carleton, then the leading tourist hotel in the city. The privilege thus granted was abused, and finally the lessees of the house were prosecuted under the ordinance, and proceedings stayed only on their giving bonds to sell no more liquor, even with meals. Serving liquor with lunches proved the favorite dodge of evaders of the law, and several

so-called restaurants went into this business on quite an extensive scale. If you wanted a glass of beer, you called for a cracker. The evasions of the ordinance became so general, that at a mass meeting on November 6th, 1888, an enforcement committee was elected, and their vigilance has proved a valuable assistance to the efforts of the city marshal and the city attorney. One of the cracker restaurant cases, *The People vs. John Senich*, was pushed to a conviction, and an appeal to the superior court resulted in an opinion from Judge Shaw, rendered April 27th, 1889, that did much to strengthen the force of the prohibition ordinance. The following is the most important declaration of the opinion:

The selling of liquors only in connection with lunches or meals is still a selling of liquors, and none the less so because something else is sold with it. I think a city has the same power to restrict the drinking of liquors with meals or lunches, as it has to restrict it under any other circumstances. I am of the opinion that the ordinance includes any place where liquors are sold or given away, customarily, or in the usual course of business, whether it is called by the name of restaurant, grocery, or by other appellation. It is not the name, but the act, which is prohibited.

This pretty effectually closed up the lunch counter saloons, and the conviction of one druggist has checked the "physician's prescription" scheme. One of the more recent episodes was the prosecution of a detective employed by the enforcement committee and paid by the city, on the ground that he was guilty of a violation of the ordinance in inducing a druggist to sell whisky. A change of venue was taken from Pasadena to Garvanza, a saloon town, but the jury rendered a prompt verdict of acquittal.

General as is the approval of prohibition in Pasadena, there is a strong party opposed to it, composed largely of citizens who believe that high license would as effectually check the liquor traffic and better conserve the business interests of the city; but so far this party has proved decidedly in the minority. At the last

city election, in April, 1888, there were two tickets in the field, Prohibition and Liberal (High License). The average vote for trustees on the anti-saloon ticket was 544, and on the Liberal 234, while on marshal the vote stood, Anti-saloon 283, Liberal 159. A technical point having been raised regarding a clerical error in the adoption of the ordinance, on September 15, 1888, it was re-enacted by a unanimous vote of the trustees. In the fall of 1888 a Progressive League was organized in opposition to the enforcement committee, and a petition signed by over five hundred names was presented to the trustees, asking for a special election to vote on the question of the repeal of the ordinance. This petition was denied, on the ground that the last city election had called out a very decided expression of the people in favor of prohibition, and that this petition, nearly half the signers of which were not voters, could not be accepted as sufficient evidence of a change in public sentiment.

Before adopting prohibition, Riverside had given a thorough trial to a high license ordinance, with severe restrictions regarding sales to minors, early closing, etc. The city was incorporated in 1883, and the saloon license was gradually raised, till on January 1st, 1887, it was made \$2,000 a year, remaining at that figure till January 1st, 1888, when the prohibition ordinance went into effect. This is believed to be the highest retail liquor license ever paid, and was expected to be prohibitory. One saloon keeper, however, paid it, and is said to have made money, even with that tax as a drawback to profits. The \$2,000 was quite a bonanza to the city treasury, but the trustees passed a prohibition ordinance within a month after the Pasadena case had been passed upon by the Supreme Court. Here, as at Pasadena, there has been a strong opposition to the ordinance, and at the last city election the anti-saloon ticket was elected by only a small

majority, the vote on trustees standing: prohibition 449, high license 407. The past summer has seen a vigorous crusade for the faithful enforcement of the ordinance. The marshal in a recent report gives this summary of the results of the campaign: "Sixteen complaints were filed, and resulted as follows: eight pleas of guilty of selling liquor, three convictions by a jury for selling liquor, one acquittal, three cases settled by the parties pleading guilty in other cases and promising the court to sell no more. One case has been appealed to the superior court, and awaits a decision there."

The case appealed is a very interesting one, and the court will be called upon to decide a question very far-reaching in its effect on prohibition in California. One of the druggists of the city was convicted of the illegal sale of liquor, and took an appeal on the ground that he had only sold on a physician's prescription. The point at issue is the life of a prescription, the defense claiming that a prescription could be filled indefinitely without additional instruction from the physician. The practical working of this interpretation has been that a prescription would be obtained for whisky, and then refilled perhaps a dozen times a day. Customers were supplied second-hand with flasks duly labelled as prescription number so and so, and it is said that in the back yard of a barber shop about one hundred whisky flasks were found all filled under one prescription. This is plainly a subterfuge to evade the law, and if sustained by the courts its effect would be to nullify prohibition.

In all sections of the country men answer the question, "Does prohibition prohibit?" more according to their prejudices than the facts. A series of inquiries addressed to representative men in the prohibition towns of Southern California has elicited some rather wide discrepancies of statement on this subject, due to the strength of preconceived



ideas. This much I believe, however, to be true; prohibition is as well enforced in these Southern California towns as in Maine, Iowa, or Kansas. Speaking from a somewhat thorough personal acquaintance with the facts, I feel confident that there is less liquor sold today in Pasadena and Riverside, for instance, than in any two cities in Maine of the same population. The city officials of Pasadena recently published a statement, of which the following is a quotation: "There is no saloon within the city limits of Pasadena, though there are probably a few places where liquor is sold 'on the sly.' The law against saloons is as well enforced as the law against other forms of vice. The city authorities have never given permission to any hotel to keep a bar or sell liquor; and there is no hotel in the city keeping a bar. And there is general satisfaction with the prohibitory law among our best citizens. There is no intention of repealing it." We must remember that in the prohibition States of the East prohibition is general, not local; it has had long statutory authority, and has come to be accepted as the settled policy of the State in dealing with the liquor question. In California, however, prohibition is without precedent; it is contrary to the general policy and sentiment of the State; it derives its legal authority from local police power, as an incidental and not any too clearly defined right; and the communities in which it exists are scattered here and there over a great wine-producing district. Whatever may be our views regarding the wisdom or expediency of prohibition, we must admit that in the light of these facts, the degree of success that has been attained in Southern California in its enforcement is really remarkable. As in the East, prohibition here is largely a matter of official vigilance and support of public sentiment. In the smaller towns the difficulties are relatively less; and while there is some drug store tipping, the ordinance may

be said to have tolerably well met its purpose in such towns as Monrovia, Elsinore, and Orange. The Chairman of the Board of Trustees at South Pasadena makes the following statement:

We had four saloons at the time the prohibitory ordinance was passed, but every one of them closed promptly without a contest. The bar of the great Raymond Hotel was removed by the proprietor before the measure took effect. Since then there have been but few violations of the ordinance, and every one of them has been promptly punished. Now, there is no place within the city limits where liquor is sold, even secretly. Our people took upon themselves the burden of municipal corporation almost solely for the purpose of ridding the town of grog-shops, and they know that a repeal of the prohibitory feature of the law would be followed by an instant invasion of saloons, drunkenness, lawlessness, pauperism, and crime.

Pomona is the only city of the fifth class that has passed the ordinance. There had been as many as twenty saloons in the town, and were nearly a dozen when the policy of prohibition was adopted. These all closed promptly, much to the advantage of the good appearance of the city, but so far the prosecutions, for violation of the ordinance have been unsuccessful. The law was passed by a council elected just after an extensive religious revival, largely by the efforts of the churches and Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and represents the high-water mark of a tide of popular enthusiasm that is not as well backed by the sober second thought of the community as in some other places.

It is claimed, probably with some degree of truth, that prohibition has encouraged the drinking habit among young men, as a sort of bravado against an attempted interference with personal rights. Still, it must be conceded, that on the whole the restriction has promoted temperance and sobriety. Employers of labor all agree that prohibition has kept their help in much better condition for reliable work. In all the towns, the practical effect of prohibition has been to diminish disturbances of the

peace, and give comparative immunity from the evils that follow in the train of the open saloon. At Riverside, the arrests for drunkenness and disturbance of the peace were 141 for the last year under license, and 49 for the first year under prohibition, with a population probably twenty per cent greater. The following is a comparison of such arrests for the period when orange picking brings in a large transient population :

	1887. (\$2,000 license.)	1889. (Prohibition )
Jan . . . . .	15	2
Feb. . . . .	12	3
March . . . . .	17	1
April . . . . .	18	4
May . . . . .	10	4
June . . . . .	13	5
	85	19

It is an advantage to a place to have the reputation of being orderly, and the prohibition towns of Southern California have worked this scheme with the enterprise of boomers.

There is, however, another phase of the matter that must be considered. Prohibition has undoubtedly hurt somewhat the country trade of the towns that have adopted it ; this is especially true of Riverside and Pomona, where there is quite an outlying Mexican population. It has also injured the hotel business. Many wealthy tourists object to spending much time in towns where wine cannot be served to hotel guests, and commercial travelers are proverbially shy of the prohibition towns. The general depression following the collapse of the boom no doubt accounts for some things charged to the account of prohibition, but the hotel matter is really a serious

one. The Raymond has been a success as a temperance house, and Mr. Raymond was an active supporter of the prohibition movement at South Pasadena ; but even among the strongest friends of prohibition, the feeling is general that a concession must be made to the larger tourist hotels. At Long Beach, the ordinance has been modified in this particular, and a petition proposing such an amendment, though tabled by the Riverside trustees, was urged by some of the leading temperance men in the city. A good deal of factional feeling has been roused by the discussion growing out of the prohibition movement, and the bitterness thus engendered without doubt interferes quite seriously with harmonious action in other public matters.

Present indications would seem to point to an extension of the prohibition territory. Redlands in '88 elected a supposed prohibition council, and at the next election will without doubt secure a clear temperance majority. At Santa Ana, the county seat of Orange county, the license ticket had only a small majority at the last two elections, and there is a strongly organized movement toward securing prohibition for the entire county. At National City, Colton, and some other towns, the local prohibitionists are showing surprising strength. It is certainly a matter of curious interest that a method of regulating the liquor traffic that is losing ground in the East should find such favor in California. There are those who fondly dream of a future prohibition State of Southern California ; and visionary as that idea seems now, stranger things have come to pass in this land of wonders.

*E. P. Clarke.*



## ONE OF THE ARMY OF LOST ONES.

THE hot air of the desert is full of sifting sand,  
The clouds of dust reach heavenward, and rise on every hand,  
Whirling in smokelike columns over the desolate land;  
The cactus is cracked and juiceless, and colored a sickly green,  
Curled and withered and thirsty the leaves of the sagebrush seem,  
And all is dry to the weary eye the earth and sky between.

On a barren, wind-swept hillock, too dry for sage to grow,  
Lies a circle of scattered human bones, a weird disjointed row,  
With a whitened skull in the center,—a relic of long ago.  
The orbits leer lensless and vacant from under the stately dome  
That glittering white and majestic was once mortality's home,—  
The ghastly trace of a sentient face living in lifeless bone.

What a story these grisly relics could tell if endowed with life,—  
Of strong men waging with nature a fierce and bitter strife;  
Of struggle with thirst or famine, or the pitiless arrow or knife.  
They tell us the dust is speechless, that the dead tell never a tale:  
These bones speak of one of the lost ones on the weary overland trail,  
A tale of woe that none can know save those who strive and fail,—

Of one of the army of lost ones a story of hope and fear,—  
Of an eager soul seeking fortune far out on the wild frontier,  
Who staggered and fell by the wayside, to die and disappear.  
Gleam on, O wreck in the desert, and leer at the passer-by,  
Homeless, unknown, and forsaken; unmarked by a graven lie;  
Grin at the earth whose drouth and dearth crave tears from a cruel sky.

If for thee a tender memory lives in a loving breast,  
And one still dreams of a dear one who wandered away to the West,  
Uncared for, uncoffined, thy scattered dust is hallowed as the best.  
What token has tomb of marble or costly graven stone?  
If the dead are forgot by their loved ones, 't is as well to rest unknown  
Where coyotes' howl and cry of owl are as kind a stranger's moan.

*Willis I. Cattel.*

## THE REVENGE OF A HEATHEN.

FROM the rough little redwood cabin under the hot hillside, sounded a curious wild wailing. Now harsh and shrill, as in triumph, now low and sorrowful as if brooding over defeat, it rose and fell like a savage incantation disturbing the peaceful sunset air.

It was the song of Ah Lee. He lay flat upon his back, stretched at full length upon the floor, a grain sack beneath his smooth head, his bare brown feet keeping time to the harsh chanting. In his rough sunburnt hands he held a Chinese song-book, a soiled thin pamphlet of rice paper, and over him through the open door poured the full golden flood of a California sunset.

It had been a hot, toilsome day for Ah Lee. Since early morning he had patiently plodded, hour after hour, behind the old bay mare with the cultivator, in the great vineyard on the slope of the dusty hill. Not a cloud in the brilliant blue of the sky all the day through, had for a moment softened the sun's steady glare upon his faded black hat and stooping shoulders. Though a thoroughbred heathen, he was heartily glad that it was Saturday night, and "tomorrow Sunday, no workee."

He had eaten his frugal supper of rice and dried fish, drunk his tea, and with rice bowl and chop-sticks still on the floor beside him he was taking his ease, the week's hard work well ended.

Out by the low, straggling, white-washed stables were the ranchmen, smoking and talking sociably. Foremost of the group stood Murphy, the overseer, flourishing a big snake whip aimlessly. But Ah Lee never thought of joining them. They were no comrades of his. He was a sort of ranch Ishmaelite, rather vicious if the truth must be

told, and by nature ugly, mentally and physically. The only Chinaman on the place, he was looked down upon with mingled hatred and contempt by the other men, and he in turn cordially detested them all, particularly Murphy, the foreman. The latter had tried his best to drive Ah Lee away from the ranch, to which he had come with other extra hands during the rush of the vintage season the autumn before. But Doctor Morgan, the proprietor, though like his foreman strongly anti-Chinese, had taken a fancy to surly Ah Lee, and refused to discharge him.

Absorbed in his song the singer paid no heed to his audience of one, a six-year old, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed boy standing in the doorway, and evidently slightly awe-stricken as he stared into the little room. Only when the fast-waning light caused him to turn his head did Ah Lee notice the chubby face of his timid visitor.

Slowly rising to his feet, he said, with a friendly grin,

"Hullo, boy! You likee me sing?"

The child pushed back his blue-ribbed straw hat, and with a shrug advanced a few steps.

"O yes," he replied, returning Ah Lee's smile, "you know you sing so funny. But dad says he will lick me good 'n hard if I come in here to see you. Sabbe?"

"Yeher, me sabe. He no good. You likee come, you come," observed Ah Lee, graciously. It was Murphy's boy, Tommie, and because of that fact he sometimes glanced at the urchin with an evil look. But because of the trusting blue eyes, the bright innocent face, but more than all because of the plainly shown liking of the boy for ugly Ah



Lee, the Chinaman, being also human, frequently forgot that it was Murphy's boy to whom he gave so many curious sweetmeats, peculiar to the far off flowery kingdom. Just now he realized only the pleasing fact that the heedless Tommie had ventured into the hut at the risk of a whipping.

So he came forward with a beaming smile, his long pig-tail reaching nearly to his bare heels.

"Youlikee come, you come, allesame," he said, placing a brown, toil-hardened hand on Tommie's silvery young head.

At the same instant a quick, heavy step crunched the gravel outside and the burly, black-whiskered Murphy, whip in hand, filled the low door-way.

"Come out o' that, Tommie!" commanded the father angrily. "Did n't I tell yez ter keep away from this dirty brute's den? Take yer paw off the boy's head!" and he shook the whip in the scared face of Ah Lee.

Instinctively dodging to escape a blow, for his fear and hatred of Murphy were equally intense, the Chinaman stumbled over his rice bowl, and by pure accident throwing out his hand, he hit the boy's face smartly. As much from fright as from pain, the little fellow burst out crying, and Murphy, with an oath, grasped the flying cue of Ah Lee. Whirling him around, he with the whip laid one stinging stroke across the wild brown face. It was a cruel, impulsive blow, and on the instant even rough Murphy regretted it. A livid line appeared from the corner of one almond eye to the snub nose, and down to the blunt chin.

"Strike the bye, will yez? Yer scaly leper!" yelled Murphy in a seeming rage, though really ashamed of himself. And he thrust the cowering heathen from him.

Slinking like a whipped hound to the farther corner of the little room, Ah Lee with murderous eyes surveyed his enemy.

"You lickee me, allee same me pay you," he muttered thickly.

Something in the squat, sullen face, filled with a horrible rage, the snaky venom in the glittering black eyes, made Murphy shudder. He went out rather hastily, with the weeping Tommie in his wake.

But Ah Lee's revengeful glare went with Murphy, and haunted him all the evening.

Lying unusually wakeful in bed that night, with Tommie slumbering peacefully beside him (the boy's mother had been dead a year, and Murphy was both father and mother to his only child,) he thought uneasily:

"Indade I wish I'd not hit the haythen. He'll loikely lay it up agin me for revenge. They say he's an ugly devil whin he's mad. If the Docther comes up termorrer I'll tell him I'll quit mesilf if the Chinyman stays on the ranch any longer. That settles it," and turn-over, Murphy was soon snoring.

But all that night long Ah Lee lay sleepless, with dry throat and burning eyes, on his hard pallet. In his seething brain one idea was alone uppermost, revenge, and the deadlier the better. It was not a question of shall, but how. Towards midnight his bitter hatred was suddenly brought to a focus. He had finally hit upon a terrible means of retribution, and he clung to it tenaciously, nursing it with gall till it became strong and hideous, overpowering the feeble better impulse which seldom strove to assert itself.

Tommie, the blue-eyed innocent, was his father's idol, more to him than life. Was it not a sweet and sure revenge to, strike Murphy through his boy, a more than mortal blow?

And Ah Lee smiled to himself in the darkness.

NEVER did sun rise on a sweeter Sabbath morning, and look forth over the hills upon a fairer valley. A faint sil-

very fog, like wreaths of smoke, curled up the foothills and fringed the brown mountain's base. It was a sunny California plain, shut in by mountain ranges from the harsh, windy world without. Round about for miles between the hills lay the white ranch buildings, the green orchards, some of them sheets of snowy bloom, the budding vineyards, green wheat and barley fields, with here and there a clump of sturdy old oaks. An Eden-like picture of sunshine, peace and plenty.

Dr. Morgan's ranch in the foothills caught the first rays of the morning light. A faint, fitful breeze stirred the leaves of the oaks near the stables, and lazily turned the windmill's wheel above the big water tank. Back of the stables rose the hill, on whose long, steep, brown side, from base to summit, acre on acre of warm fertile earth, was the noted Morgan vineyard. Row after row in countless numbers, extended the regular lines of short stakes, each with a budding vine trained to it, and all straight, trim and uniform, from the bottom up, far up to the topmost heights, like an army of Lilliputians, whose serried ranks covered the great hill-slope.

To the left of the vineyard a deep, wild gorge concealed the creek, brawling its way down from the mountains. It was from Ah Lee's cabin but a short walk to this lively stream, and sufficiently hidden and solitary, it had become his favorite Sunday resort. Here he would patiently fish in the clear pools, hour after hour, rarely catching so much as a minnow, but nevertheless well pleased with this preëminently heathenish way of spending the day. Like his Christian neighbors, however, he generally passed the earlier hours of the forenoon in profound slumber; and lying awake all that night caused him to sleep heavily as morning came.

It was afternoon before he emerged from his cabin, having eaten his usual meal of rice and fish. He had washed

himself with the scrupulous personal cleanliness that was his one approach to godliness, and on his feet were the heavy cow-hide boots which he always wore when enjoying himself among the rocks in the cañon.

Shuffling off down the bank, still morose and evil-eyed, in a few minutes he was seated on a big gray rock overlooking a deep pool, into which the crystal water rushed with many a bubble and foam. The gurgle and splash drowned all other sounds; except in the creek there were no signs of life manifest; the sun itself was shut out by the tree-tops, and the steep sides of the gorge rising on either hand abruptly fifty or a hundred feet. Ah Lee's solitude was complete.

He was in no mood for angling today, but sat sullenly thinking. Rolling a cigarette and lighting it, he puffed steadily, while staring down at the pool in which was mirrored his snub nose, shining eyes, and ugly, coffee-colored face. Perhaps, though, in the purling depths he saw more than his own dark visage. Maybe a fairer picture presented itself, and drove his thoughts swiftly back to his boyhood's home on the plain by the banks of the giant river, Hoang-ho. Again he was with his kindred, no longer an Ishmaelite in a strange land. Toil was his birth-right, life a mere animal-like existence; yet there may have been memories of vanished scenes that, like cleansing waters, washed from his narrow mind the black evil it contained, and softened his sullen wrath. For the shadow lifted from his dull face, and gradually the anger also left his black eyes. He almost smiled as a half-dozen playful young trout darted out into the center of the pool, and seemed to glance saucily up at him.

Just then a stone came rolling down the bank behind him, and striking the rock bounded with a chug into the pool. The trout and Ah Lee's smile like a flash disappeared instantly. Turning his head



he saw half way down the steep side of the gulch, cautiously picking his way over the loose stones and dead wood, Murphy's boy!

With a gleeful laugh at Ah Lee's blank astonishment, Tommie sung out:

"Hullo, Lee! I've run away; been huntin' for you all round; thought you must be here fishin'. Caught anythin'? Doctor Morgan's come; he's up ter the house with dad."

It was a dangerous incline for such young feet, and Ah Lee knew it.

"Look ou', boy! You fall, *sure!*" he exclaimed, starting to his feet. But Tommie kept on, and was soon dancing upon the big rock and shouting at the roaring creek.

Then it was that, all unbidden, the banished demon came creeping back to Ah Lee. One little push, and Murphy's boy would be in the clutch of death, down by the playful trout. His swarthy cheek burned anew with the shame of the whip-lash. His barely smouldering hatred burst again into fierce flame.

But before he could obey the devilish prompter, there came a shrill little scream—and he was alone on the rock. Vengeance had come without effort from him. Murphy's boy had, without any pushing, slipped and fallen over the rock into the deep pool!

Ah Lee shut his eyes. His yellowish-brown face grew ashen. His knees trembled as he half turned to steal off down the cañon, and hide in his cabin as if nothing had happened. It was easy enough to do, and he might have done it, but for a gurgling, gasping, pitiful cry of

"Lee! Lee!"

It was not Murphy's boy, but little Tommie calling to him, and with a smothered yell, like a wild beast in pain, Ah Lee sprang to the rescue.

Across the rock his thick boots clattered. Into the ice-cold water he rushed up to his waist, to his shoulders, deeper yet, to his snub nose, before his eager

brown hands could grasp the flaxen head now drowning in the eddies where the trout had played.

Dragging the body out and giving one wild glance at the ghastly little face, with the dripping light hair flung across the tender white forehead, he scrambled up over the rock, and shouldering his limp burden started up the bank. If he could get Tommie home to Doctor Morgan before life was utterly extinct,—that was his one thought. Clutching the little wet form fiercely, he dug his boot-heels and toes into the yielding gravel.

Great masses of sand and rocks, and rotting wood, often slid down the steep bank into the gorge, and perhaps because of Ah Lee's and Tommie's recent descent one of these avalanches started slowly from the top as the desperate Chinaman came staggering swiftly upward. He saw it instantly, and he knew his danger, as he was directly in its way. It was useless to turn to one side, or retreat. He had already made rapid progress, the land-slide was as yet barely moving, brush roots slowly giving way, and the whole mass toppling before the plunge. Gritting his yellow teeth despairingly, with one last mighty effort Ah Lee darted upward upon the trembling earth, and threw his small burden free and clear up over the bank on the solid green turf.

As he did so, a jagged rock shot out from the slide, and losing his footing Ah Lee went down before it, with a hopeless cry like a warrior slain in battle.

Loud shouts soon echoed through the cañon, but he did not hear them. He was lying half covered with debris, close by the big gray rock, with a fearful gash cut deep into his shaven head. Crushed and senseless he lay at the bottom, while at the top of the gully Doctor Morgan, a kindly faced old gentleman, with Murphy the foreman, and half a dozen scared ranchmen standing by, was rolling little Tommie on the grass, trying to bring the life back to the blue eyes.

"It's that thafe Ah Lee, that did it!" moaned Murphy brokenly, the tears streaming unheeded down his rough face. "I know it's him as kilt the poor little kid!" he added, as the Doctor made no reply. "Damn his black soul to hell! Why did n't he kill me, if he wanted revinge? Tommie, me bye! me bye!"

"Tommie is not dead, I tell you, Murphy," replied Doctor Morgan, rising from his knees by the boy's side. "He is coming round all right. See, he is opening his eyes now. But it's lucky you missed him as you did, and I happened to be here. What did you say about Ah Lee? Why man, the boy has been half drowned in the creek. Who pulled him out and brought him up here? Did n't we hear the land-slide? Ah Lee is more likely to be down there dead himself, than to have killed Tommie. Sykes, you men, go down and see."

A few minutes of silence, during which little Tommie opened his eyes weakly, and then the Doctor said sharply:

"Yes, they've found him. Murphy, you take the boy up to the house; wrap

him up after you've rubbed hi m down, and give him a drop more of whisky. He is alive, but I am afraid they are bringing up a dead Chinaman."

"God save the poor divil!" ejaculate d Murphy, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, thankfulness, and horror mingled.

Perhaps He did. At all events, after weeks of confinement in the little red-wood cabin, tough and toil-hardened Ah Lee took hold of life again.

One quiet evening not long ago, I happened to be at Doctor Morgan's ranch, as a queer chanting sound came from a small cabin under the hill. A flaxen-haired little boy stood in the doorway of the hut, apparently listening.

"What is it?" I asked of Murphy, the ranch foreman.

"That?" he answered, "Oh, that's Ah Lee singing. He often does of a Sathurday night, an' me bye Tommie loikes ter hear the haythen. Oi'm down on the Chinee, as much as any man, but Ah Lee an' me is good friends enough."

And then Murphy, in his own rough way, proceeded to tell me the story I have here written.

*Charles Robert Harker.*





## THE DECADENCE OF TRUTHFULNESS.

It is obvious to every reflective mind that in this century, and especially in this country, the unprecedentedly rapid progress in material development, and the overwhelming supremacy of the tendency to regard the acquisition of wealth as the chief end of human existence, has in a measure dwarfed the moral side of man's nature, and stifled those lofty and noble aspirations of the soul which link us with the spiritual and with the divine. Under these influences a cheerless philosophy has grown up, which clings to the earth, reduces the mind to a mechanical condition, and nourishes the groveling proclivities of man's lower nature. One-sided views and exclusive systems have flourished, and empiricism, bigotry, and dogmatism threaten overwhelming supremacy with the popular mind.

Amidst the influences thus tending to foster the cheerless spirit of utilitarianism, there is in our day and generation danger that Truthfulness may be subordinated to Expediency. The miserable and degrading maxim, that the "end justifies the means," seems to have taken so relentless a grasp upon the people of our country, that there is serious reason to apprehend that the voice of truth may be suppressed. There cannot be a doubt that truthfulness lies at the basis of real character; it is the origin and the parent of all that is virtuous, ennobling, and glorious in human nature. So all-pervading and powerful is this, that a parent cannot be too anxious in relation to the least departure from truth, even in the earliest periods of childhood; for it is almost always the forerunner of degradation, disgrace, and crime. The records of our courts bear fearful testimony to the disregard of the obligation of oaths; and the attendant elements of demoral-

ization and debasement seem to permeate every ramification of society. The crime of perjury is so difficult to establish, that false-swearing has become the recognized resort of unscrupulous men. And when we bear in mind that according to well founded biological principles, the propensity to such vices is liable, after a few generations, to become hereditary, it is really fearful to contemplate the alarming prevalence of those degrading sentiments which sap the very foundations of public and private morality.

The very essence of morality, in the most exalted sense of that term, consists in truthfulness; for it embraces sincerity, honesty, and the entire group of manly virtues. On the other hand the very essence of immorality, in the most despicable sense of that term, is mendacity or untruthfulness; for it includes deception, dishonor, and the whole catalogue of debasing vices. The most immoral and the most detestable wretch in the world is the liar; for he is capable of any act however low and mean, and will not scruple to perpetuate any crime however atrocious.

In business life it is insincerity, double-dealing, and want of candor, that sap the foundations of confidence and integrity, and thus debase the whole moral character. In political life, analogous effects are manifested. It is the intrigue and chicanery of party managers that have degraded the standard of political honor so low, that it has become a by-word in the land. In like manner it is the hypocrites, — "the sanctimonious embezzlers, the pious defaulters, the impure shepherds of susceptible flocks, — that undermine the morals of a people."

If we analyze the sentiments of right-

eous indignation that are aroused in every virtuous mind by such acts of turpitude, we shall discover that a large element in them may be traced to our inherent detestation of *untruthfulness*. It is the deceit,—the insincerity,—the duplicity,—that overwhelms the virtuous man with disgust and indignation. It is the same group of debasing attributes that very justly invests the “wolf in sheep’s clothing” with such a detestable character, and renders his example so demoralizing to the community at large.

The longer we live the more we are impressed with the supreme importance of *genuineness* in character. Whatever may be man’s vocation in life, let him be true to himself and to his fellow men. We can overlook many frailties of human nature, provided the man is truthful; we can palliate many follies and foibles, if he is only true to himself. Indeed, the untruthful man is in reality a libel upon all that is virtuous and honorable in humanity. His whole life is one prolonged falsehood;—he is false to himself,—he is false to his fellow-man,—he is false to his Creator! Such a despicable creature is, literally, a fraud on all that is pure, and lofty, and ennobling in human nature; and his example and influence tend to debase all those who may chance to come within the pestilential atmosphere that surrounds him.

Much just obloquy and opprobrium, and much legitimate ridicule, have been cast upon the principles enunciated in the so-called “Codes of Honor,” as well as upon the sentiments of “chivalry” usually associated with them. Nevertheless, it must be admitted by every one who looks beneath the surface of things, that some of these principles and sentiments have their origin deep within the most ennobling virtues which crown the highest types of manhood. The cultivation of those sentiments which placed courage and veracity among the cardinal virtues,—which keep alive

that high sense of honor which prompts to deeds of valor and heroism,—which carefully cherished that high esteem for women which produced exalted and refined ideas of romantic gallantry and the generous protection of the defenseless,—must assuredly (notwithstanding the many follies and abuses that were associated with them) be classed among the ennobling agencies of civilization. Indeed, it is evident that in every civilized community some code of honorable sentiment must separate virtue from vice,—high and noble aspirations from low and debasing principles; and if we analyze it, we shall find that *truthfulness* as contrasted with *untruthfulness* forms the real basis of the sentiment. The man of honor is the truthful man; the dishonorable wretch is the liar.

Moreover, it is sufficiently obvious that the general prevalence of mendacity or the want of veracity in any community would not only be in the highest degree injurious to the individuals thus deceived and misled, but, by undermining the very foundations of human confidence and integrity, would tend to throw back the whole race of civilized mankind into that barbarism from which it has emerged, and progressively ascended through still purer air and still brighter sunshine, to that noble height which it boasts to have reached in modern times. It is, therefore, not wonderful that veracity,—so important to the happiness of all, and yet subject to so many temptations of personal interest to the violation of it,—should, in all civilized nations, have had a very high place assigned to it among the virtues.

Hence, it is almost appalling to contemplate the increasing supremacy of those sordid agencies which tend gradually to induce a progressive decadence of truthfulness among civilized communities. Every ramification of society proclaims that at this epoch, and especially in this country, there is a most urgent need that man’s faith in the eter-



nal and indestructible nature of the empire of truth should be invigorated, strengthened, and fortified. This cannot be effected in a moment, or even in a century; it must be the result of prolonged and persistent effort. Perhaps it can only be accomplished by the slow process of evolution operating during thousands of generations. Be that as it may, there can be no question that the development and growth of those ennobling sentiments of humanity which are the legitimate offsprings of high and generous intellectual and moral culture, must inevitably tend, in some measure, to counteract the prevailing sordid influences, and ultimately to fortify the citadels of truth. Let us look at other influences operating in the same direction.

It is almost self-evident that the re-basis of the genuine and truthful character must be laid in the sacredness of domestic life. In the hallowed precincts of the family circle, even in the lisping of infancy, are to be found the germs of truth and falsehood, of good and evil, of virtue and vice. The noble parent who trains the ignorance and imbecility of infancy into all the virtue, and the power, and the wisdom of manhood, — who forms of a creature, perhaps the frailest and the feeblest of animals, the intelligent and fearless sovereign of the whole animated creation, the interpreter of Nature, the adorer and almost the representative of the Divinity, — assuredly performs a transformation so wonderful as to command the admiration of the world. And while the helpless subject of this great moral and intellectual training is every moment requiring the tender aid which maternal affection can alone bestow, — with an understanding that may rise from truth to truth to the sublimest discoveries, or may forever remain sunk in the depths of ignorance, and with susceptibilities of vice that may be repressed, and of virtue that may be cherished, — it is evident that it is im-

possible to overestimate the importance of checking what is evil, and of fostering what is good. It is too late to lie by, in indolent indulgence of affections till vice be already formed in the little being whom we love, and to labor then to remove it, and to substitute the virtue that is opposite to it. As a general fact, vice already implanted is almost beyond our power to eradicate. It is only in the state of latent propensity that we can with much reason expect to overcome it by the moral motives and influences which we are capable of presenting. To distinguish the propensity before it has expanded itself, to tame those passions which are never to rage, and to prepare at a distance the virtues of future years, implies a sagacity and a watchfulness that can only spring from the precious fountains of maternal solicitude and affection.

It is, therefore, evident that the fountains that are to be purified lie within the sacred domains of our homes. Around these sanctuaries should instinctively cluster all those tender and endearing associations, which should impart an inexpressible charm to the surroundings of childhood, and should tend to cherish those groups of noble virtues and sentiments which are at once the bulwark and glory of youth and manhood, and the solace and pride of old age. Is this the character of the homes of all the parents who may chance to read these lines? Are all of them the abodes of those tender affections, of that joyous happiness, of that perpetual gladness, of, in short, that group of lovely virtues which is the origin and source of all things that it is delightful to remember in childhood and in youth? Are there no ghastly skeletons concealed in some dark closets? Are there no examples of insincerity, of duplicity, or other protean forms of untruthfulness, to be found within these sacred precincts? It is to be feared, indeed, it is absolutely certain, that within the inner-

most sanctuaries of many modern American homes, idols have been secretly installed, infinitely more hideous and pernicious than those which Lord Bacon endeavored to overthrow in the corridors of our intellectual temple. Their influence on the moral character, as well as the future destiny of the little helpless beings that respond with sympathetic impressibility to every modification of their environment, is profound beyond the power of language to express. It would be quite out of my province to go into specific details, but I wish to impress upon every parent how fearfully pernicious in home circles must be the effects of these idols of untruthfulness.

While I would thus earnestly impress upon parents, and especially upon mothers, the supreme importance of purifying the sanctuaries of home, as the most efficacious means of developing in early childhood those sentiments and virtues which are to adorn manhood, I should not forget that the period of youth, during which parental supervision is, in a measure, withdrawn, is not exempt from similar influences tending to exalt or to debase the character of the mature man. It may be well to premise, however, that there can scarcely be a doubt that all the essential elements of character become established for good or evil much earlier in life than most persons imagine. Many traits manifest themselves during the earliest periods of childhood,—some of them even in the cries and incoherent lisplings of infancy. It may be enunciated as a fact, abundantly confirmed by experience, that the fundamental basis of human character is formed before the youth attains the age of sixteen years. Our experience fortifies the induction, that the character manifested by the student during his college life is never altered in any of its essential features during his subsequent career in manhood; habits may be acquired or relinquished, but no essential trait of character is changed.

Nevertheless, while the foregoing facts point significantly to the tender periods of infancy and childhood as the formative epochs of character, yet, in view of the *latency* of the propensities to virtue or vice, it must be evident to every reflective mind, that during the period of youth, generous culture of the intellectual and moral nature affords the most powerful means of checking or counteracting the growth of those debasing vices which may have taken root during earlier life. In the busy turmoil of active life, we need all the strengthening influences of such elevating and ennobling moral sentiments, to fortify us against the assaults of the sordid agencies which are so potent in this age, and especially in this country. Without these sentiments domestic life loses its charm, and even social existence is robbed of those features which impart its most refining influences. It is the development of these refinements of human nature that contributes largely to the elevation of the civilized man above the barbarian, and renders him capable of those enjoyments and pleasures which nourish and vivify the ennobling sentiments of humanity. The humanizing influences of the embellishments of civilization have long been the dream of philosophers and of philanthropists. The ideal justice foreshadowed in Plato's Republic, was an early attempt to harmonize the discordant elements of society, and reduce them to order, and beauty, and rhythm. In like manner, in later times, we have the Utopia of Sir Thomas Moore, and the Oceana of James Harrington. While admitting that such figments of the imagination are rudely set aside by the realities of life, nevertheless it is true, that through these refining and æsthetic influences the most exalted types of humanity have been evolved, the most ennobling sentiments cherished, and the loftiest aspirations inspired.

The general diffusion of these higher tastes and sentiments must, from the



very nature of things, be exceedingly slow and gradual. They are the growth of centuries of national quietude, and of intellectual and moral repose. They wither under the blighting influences of turbulent times. But in our own period of comparative national tranquillity, there are causes in operation that most seriously impair our progress towards the ideal of humanity. One of the most potent of these impediments arises from the non-recognition of the slowness of the processes of evolution. We are restless and impatient; we desire to accelerate the operations of nature. Such accelerative interference is either speedily disastrous, or in the end obstructive to real healthy growth. The evil influence of injudicious interference with the slow processes of evolution pervades all the elements of civilization.

Moreover, it cannot be denied that the immeasurably greater scope which man has gained by the more complete subordination of the great agencies of nature, for rendering his outward life intense and diversified, has a tendency not only to foster the spirit of overweening self-conceit and selfishness, but to dwarf the moral side of our nature, and to suppress those noble and lofty aspirations of the soul which link us with the highest types of humanity. It is, perhaps, chiefly to this all-pervading influence that we must look for the origin and cause of that decadence of truthfulness which I have already characterized as the prevailing vice of modern times. This discordant condition of things may in a measure be the normal result of the existing phase of social and intellectual development; and in so far as this is the case, it is inevitable and unavoidable. But it would be a grave and fatal error to imagine that these debasing and degrading tendencies are the necessary result or the legitimate outcome of high physical development. On the contrary, to the right-minded and the right-hearted inquirer, every important step that has

been made in the domain of applied science contributes largely to enrich and to vivify the æsthetic faculties of mankind, and every new disclosure which is revealed in the physical world only serves to cherish a more vivid appreciation of that child-like humility which is the natural offspring of the proper contemplation of those silent, hidden, and grand activities that operate in the sanctuaries of nature.

The gloomy, pessimistic view that some intelligent minds take of the influence of physical development upon the moral side of humanity, may be traced to the feeling of insecurity that arises in the ill-instructed multitude, wherever old and deep-rooted errors are exploded by the increase of knowledge. It is evident that they mistake a transient phase in the progress of civilization for a permanent condition of scientific development. We may rest assured that the discord is only transitory. The kingdom of truth cannot be persistently at variance with itself. Order and harmony between the great faculties of the soul will be ultimately established. It is quite certain that reason and conscience, — the elements of man's higher life, — can never be crushed out or extinguished; the social and domestic instincts are ever evolving moral affections, — love, self-denial, sacrifice, heroism, — which serve to exalt and purify the earthly career of man. The foundations of these moral and religious sentiments are unassailable; for they are laid deep in man's consciousness.

He who knows that all kinds of truth are intimately related, and that all the best hopes and encouragements vouchsafed to our nature must be consistent with truth, will need no argument to convince him that the enlargement of the boundaries of knowledge must be the surest barrier to the encroachments of those groveling sentiments which threaten to undermine the foundations of society, and to stifle the noblest aspira-

tions of the human soul. Moreover, the student has so frequently been brought to contemplate the great truths which have fallen within the comprehension of man, that he may be said to have dwelt in a sort of social communion with the everlasting source of truth. The benign influence of the general diffusion of such an atmosphere of truth may, (to borrow an illustration from Seneca,) in this respect, be compared to that of light, which it is impossible to approach, without deriving from it some faint coloring, even though we should not sit in the very sunshine; or to that of precious odors, amid which we cannot long remain, without bearing away with us some portion of the fragrance.

But it is the *inherited* propensities to vice that constitute the most serious and the most obnoxious obstructions to the development of those exalted sentiments which tend to elevate the moral side of man's nature, and to assimilate him to the divine. Even the careful training of infancy and childhood, enforced by the tender solitudes prompted by maternal love, seem to be almost powerless to suppress the inherited proclivities to crime and to vice. It seems to be a biological principle, that inheritance of vicious traits is the general rule, and non-inheritance is the anomaly. The statistics of crime afford appalling testi-

mony of the ineradicable character of such transmitted traits. It appears to be literally the fact, that vice becomes entailed, "visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." It is extremely difficult to realize in what manner and by what means human agencies could counteract or stifle such transmitted characteristics. The only hope seems to be in the practical realization of a rational system of sexual selection, the efficacy of which in such matters is abundantly evident in the breeding of our domestic animals. So far as the human race is concerned, this realization may possibly be secured in the remote future, as the hopeful result of the social evolution.

In the meantime, it may be some consolation to recollect that in the physical world, as is well-known, the pursuit of truth has invariably satisfied the boldest demands of the most refined civilization. Thus, while truth is so beautiful that it justifies and rewards every effort to obtain it, at the same time, it is so fruitful that it carries along with it its own recompense. We may rest assured that it is equally true, that every *moral truth*, when securely implanted in the heart of man, is sure to develop, at the proper time, each virtue that adorns and beautifies life.

John LeConte.





## A STUDY OF SKILLED LABOR ORGANIZATIONS.

## I.

THE right of those who labor to associate in unions and other organizations has in the past been looked upon with mistrust and suspicion, and until the opening of the present century has never had the full protection of law, or the countenance of public opinion. It is true that at periods about the beginning of the Christian era politicians used the working men as they occasionally use them now, for selfish ends, and conferred on them temporary privileges; or powerful rulers, in order to develop the industrial arts, encouraged their organizations, only to destroy them when they had attained strength enough to be feared.

So much has been written on this subject by enthusiasts who look upon these organizations as the means of hastening the millennium, and by others who can see in them no good, but fear much evil, that the reader who has had no opportunity of familiarizing himself with them,—who has never worked in the shop or otherwise been brought into contact with the men who constitute them, and the men who keep outside them, or been an employer of labor,—is apt to reach a prejudiced conclusion, (if he can reach any at all) influenced by his prejudices and surroundings. What effect will such organizations have upon the men of the country who earn their daily bread as mechanics and laborers? How will they affect the material industries, and what will be their influence on the skilled industries, controlled by manufacturing firms and corporations employing men to operate machinery that does the work heretofore done by hand labor? A glance at the past history of labor and trade organizations, a closer study of in-

dividual unions, a retrospect of the condition of labor, and a sketch of some strikes and lockouts, may enable the reader to realize that the subject is worth all that has been written about it, and more.

No one has been more prompt to recognize the new condition of manufacturing than the skilled mechanic himself, who, in fact, is today the product of this new order of things, and has accepted machinery as his ally, he being its master and guide, and supplying the machine with the brains which it lacks. This enables it to do what heretofore human hands alone could do. This delegation or possibly relegation, enables the thought, mind, and eye of man to occupy a higher and more economical sphere, relieving them of such work as can be done by inanimate wood and metal.

Yet, while the intelligent mechanic has been quick to recognize this fact, it is with the knowledge also that during the period of transition between hand labor and machine labor there may be, and probably will be, a time when the providing of bread and butter for himself and family becomes of paramount importance, driving every other thought into the background. The reduction in the number of hands, the shutting down of the works, or the temporary enforced idleness through repairs or alterations in large factories, means privation and misery to many a family, such as can be understood only by those who suffer.

We are apt to use the cant phrase, "in this age of competition" as a justification for many acts of which we ought to feel ashamed, because there is no reason to believe that this age is stronger in its competition than any former one; nor is there any ground to suppose that competition has become of a lower type, less

emulation and more rivalry than before. Probably the contrary is the fact.

Let us see. In competition the weaker has to suffer. For example :—a manufacturer, with a plant of machinery able to produce certain specific results, is confronted with the knowledge that he is undersold in the market, and on investigation finds that his competitor, by putting in improved machinery and curtailing expenses, produces as good an article at a reduced cost. His only recourse is to bring the cost of his works down to that of his competitor, and the easiest and most tempting way open to him is to cut down the earnings of his hands, as this involves no expenditure of capital, is distributed among the many, and is likely to be submitted to by the hands rather than loss of employment. It is, however, merely a temporary success : the struggle of superiority in machines is a cold fact. The machine itself is soulless and remorseless ; it is worked to the full limit of its capacity ; its master has no mercy, and if it fails in results it is thrown into the scrap-heap, the bone-yard, without the slightest pang or consideration. The manufacturer, probably still finding that he is behind in the race, attempts to make another reduction in the wages of his hands.

Now here is a case, perhaps, where the employer has embarked all his means in his present works, which are probably encumbered. He is unable to reconstruct the plant. He may plainly state the case to his workmen,—that his only salvation is to reduce his pay roll or shut up his works, and throw out of employment those who have grown up with them, reared their families, and built their little homes around them. Clearly it is a hardship in either case ; but as the latter is the harder, a reduction in wages is consented to, and for a while all goes on as before, except that the workmen have each to practice more self denial and economy. If it stopped here it might be all right ; but through the inability of

the manufacturer to put in improved machinery, the evil day has only been postponed ; the first success in reducing wages suggests a further reduction, and the same statement is represented and notice of reduction given. The hands reflect ; the first reduction brought about only a temporary relief—will the second do any better ? and as the first deprived them and their families of some accustomed luxuries, the second will deprive them of actual necessities, a third would drive them into abject poverty, and the thing most dreaded of all, helplessness. They therefore decide to consider the matter in a body ; it is discussed in meeting,—perhaps some unwise things are said, but the result is that they conclude to stand by each other and not to accede to the reduction. The hands go on the strike, or the employer closes down his works and locks out the men.

This is but one illustration of one of the causes of strikes and lockouts. Later we will refer to these causes more in detail, and will consider how the antagonism between the employer and employed may be kept under control, and used if not to the advantage, at least not to the disaster of either.

The subject has been one of discussion, and has commanded the consideration of thinkers for many centuries, and it would be an assumption to think that these conflicts can be, or ought to be, altogether put an end to. It is a difficult subject to handle, because he who treats it has to find a point of view uncontrolled by master or man, and free himself from the influence of his own prejudices or personal interest.

In the remotest past, one can see here and there evidence of the existence of trades, combinations, and associations, and even of strikes. Perhaps it might be considered irreverent to call the exodus of the Israelites under Moses a strike,—but it does look very much like it ; or to call the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, after having lived there for



seven centuries, a lockout. In the former case the exodus was voluntary, and made the strike of the six hundred thousand hewers of wood and drawers of water the more effective; while in the latter case the exodus of the industrious Moor was involuntary, but the lockout by the Spaniards was equally effective and conclusive. Theseus, that pre-historic Athenian, comes down to us after three thousand two hundred years as a protector of skilled labor and an advocate of trades unions; while Numa Pompilius, 700 B. C., has the credit of organizing the guild of the Collegium Pontificum, as a nursery for the bridge builders of that period. Rome's reputation was not the best when the city was founded, but tramps and speculators rushed there in great force, and an ancient "boom" of wonderful activity soon built it up, and its attractions were such that skilled workmen, allured by high wages, flocked there and found ample employment.

That the labor union of that period became powerful enough to dictate terms and to endanger the State is evident, from the fact that Tullius Hostilius, finding the Collegia Opificum too powerful and dangerous, abolished them. But a little later, in order to secure the friendship of those connected with these labor organizations, Servius Tullius permitted their reorganization; and under his patronage so strong and independent did they feel, that they overstepped the purposes for which they were formed and went into politics, so that in 67 B. C. we are informed that all trades unions were suppressed, save those of iron or copper workers, carpenters, and goldsmiths. It seems, however, that in spite of the fears of the powers that were, and the probable indiscretions of the leaders of the labor leagues, they revived and flourished in Rome, thirty guilds, prosperous and powerful, existing there at the time of Constantine; and one hundred and seventy-five years later, in Constantinople, powerful guilds or trade leagues

were in existence. The extent of the mechanic arts at this period, A. D. 500, was undoubtedly much more limited than today, but at the same time a greater amount of individual skill probably existed among the artisans. The secrets of special manipulations were guarded most jealously in the family, and nearly all the ancient guilds provided for family inheritance of privileges.

There seems no reason to doubt the increasing strength and influence of trades unions from the seventh to the tenth century in western Europe, and towards the latter date monks and mechanics became badly mixed, — the Benedictine monks notably being recognized as good mechanics, and becoming rivals and antagonists of the trade guilds of that period; but five centuries later, journeymen as monks or religionists combined in England to raise the rate of wages. In the thirteenth century, guilds prospered throughout Europe, and from these trade guilds sprang those sentiments of liberty and freedom that antagonized them so strongly to the aristocracy and ruling powers. From the glimmering lights we have, a constant struggle seemed going on between these organizations and the government, and in the fourteenth century the persecutions of the organizations rivaled the persecutions of the Inquisition. At Magdeburg, members of the guilds were burned and put to death, and tradition has carried the horrors of that period in that town down to the present time. The guilds in 1300 A. D. were essentially democratic, and comprised master, workmen, journeymen, and apprentices; but later, becoming rich, they became aristocratic.

Mr. Thorold Rodgers, in his "Six Centuries of Work and Wages," a work of most patient research, notes that manufacturing centers are hostile to the pretensions of the church, and as the mechanic and artisan are the elements of such centers, the trade unions or guilds

must have been then hostile to the pretensions of the church as well as the state. The same author states that in the thirteenth century the day for the laborer consisted of eight hours, and the year 312 working days. The pay per diem for a laborer was two pence, for a woman one penny, and for a boy one-half penny. Artisans in London earned from £6 5s to £6 17s 6d per annum, and in the country from £3 15s to £4 7s 6d; house servants, thirteen shillings and four pence to forty shillings per annum, with board and lodging. The cost of living to a farmer was £3 per annum, and he gives the following interesting facts:

A. D.	1562	1563	1570	1573	1577	1578		
Avg. price of labor per week	84.9½	4.0¼	4.7	4.4½	4.10¼	4.8		
A. D.	1542	1552	1562	1563	1564	1573	1577	1578
Avg. price of board and lodging per week	51.0	3.0	4.0½	4.6	3.11	4.0	4.8½	4.3

and states that a laborer or mechanic in 1725 could not earn as much by one year's work as he could in 1495 by ten weeks' work.

The trade guilds after the fourteenth century began to change in character, and discarding the ordinary workmen, assumed to themselves certain exclusive privileges, and lost that democratic character which had been their danger and their strength. The various organizations of the mechanic and the artisan as such became disrupted, and for a period of four hundred years we lose almost all traces of them.

Meanwhile the guilds allied themselves with the government, and were gradually becoming identified with the local governing bodies of towns and cities, and receiving certain privileges from the state became quite aristocratic, most worshipful and honorable close corporations. Tracing them to the present time, there remains in Great Britain, where alone they seemed to have retained their identity intact, at this time twelve principal and sixty minor guilds,

with estate valued at seventy-five million dollars, and an annual income of three and one-half million dollars, exceeding the annual income of both Oxford and Cambridge Universities and their colleges. This income of \$2,500,000 annually is spent in high salaries, banquets, and charity, and so fat and useless have these guilds become that the English government is causing an investigation to be held, with the view of abolishing them and escheating their wealth to the state.

One thing in their favor is their recent effort to give tuition to young men by establishing in London schools for practical instruction in almost every branch of mechanics and art. I visited in 1887, at Finsbury, the shops belonging to these trade guilds, and saw there some earnest work and good results.

From the fourteenth to the seventeenth century, Germany and France had labor and industrial organizations, but they seemed to lack that homogeneity, the result of intelligent direction, which gives permanency and stability to any work.

Probably the decline of the influence of trade organizations and their collapse, particularly in Great Britain, were due to their increasing wealth, and to the expansion of the political and commercial power of that country during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Moreover, the mechanic and the laborer were treated with a rude hand by Edward III, as the "Statutes of Laborers" of 1351 evidence. Two years before a dreadful disease had visited England; fifty thousand died in London alone. Labor, of course, became scarce, and wages naturally advanced. The attempt was made to control this labor by the "Statutes of Laborers," which among other things fixed the price of wages, and prohibited any one leaving his own village if he could get work at those rates, which were put so low as compared with the cost of the necessities of



life, that mechanics and laborers were constantly trying to improve their condition by escaping from their own villages to other places when their services were in demand. Rigorous as those laws were, they were made still more so in 1360, and workmen who left their villages had the letter "F" branded with a red hot iron on their foreheads. So thoroughly impotent had all the traditions of the labor organizations of the past become, that the mechanic and laborer were too utterly helpless to even raise their voices in protest; and three years later, 1363, a law was passed compelling workmen and all persons not worth forty shillings to wear a cloth called "russet," the coarsest made, and to be served but once a day with fish or meat, and the offal of other victuals.

The laboring man was not looked upon as being the possessor of his own labor: it was not a thing he could sell, but the government undertook to put a value on it as it did upon the coin. It is true the trades unions had done this valuing heretofore, but they had valued it from the opposite point of view. Adam Smith says, "The property which every man has in his own labour, as it is the original foundation of all other property, so it is the most sacred and inviolable." No such property was recognized at the time to which we refer.

Karl Marx adds later: "So far, therefore, as labor is a creator of use-value, is useful labor, it is a necessary condition, independent of all forms of society, for the existence of the human race. It is an external, nature-imposed necessity, without which there can be no material exchanges between man and nature, and therefore no life." The essential value of labor as stated by Marx, and the individual's right in his own labor, as stated by Adam Smith, together, put in plain language the general proposition.

To return to the condition of the laborer and the mechanic at about the time of the Black Death, — it is possible that

the presence of that dreadful plague demoralized the senses and blunted the perception of the people; but the recovery from the effects of the blight, while it did not immediately bring reason and common sense back to the authorities, did strengthen the cause of labor; and nineteen years after the passage of the Statute of Laborers, about long enough for a new generation to come into life, the mechanics and tradesmen began cautiously to organize. Ten years later, this organization to resist the enforcement of the oppressive laws culminated June 10th, 1381, in what is known as the Wat Tyler insurrection, in the pacification of which Richard II made so many fair promises, to be so unfairly broken.

The term "apprentice" is first mentioned (12 Richard II, c. 3) in 1388, and thereafter various laws were passed affecting apprentices, whose term by custom was seven years, more or less; but by Act 5th Elizabeth, c. 4, seven years became the law of the land, and no one could exercise a trade without having served this term. Afterwards by Act 54 George III, c. 96, the Elizabethan act was abolished. Later the feeling against trade unions is shown by the following proclamation, dated February 14, 1718:

"Whereas complaint has been made the government that great number of woolcombers and weavers in several parts of the kingdom had lately formed themselves into lawless clubs and societies, which had illegally presumed to use a Common Seal and act as Bodie Corporates by making and unlawfully conspiring to execute certain By laws or Orders, whereby they pretend to determine who had a right to the Trade, what and how many apprentices and journeymen each man should keep at once, together with the prices of all their Manufactures and the manner and materials of which they should be wrought; and that when many of the said conspirators wanted work because their Masters would not submit to such pretended Orders and unreasonable Demands, they fed them with money, till they could again get employment in order to oblige their Masters to employ them for want of other hands; and that the said Clubs by their great numbers and their correspondence in several of the trading Towns of the Kingdom became dangerous to the public peace, especially in the counties of Devon and Somerset

where many Riots had been committed, private Houses broken open, the subjects assaulted, wounded and put in peril of their lives, great quantities of Woolen Goods cut and spoilt, Prisoners set at Liberty by Force; and that the rioters refused to disperse notwithstanding the reading of the proclamation required by the late Riot Act:—For these causes this proclamation, enjoining the putting of the said Riot Act, and another Act made in the reign of Edward VI (entitled the Bill of Conspiracy of the Victualles and Craftsmen) in execution against all such as should unlawfully confederate and combine for the purposes above mentioned in particular or for any other illegal purpose contrary to the tenor of the aforesaid Acts."

The foregoing is interesting, also, as showing that the labor organizations were not entirely local, but in many instances were so well disseminated throughout the country as to be national in character.

While the woolcombers and weavers were thus denounced, it is not unfair to assume that they had reason to "confederate and combine." Some years later (1741) forty members of the Corporation of Tailors signed and issued the following document in the craft:

"The Corporation of Taylers being fully conveened, Taking into our Consideration the disadvantage our Trade labours under by the smallness of the Wages, by which we are not able to maintain our families, we have this day Enacted and solemnly Promise that from the above date we shall not work for any inhabitant in this Borough out of our dwelling house under sixpence per day; and when we work in our dwelling house we further bind and oblige ourselves not to make the coarsest womens Gown under tenpence stg., & cloaks & capes not under sixteen pence stg., each Tayler to pay three shillings & four pence of penalty for each fault, as witness our hand and day and date above mentioned."

During the period of coercion and oppression of the mechanic and artisan, the old guilds had become "Livery and Companies," which term is still applied to them, and the separation from the simplicity and democracy of the earlier societies became more and more marked.

In France, Philip the Fair authorized the organization of a guild of lawyers' apprentices, in 1303, under the name of La Basoche; its president was allowed

to assume the title of king. Their charter required them to parade annually in Paris; they were organized into a military force, and sometimes 10,000 cavaliers paraded dressed in blue and yellow. Their parades drew crowds to Paris.

In 1548 they furnished a cavalry corps to Henry II, and by means of the well organized force of six thousand men the revolt in Guienne was quelled. Like all such organizations, they became sufficiently powerful to be feared; but being lawyers and not simply mechanics, they survived until the French revolution of 1789, which had little respect for lawyers or any body else, extinguished them.

In these old trade unions, or guilds, there were many prerequisites of membership worthy of emulation by the modern organizations. Excellence in workmanship and morality of character were essential. Known immorality or irregularity of conduct were causes for expulsion. Illegitimate children could not become apprentices. The dignity of the calling was to be maintained under all circumstances,—this last condition, indeed, became so exaggerated that the calling was eventually overwhelmed by the dignity.

In looking back it strikes one as remarkable that these industrial organizations could survive the repeated and merciless attacks from those in power; their vitality was simply astonishing, and viewed from the standpoint of today, it is difficult to evade the conclusion that they must have had a foundation of human right able to maintain itself in spite of repression and persecution.

For three or four centuries the spirit of the trade unions seems to have been broken and destroyed. The seed sown by the old Collegia Opificum, or perhaps long before, was, however, but lying dormant, to be aroused by the industrial revolution wrought by the introduction of machinery into the workshops and factories, especially of Great Britain.



The substitution of the machine for the man, threatening as it did to bring the latter more directly under the power and control of the owners of the former, roused the mechanic to a realization of the possibilities of the situation, and a revival took place about the year 1780, which called forth a counterblast of new laws against trades unions; and at the end of the eighteenth century special acts of parliament were passed, with a view of suppressing such organizations. In spite, however, of these laws, trade unions gathered strength, and the old struggle was repeated. Fortunately, however, early in the nineteenth century liberal views found voice in the House of Commons, and a dispassionate investigation was made by a committee from the House, which in 1824 reported that "these laws only produced irritation, distrust, and violence," and to the credit of the country they were repealed. Parliament then passed laws to protect combinations of workmen or employers from prosecution for conspiracy under the common law.

Under the common law, convictions were had in the colonies of America. As far back as 1741, in New York City, certain bakers were tried for conspiracy to raise their wages, and convicted. In 1806 some shoemakers were tried for the same crime in Philadelphia. The charge to the jury was, among other things, that a combination of workmen to raise wages may be considered in a twofold point of view, one to benefit themselves, the other to injure those who do not join their society — the rules of law condemn both. The jury found a verdict of guilty of a combination to raise their wages, and they were fined eight dollars and costs of suit, and committed to jail until paid. In 1809, in New York, an indictment of nine counts was brought against John Melvin and other journeymen cordwainers for conspiracy, being members of a trade union, and conspiring to raise their wages, and to prevent others who were

not members thereof from obtaining employment, and to injure a master cordwainer in the exercise of his arts, etc., etc. The workmen offered to prove that long prior to the strike in which they were engaged, the employers had combined and conspired to lower wages; that the wages contended for were reasonable, etc. The Judge in his charge says that the means employed by the defendant were arbitrary and unlawful, and come within the common law. They were found guilty, and fined one dollar each with costs. Other and similar trials were held with similar results down to 1827; but the boot was on the other foot in a suit brought against some master shoemakers, in 1821, in Philadelphia, where the defendants were remanded to custody by Judge Gibson on a writ of habeas corpus.

These cases are cited to show that the common law of conspiracy, especially affecting trade combinations and strikes, was in force equally in the United States as in Great Britain; and although convictions were probably had under the law later in the United States, it may be inferred from the character of the verdict that the delinquents were less harshly dealt with here.

The abolition of the repressive laws in Great Britain following the report of the committee of 1824, gave an impetus to trade organizations, and by acts of Parliament passed later, their constitutionality was acknowledged, and laws were passed enabling trade unions to hold real estate, etc.

The example of Great Britain was followed by other European nations, which passed laws permitting such organizations, — France in 1864, Prussia in 1866, North Germany in 1869; and the dark cloud that for many centuries had hung over the fortunes of trade and labor unions rolled away, to admit some rays of sunshine.

The danger now was that organization would be overdone, and that strikes and

lockouts would be the rule instead of the exception. But both the enemies and friends of the mechanic and working man were disappointed,—a matter of congratulation for both. Neither the wild excesses and disaster expected by one party, nor the illimitable benefits expected by the other, were realized; but that suffering has been ameliorated, intelligence and the cause of education advanced, and a higher standard of social and moral comity recognized, cannot be doubted.

The source of trade unions in the United States is Great Britain, where in 1876 they contained 1,200,000 members; and to continue the consideration of the subject, it will be necessary to examine into their rise and progress there, before touching on them as they exist in this country.

The Iron Founders' Society was established in England in 1808, about seventeen years before legal restrictions to its existence were withdrawn; their meetings used to be in secret, and their proceedings and writings were concealed, and kept so as to be easily removed or destroyed. The society is now over eighty years old, and the secretary has recently published a statement of its condition at seven stated periods, which I have condensed as follows:

Year..	1831	1837	1847	1857	1867	1877	1887
Members..	1,120	2,355	4,638	6,421	10,839	12,612	11,718
Income	\$11,000	41,000	68,000	80,000	148,900	182,700	231,300

The wages paid per week for certain periods were as follows:

Year .....	{	1831	1835	1844	1854	1864	1874	1884
		to	to	to	to	to	to	to
		1834	1843	1853	1863	1873	1883	1886
Wages, per week..		\$5.83	5.93	5.77	6.12	6.56	6.62	6.12

In the last period there is a falling off of members and a decrease in rate of wages, indicating defection in the ranks, or stagnation in business. The working hours are 54 per week. The amount paid out for benevolent purposes and benefits by this organization for the pe-

riod of years of which it has reliable record, is as follows:

To members out of work in 57 years .....	\$3,458,095
" " during sickness in 57 years...	977,640
" " superannuation allowance in 52 years.....	476,520
" " accident benefits in 43 years...	159,470
" " funeral benefits in 56 years...	286,195
" " emigration grants in 12 years ..	23,560
" " benevolent grants in 25 years...	17,665
Cost of labor disputes in 51 years.....	159,690

Total.....\$5,558,835

The above is a very remarkable and creditable showing. Of the total expenditure, but 2⅞ per cent has been spent in labor disputes.

The Amalgated Society of Engineers was organized January 1, 1851, and it makes the following showing:

Year.....	1851	1867	1877	1887
Number of members..	11,829	33,325	45,071	51,869
Income.....	\$98,290	431,275	606,075	944,025
Expenditures .....	\$57,440	495,305	604,025	876,820
Annual contributions per member .....	\$11.82	12.27	17.53	
Percentage of members out of work .....	6-10	4-7-10	6-3-10	

During the above period wages increased from \$4.50 to \$6.50 per week as a minimum, and from \$8.50 to \$9.50 per week as a maximum. From 1851 to 1888, a period of 37 years, the amounts paid out were as follows:

To members out of work....	\$ 7,038,905
" " during sickness	3,085,810
" " superannuation.	2,018,785
" " disabled by accidents .....	237,000
" " as funeral benefits	951,235
" " in distress.....	332,445
Expended for trade purposes .	423,495

Total .....\$14,087,675



There remained a balance on hand at end of 1887, \$625,600. It is worthy to note that the percentage of total expenditure paid out for trade disputes is almost identical with that of the Iron Founders' Society, viz., 3 per cent, leaving about 97 per cent of the income to be expended in beneficence and benevolence and expenses of administration.

It is interesting to study the stated objects of such organizations, and from the consular reports on such institutions in Europe I gain the following:

The Amalgamated Society of Tailors was established in 1866, in Scotland. Object:—To raise funds for the mutual support of its members in case of sickness and superannuation, the burial of members and their wives, assistance of members while traveling in search of work, for the protection and furtherance of the general interest of the trade, and for the moral and social elevation of its members.

The Associated Carpenters and Joiners of Scotland, 1861, have the same object in view; but in this society's "Preface," it states that "to contend against capital with any prospect of success, workmen have only in the present state of society one unfailing remedy, and that is a complete organization."

The United Operative Cabinet and Chairmakers' Association of Scotland, 1873. Object:—The insurance of the tools and tool chests of its members, the protection of their labor, support when unemployed, the fostering of those sympathies which ought to exist among members of the same trade, to promote a good and fair understanding between the employer and the employed, and to afford a ready means by arbitration or otherwise for the settlement of every dispute.

The Associated Blacksmiths of Scotland, 1857, state among other objects, that of uniting the members of the trade so as to successfully resist all encroachments on their interests.

The Associated Iron Moulders of Scotland, 1831, in their "Preface," say: "The success which has attended its labors . . . fully proves the necessity for such an institution being in existence. It is instituted to legitimately secure to its members a fair value for their labors, without injury to the just rights of employers, to make a provision to cheer old age, for seasons of depression of trade."

Mr. William Trant says: "A remarkable feature in Trade Unionism is its thorough unselfishness. The various societies are not opposed to each other, indeed, they help one another. . . The noble way in which almost every union helped the agricultural laborers, and in which some of them subscribed to the relief fund for the famine in India, will not easily be forgotten. The sacrifice by the individual for the benefit of the community contrasts favorably with the thoroughly selfish programme of the National Federation of Associated Employers of Labor, and probably accounts for the general tending to victory on the side of the men, wherever disputes arise. The masters do not try to help each other; they are in opposition to each other; their motto is, 'Each for himself,' and they are only united in their attempts to crush the men."

The objects for the organization of "New Guilds" in Germany are set forth under Sec. 97 of the act of 1869, as follows:

1. Cultivation of a spirit to protect the common interests, the maintenance and strengthening of the feeling of honor among the members of the guilds.
2. The furtherance of healthful relations between master and journeymen, maintaining homes and procuring work for journeymen.
3. Closer regulation of matters relating to apprentices, and provision for the technical, industrial, and moral education of apprentices.
4. To decide in disputes between

members of the guild and their apprentices.

Comparing the "objects" of those organizations in England and Germany, it is obvious that the former are exponents of the sentiments of free organizations, meaning something; the latter, an apology for their existence. Trade unionism in Germany has been stifled by a carefully considered flank movement by the government, which has recently shown a most paternal interest in the welfare of the mechanic and workmen. The provision made for the protection and care of workmen in the workshops of Germany, by the government, seems to leave little to be desired as an experiment. How it will succeed depends on the kindness with which it is received by the people, the degree of burden on the employers, and the efficiency and gentleness of its administration by the government.

As in England and elsewhere, so in Germany, it became evident, as manufacturing increased under the impulse of machinery, and the consequent broadening and brightening of the mechanic's thinking powers, that the restrictive laws of the middle ages were ineffective and dangerous. North Germany, however, hesitated for three years after Prussia had repealed her anti-trade-union laws; and on the repeal, in 1869, when North Germany passed laws permitting labor organizations, innumerable impracticable schemes were at once advanced, to unite all the working men in one all-powerful organization, and Doctor Max Hirsch already had such a plan formulated. Whether the German mind could have practically carried into effect any such system or not, events prevented for a time any serious attempt. The Franco-German War forced the whole subject into the background. On the termination of the brief and brilliant hostilities, and the transformation of the confederation into an empire, the laws of the North German confeder-

ation of 1869 became the law of the German Empire in 1871. Under these all guilds then existing were legalized, provided their by-laws were not in conflict with the general law. This general law no longer permitted the guilds to prevent members carrying on a trade; and among other enactments regulating them are the following:

95. The local authorities exercise control over the guilds; they decide controversies about the admission and rejection of members; about the election of the directors, and their rights and duties.

98 b. The constitution and by-laws of the guild must be approved by the administration of the country where it is located.

103 a. In case of dissolution of the guild, its affairs are settled by the Board of Directors under control of the authorities.

104. The guilds are subject to the local authorities.

104 g. The statutes of the Union of Guilds have to be approved by the authorities.

104 d. The authorities must be informed annually of names of guilds belonging to the union, changes in board of directors, of location, etc.

Foreseeing the inevitable organization of trade unions on a much broader and powerful basis than heretofore, the government of Germany decided that as it could not arrest, it would attempt to direct and control them. That it has managed, it so far with consummate skill and with immediate benefit to the workmen cannot be denied. It went, however, further than is indicated in the foregoing extracts from its laws, and insisted first that all manufacturers and employers should insure their workmen against accident and death while in their employ, and afterwards made such insurance compulsory as to injury, death, and superannuation, and optional only with respect to clerks and salesmen. Under the compulsory benefit law are enrolled today about four and one-half millions of beneficiaries; and in 1885, very soon



after the law went into effect, twenty trade guilds applied to the government to be allowed to participate in the Workmen's Insurance. These guilds composed the following:

Miners.....	334,589	members.
Printers.....	38,482	"
Paper Makers & Users	84,650	"
Chemical Industries..	68,298	"
Millers.....	73,439	"
Victuallers.....	24,666	"
Sewing Machine Makers	34,152	"
Musical Instrument Makers	11,784	"
Brick Layers.....	99,884	"
Beet Root Sugar.....	91,517	"
Cheese, Starch, etc...	31,576	"
Distillers.....	37,399	"
Tailors.....	64,480	"
Weavers.....	25,577	"
Leather Workers....	13,136	"
Potters.....	42,635	"
Gas and Water.....	14,394	"
Chimney Sweepers...	4,403	"
In all.....	1,129,145	"

The assessment on members varies from 6-10 cts. to 2 1-10 cts. per day; the employer has to contribute an amount regulated by the number of his workmen, and the increasing liabilities due, in the case of superannuation, to the advancing ages of the beneficiaries. It is expected that all the trade unions or guilds will fall in line, as by this system of benefits provided by the government the principal reasons for such organizations are removed, and the probabilities of disputes and strikes are fewer.

In the United States, or in Great Britain, it would be impossible to carry out such a system. Individual identity would be lost, and the feeling of personal responsibility that accompanies independence would be crushed, the bare idea of which would create a social uprising.

France does not undertake to exercise so parental a care over Trades Unions

as Germany; it would not be in harmony with the republican form of government. The old repressive Napoleonic Statutes of 1791 were annulled on March 13th, 1884, by a law giving permission to any number of persons of similar trade to form a syndicate or union; but the organization had to report the names of the directors, and the by-laws, to the authorities of the department in which it is located. It is not allowed to acquire property and buildings other than may be necessary for its own uses. The objects of such organizations are the study and protection of economic, industrial, commercial, and agricultural interests; the establishment of special funds for pensions and mutual assistance, and of intelligence offices, and similar purposes. Within the past year there has been a good deal of agitation in industrial circles, and several strikes have occurred for reduction of hours from twelve and thirteen to ten, and for slight increases of wages. Trade Unions used to be called *Corps des Marchands*, and at the end of the seventeenth century Paris had six *Corps des Marchands* and 129 other trade unions called *Communantes*.

In Russia, trade unions were encouraged by Peter the Great, who organized two classes of guilds, and in 1721 a regulation was enforced, assigning to the second class all artisans, and subdividing it into two sections, in the first of which were artists and gold and silver smiths, and in the second all other artisans and mechanics. Peter the Great, who had visited all the important commercial and manufacturing countries of the world, evidently saw the importance of encouraging the industries, and endeavored to do so by encouraging the organization of the very institutions that Western Europe had been trying to repress. His success, however, was indifferent.

A hundred and thirty years later, a committee was appointed under Alexander II, which sat from 1852 to 1869,—

seventeen years,—considering the subject, and finally reported in favor of repealing the old guild laws, and of organizing trades unions or *artels*; and accordingly laws were passed, giving full freedom to each trade to organize, and protecting it when organized,—the association being based on mutual assistance, etc. These unions, which were formerly called *vataga*, were henceforth named

*artels*,—corrupted from the German *antheil*—share. They are associations of men who have united their labor,—or capital and labor,—for the purpose of carrying on trades or work. As in Germany and France, they have written by-laws, which have to be submitted to and approved by the authorities before they can be allowed to complete the organization.

A. S. Hallidie.

### THE DAISIES.

A MYRIAD stars of golden hue,  
Pearl-lashed and sown the meadow through—  
I plucked a handful, love, for you.

I knew they would not fade nor wilt,  
Each eager golden-heart' atilt,  
Cranes upward on its tiny stilt

To gain the nearest to your eyes,  
As erst they tip-toed for soft skies;  
The daisies, love, are weather-wise.

Wilbur Larremore.





## ADVENTURES IN MEXICO. I.

"ALL aboard," shouted the Mexican driver, as the stage rattled up in front of the hotel.

"We've been waiting this half hour," said one of my English friends in an angry tone.

The driver explained that some part of the vehicle had just been repaired. "Better late, than a break-down," was his comment, as he piled in our baggage and again cried, "All aboard."

We at once took our places, the driver cracked his whip, shouted to his animals, and the four mules went off at a furious pace. One of the Mexicans leaned back saying, "Now we will make time." A Mexican never spares his horse, and this one was pleased that we had to go faster than usual. His companion neatly rolled a cigarette, while the two Englishmen lighted their pipes and prepared to enjoy the ride.

We were traveling by stage from a small mining town in Mexico to the city of Guanajuato. Our route lay for several miles over bleak and barren mountains, where nothing of interest was to be seen. By ten o'clock, however, we entered a forest of magnificent oaks. The Mexican, who by this time was making his fourth or fifth cigarette, said, "Some years ago in this forest I was stopped and robbed of what money I had with me."

"Tell us about it," I cried. "What did the robbers say and do?"

"There is but little to tell," was the reply. "I was alone upon horseback when three men met me. Supposing them to be travelers like myself, I courteously saluted them. As I did so one of the three, — a gigantic fellow, — suddenly drew a pistol and held it almost in my face. 'Give us your money,' was his stern command. I attempted to ex-

postulate, 'Your money at once or I fire,' cried the robberchief. What could I do? they were three against one, — no help was near me; so I gave them all I had and rode on penniless."

"I would have fought for it," cried one of the Englishmen with much energy.

"Three to one!" exclaimed the Mexican, "it would have been useless."

"Three to one or six to one," retorted the other, "no robber shall have my money without a fight for it."

"You would have been killed at once," replied the Mexican, somewhat nettled at the other's tone. "The robber chief was none other than Juan Baranda, notorious for his cruelty. He would not hesitate to kill any one who opposed him."

"I should like to meet him," said the English traveler in a determined tone; "he would find me ready to receive him." So saying, he drew forth a revolver and carelessly glanced at it.

"Don't be too certain that you won't meet him," remarked the Mexican in a somewhat scornful way. "My companion and I heard last night that two men had lately been robbed upon this road, and it is known that Baranda escaped from prison some weeks ago."

"I would serve him thus," said the Englishman, aiming at a blackened stump some rods away. The hammer fell without a report from the pistol. "How careless," exclaimed my friend, "yet I could have sworn that I put caps on when I loaded it."

"Perhaps they have been removed," cried the Mexican with much interest.

"Impossible," answered the other vehemently, "the weapon has not been out of my possession one moment."

The Mexican shook his head as if un-

convinced, and turning to me said, "If you carry arms, it is best to examine them. It was a famous trick of Baranda to have his confederates at the stopping places on the road render the weapons of travelers useless."

I instantly drew forth a pair of six-shooters, and examined the chambers. Every cap had been removed. When or how the pistols had been tampered with I had not the remotest idea.

We looked at each other in consternation. Who could have obtained possession of the weapons? Was an attack upon us intended? These and similar questions instantly flashed through our minds. The other Englishman drew his revolver at once; it too had been rendered useless by the removal of the caps.

"The devil!" he cried, "we should have been in a pretty fix had we been attacked. We have to thank you," turning to the Mexican, "for this warning."

I spoke to the latter's companion. He smiled, and drew forth a long and heavy knife, saying, "I never trust to firearms; here is something that cannot be tampered with."

"Prepare your weapons at once," cried the Mexican who had been robbed; "it is fortunate that we thought to look at them. It is evident that we are to be attacked, and this black forest is the very home of the bandits. I have more money this time than I can afford to lose; and you, my valiant friend," addressing the Englishman who had declared his willingness to fight, "will, I hope, help me defend it."

My English companions had come prepared to invest heavily in the mines of this region, and had with them a large sum in gold and in notes. Of this, however, we said nothing, but followed the advice of our fellow-traveler, and quickly prepared our firearms. The two Mexicans occupied the back of the coach, one of the Englishmen and myself the front seat, while the other English traveler had the middle section alone.

From this moment, the pleasures of our ride were ended. Conversation almost ceased. All our faculties were bent upon watching for fancied foes. Fully a hundred times during the next half hour did we trace the resemblance to concealed robbers in the low stumps, hollow logs, and moss-covered rocks of the wayside. The fact that we were upon the road that Baranda frequented, the knowledge that he was out of prison and again upon the highways, the feeling of insecurity in having with us a large and valuable treasure, combined with the recent attempt to render our weapons useless for defense, made us almost certain that an attack was intended. We were vigilant and prepared, and hoped to beat off the robbers should they attack us, but silence was essential to watchfulness, and in moments of danger there is no disposition to talk.

As we penetrated deeper and deeper into the dark woods, now climbing short, steep hills, and then descending into sharp ravines, we could not but realize that there were many places where the bandits might attack us with great advantage upon their side. When at length we safely passed the spot where our fellow passenger said he had been robbed, we breathed easier. It might be, after all, that our fears were groundless. We ardently hoped so, even to the Englishman who had been desirous of meeting Baranda.

The tension upon our nerves began to relax, so that when our driver halted to water his mules at a wayside spring we began to converse with some freedom. This was of short duration, however; for hardly had our mules got fairly under way when we began to descend into a cañon, where the road was shut in by huge rocks in addition to the forest trees. Ere the bottom of this cañon was reached, we heard a warning cry, and the next moment the mules were in wild confusion, trying to extricate them-



selves from a rope that had been firmly tied across the road at the foot of the incline.

We were pitched out of our seats by the sudden stoppage of the vehicle, but instantly regained our positions, threw off our cloaks and grasped our weapons. The cry of the driver was followed by the shouts of some half dozen or more men. "They are upon us," cried one of the Englishmen. "Defend from the thieves the treasures we carry."

With these words he leaped to the ground, pistol in hand. Not more than ten feet separated him from the nearest robber, and each fired at the same instant. Both were struck, and neither kept his feet, one falling instantly while the other staggered a second or two, but then dropped down helpless. The attack and the shots were so sudden that the rest of us had not moved.

The fall of the robber was the signal for a general discharge from the arms of the outlaws, but either owing to the motion given to the stage by the struggling mules or their poor marksmanship, none of us were wounded. The second Englishman now sprang from one side of the stage, and one of the Mexicans and I from the other. Three men were near us, and as my companion caught sight of one he cried, "Juan Baranda,—Juan the outlaw!"

Even in the excitement of the moment I could not but notice the massive form of the noted robber, and mark with apprehension the ferocity of his countenance. He shouted in a voice hoarse with passion and anger, "Yes, Baranda the bandit; and death to the man that knows me."

At the same instant he fired, striking my companion, who tried to save himself from falling by grasping the side of the coach; but his hand slipped and he sank to the ground.

I was now left to face the three, as neither of my companions could render any assistance. Two of the bandits fired

at me, but the first missed his shot, and I dodged just as the second pulled trigger, so escaped without a wound. There was no time to take aim, but I fired instantly in return. One man fell dead and the other was severely wounded. He staggered back, tried to save himself, but fell against the gigantic robber who was just in the act of firing upon me. The jostle saved me, but as I endeavored to spring behind the corner of the coach, my foot tripped and I fell backward over my wounded Mexican fellow passenger. A second shot whizzed over me. Without attempting to rise, I whirled on my side and fired at the advancing bandit. If struck he did not stop, but sprang forward, pistol in hand, to kill me. There was no time to escape, and the chamber of my pistol had got caught in some manner and would not revolve. At that second, and just as he raised his arm to fire, the Mexican who was still in the stage leaned suddenly forward and struck the uplifted arm a terrible blow with his murderous knife. It half severed the member from the outlaw's body, and the blood flew in streams from the ghastly wound.

The pistol fell to the ground, and with a frightful cry of rage and pain the bandit ran back among the trees, calling at the same moment for his men to retreat. I instantly jumped to my feet, and catching my second pistol fired several shots at Baranda and the men who held the mules and guarded the driver. Neither shot took effect, yet the firing hastened their retreat. The Englishman upon the other side of the stage now raised a shout of victory. He had exchanged a number of shots with two of the robbers, but neither he nor they had been injured. They had been held at bay, however, and the treasure was still in our possession. The brief, but by no means bloodless battle was over.

We hastily examined our friend, and found that he had been struck in the head and stunned, but was not so badly

hurt as the Mexican traveler, who had been hit in the side, making an ugly wound. The robber I had shot was severely hurt, but the one knocked down by the Englishman had managed to escape with his comrades.

The Englishman who had single-handedly defended his side of the stage was something of a surgeon, and in the course of half an hour had bandaged the wounds of the three injured men. We removed the seats of the stage, and laid the three side by side upon the bottom. They gave both cries and curses as the stage jolted over the rocky road, but in time we got them safely to Guanajuato, where the two travelers were made comfortable in a hotel, and the wounded robber was given into the hands of the legal authorities.

I supposed that our adventures with Juan the highway robber were ended, till one day I was passing the famous castle Grenaditas, which in 1810 was the scene of the wholesale butchery of 2,000 Spaniards by the Mexicans. It was now used as a prison, and the robber we had captured was lodged within its gloomy portals. The opposite side of the street was lined with a number of *pulque* shops, where the national beverage was retailed. I entered one of these to obtain a glass of *pulque*, and ask a question or two of the proprietor about some mines concerning which we had conversed once or twice.

To my surprise he did not reply in his usual polite manner, and appeared eager to see me depart. I was just in the act of raising the *pulque* to my lips, when I noticed a very large man sitting in a corner of the room. There was something familiar about his appearance, and I stood watching him closely to see if I could recall his identity, when he raised his face and looked at me. In an instant it flashed upon me. I dropped my glass, and cried out "Baranda the robber."

The outlaw had evidently recognized me when I entered the shop and was all

prepared, for the words had hardly been uttered when he sprang forward, knocked me down with a single blow, and disappeared from the room. In a moment I was up and ran to the front door, but the bandit was nowhere in sight. Determined to effect his capture if possible, I rushed across the street to the castle and demanded admittance. It took the stupid guard some moments to realize what I desired, but once admitted I hurried to the commander and said, "Baranda, the highway robber was in the *pulque* shop," — pointing to the one in question, — "not five minutes ago."

He did not stop to ask questions, but called an officer and said, "Take a file of soldiers and search the place this man points out."

We ran across the street and made the most thorough examination of the shop and all surrounding buildings. No traces could we find of the outlaw: he had either fled or was too securely hidden for us to find.

On our return to the prison the officer said that from Baranda's being so near the castle his object undoubtedly was to try and help the captive bandit to escape. "I will therefore take especial pains to guard him for the present," was his parting injunction.

A few days after this we set out to visit some neighboring mines. As the distance was but a few miles, we walked in preference to riding. Late in the afternoon we finished the object of our visit, and on nearing the city left the highway and started directly down the face of the mountain. I had fallen some distance behind my companions, so finding a little trail I resolved to follow it, thinking to get ahead faster even if the distance was a little greater.

This trail led along the face of the mountain rather than in a direct line toward Guanajuato, and I soon entered a dark cañon shaded by low trees. I heard the dash of a stream, and believing that the trail would turn I hurried on.



The muddy and discolored water from some of the mines upon the mountain here swept along in quite a stream, and I stopped for a moment to watch it dash over the rocks. While standing upon the bank I was suddenly seized, and a heavy cloak was thrown over my head. I attempted to cry aloud, but my voice was smothered beneath the folds.

Who my assailants were, or what their object could be, I had no idea. Had it been robbery, there was no need of personal violence, for I had but a few dollars, and would have given them up without a struggle. I believed they had mistaken me for another, and that as soon as my features were recognized I would be released, so gave myself no concern over the singular treatment I was receiving, more than annoyance at being detained and half smothered.

As soon as they had my hands securely tied behind my back, the outlaws threw off the cloak, pressed a pistol against my temple, and a stern voice said, "Not a word or I will fire." They were two Mexicans, and from their fantastic yet picturesque dress, much affected by the brigands of Mexico, I realized at once that they were robbers.

One of them said in English, "You must go with us."

"But suppose I refuse?" I replied.

He whipped out a long knife, and pressing the point so sharply against my hand as to bring the blood cried, "Not go? This will start you."

I took the hint without further explanation, and followed one, while the second walked behind me.

After going perhaps a quarter of a mile, one said, "We must now blindfold you: we are taking you to our retreat, and you must not see the way."

I attempted to reason with them, and offered what money I had, and tried to learn the object of my capture. Argument was of no avail, and I had to submit to have my eyes covered with a handkerchief.

After a short advance we were stopped by a sentry or guard, who asked how many had been captured.

"Only one," was the reply, "but it was by accident that he came our way. The chief may bring in the other two."

I realized then that something more than accident or mistake had led to my capture, for the "other two" evidently had reference to my two friends.

One of my captors now said, "We will untie your hands, for you will have to feel your way, as we are going through a narrow passage."

We entered a low, damp tunnel, but after going a short distance my guides halted, and one removed the bandage from my eyes. I found myself in a large cave, and at the further end a fire was burning, around which were sitting four or five men. They sprang up at our approach, and asked several questions in Spanish. Hoping to get some clue to the plan of the robbers, I pretended ignorance of the language.

"Only one!" they said, as soon as they were sure that I could not understand them. "Where are the others? did they escape?" My captors briefly related the manner in which I had been caught, and were evidently pleased that it happened so easily for them. Questions and answers were rapidly given, till I realized that for several days the whole band had been watching for an opportunity to capture the two Englishmen and myself. The chief believed that we would pay a large sum to be released, even if we were without money when taken. Those present were now waiting for the return of the chief and the rest of the gang.

I was both angry and alarmed at my situation, for I could hear threats of personal violence in case a ransom was not promptly paid. The bandits evidently believed that I was a relative of the rich Englishmen, and that almost any sum would be paid for my release. Knowing that they were doomed to dis-

appointment — for I had no claim upon my English friends that would induce them to advance money under the present circumstances, — I felt that I must watch every opportunity and risk much to effect my escape. With these thoughts uppermost I waited with impatience for the return of the absent chief.

Half an hour passed when suddenly voices were heard, and several of the men sprang up, crying, "The chief comes." They then busied themselves about the evening meal, for which it is evident they had only waited their captain's return.

Impatient as I had been for the appearance of this person, my heart sank like lead, when after a momentary delay I beheld the huge form of Juan Baranda enter the cave. For the first time I felt that my position was one of imminent danger.

He was in a villainous temper, that only one out of the three had been captured, as his plan had been to secure all of us. He caught up a light and approached me closely. It took but a moment for him to recognize me as the one who had killed one of his men when the stage was robbed. He addressed me in Spanish, but I pretended ignorance of that language. Turning to his band he cried in the most vindictive manner, "This is the English dog that shot José, and helped capture and carry Garcia to prison. He is the devil that saw me in Castro's place, and attempted to capture me."

Here he related to his men in graphic style how I entered the shop, and stood by the counter drinking *pulque* while he sat in the room. Then that I saw him, and cried out, "Baranda, the robber!" How he sprang upon me and knocked me down, and then escaped while I ran to call the soldiers. Most of the band crowded about us while he told the story, and acted out a part of the scene in the *pulque* shop. He ended by crying, "He is our enemy, and deserves

death at our hands if no ransom is paid for him. You escaped us once," he cried in a furious manner, "but you shall not again, and if a handsome ransom is not paid, we will cut your heart out and drink its blood."

Infamous as appeared his threats, I read an expression in the stern faces of his men that showed my fate would be sealed if this man gave the command.

At length, they resumed their places beside the fire, and ate their scanty supper. I was given some beans hot with pepper, and some thin, hard slices or cakes of bread.

Shortly afterwards I was told by one of the Mexicans that I must write a note to the two Englishmen, and ask for a ransom of \$1,000.

It would be useless to repeat my argument to them, or my protestations that no money would be paid. "Write the note," was their command, with flourished knives. "We must have that money."

Remembering the manner in which I had been forced to accompany two of the bandits, I no longer hesitated, but did as they directed. My brief note read as follows: "I have been captured by Juan Baranda and his gang of robbers, and am kept in a cave on the side of the mountain. They insist, — at the point of a sharp knife, — that I write and demand in their name a ransom for my worthless self of \$1,000. This sum can be paid to Emanuel Castro, the keeper of the *pulque* shop near castle Grenditas." To this I added a postscript, saying, "I can give you no clew to follow." I underscored the word follow, thinking that my friends might catch my idea and watch the messenger, and possibly come in time to my assistance.

Baranda ordered me to read the note to the Mexican who spoke English, and he translated it to the band. "Tell him to add," he cried, "that if the money is not paid by tomorrow at sundown, we will shoot the dog to death." This was



said in such a fierce and determined manner, and so readily acquiesced in by his men, that I fully realized my urgent peril, and wished most heartily that the sum of money might be advanced, yet was positive from the stubborn character of my friends that not a cent would be paid to the robbers.

A messenger was quickly dispatched to the city with the demand, and shortly afterwards the bandits prepared for the night by lying down upon the rocky floor and covering themselves with their long and heavy cloaks. I was too anxious to sleep, and felt that by remaining awake I might see some opportunity for escape.

In this I was doomed to disappointment, and day dawned after a restless and uneasy night. After a hasty meal, three of the bandits remained to guard me, while the rest set off upon their usual rounds.

I soon learned from the conversation of the robbers that one of them had found and secreted on the previous day a quantity of *pulque*. This had been insufficient for the whole band, so he had prudently saved it for himself and his two companions. He quickly brought the liquor into the cavern, and the three prepared for a drinking bout.

I thought if the quantity was only sufficient the men would soon be too drunk to guard me closely, for I knew the Mexican weakness for this favorite beverage. Imagine my disappointment, then, when after a short discussion the three approached me, and in spite of my most earnest protests proceeded to tie me hand and foot. They knew their own failings, and were guarding against any lack of watchfulness upon their part. They contemplated their work with satisfaction, and now felt free to drink all they desired. It took but two or three hours for them to become so drunk that they lay down upon the bottom of the cave, and soon sank into entire forgetfulness.

The moment it was safe I began the most vigorous exertions to free myself from the rawhide bands. Struggle as hard as I might, I could not loosen a single knot. In my efforts to do so I rolled over once or twice upon the rocky floor and came in contact with a sharp rock. A sudden thought struck me; I might make use of this rock to cut the rawhide ropes by rubbing them across it.

Turning and twisting myself into a suitable position, I began rubbing my feet up and down over the edge of the rock, till at length, when thoroughly wearied from the unusual exertion, I found the bands giving way. Strand after strand was cut apart in this manner, till my legs were free.

My hands were tied behind my back, and I found so much difficulty in loosening them that once I started to leave the cave and take my chances. Reflecting, however, that I would be utterly powerless to defend myself in case a sentry should be stationed at the entrance, I continued my exertions.

My hands and wrists were bleeding freely ere the rawhide gave way; but forgetting the wounds and loss of blood, I no sooner found my hands at liberty than I caught up a hat and cloak that belonged to one of the bandits, took my own pistol, which had been laid upon a low, rocky shelf, and at once made my way out of the cavern.

I knew not what opposition I might encounter, but prepared myself not to be taken alive, and slowly and cautiously emerged into daylight. No sentry was in sight, and I rapidly descended the side of the mountain.

On leaving the spot, I marked it well, so that I could find the cave in case of need. It was well that I did so, for I had not gone a mile when I saw a body of men in uniform, and a moment later caught sight of my two English friends. They had set out in search of me at dawn of day.

I need not relate their congratulations at my escape, nor the exultation of the Mexican officer when I told him I could lead his men back to the cave, where it was more than likely we would find the three bandits fast asleep. We retraced our steps at once, and after a tedious climb gained the entrance to the cave. The soldiers rushed excitedly in, and made a bloodless capture of the three drunken fellows who had guarded me.

Having been so successful the officer determined to hide his men, and wait the coming of the chief and the rest of his gang. Half a dozen of the soldiers were accordingly sent into the cave, while the commander, some of the soldiers, the two Englishmen and I hid in secure places upon the outside.

The delay was long and tedious, and it was not till the middle of the afternoon that anyone drew near. Then Baranda and four of his followers came up the mountain. We waited for them to enter the cave, for we would then have them between two fires. At last three of the brigands started into the cavern, leaving the chief and one man on the outside. The officer held back a moment longer, but fearing to delay too long he gave the word, and we rushed upon the gigantic outlaw.

The officer shouted to him to surrender, but instead he drew a pair of pistols and instantly fired with each. The alarm had been given before the soldiers hidden in the cave could capture the three robbers who had entered, so that now we were opposed to five resolute and determined brigands.

Bullets flew in every direction, and a number of wounds were inflicted ere any one fell. Then one of the robbers sank down, and almost at the same moment one of the soldiers dropped dead by a

shot from Baranda's pistol. By this time the soldiers in the cave rushed upon the scene, and a fire from their guns laid two more of the outlaws low.

The robber chief, seeing his party outnumbered, now sought to escape; and as I was directly in front of him at that moment he rushed upon me with all the fury of a mad bull. My companions shouted to me to retreat, but that was impossible. He had dropped one of his pistols and drawn a long knife; with this in one hand and a pistol in the other, he sprang toward me. I fired twice in quick succession, but was carried down by the strength of the bandit, and the next instant the warm blood spurted from a dangerous wound in my side. My brain grew dizzy, and for the first time in my life I fainted.

When I recovered consciousness, I was told that three of the bandits were dead, but that Baranda, though having no less than five bullet wounds, was still living, while one of the outlaws had escaped apparently unhurt, though fully fifty shots had been fired at him.

The surgical Englishman staunched the flow of blood from my side, and a litter was provided for me, upon which six of the soldiers carried me back to the city. The outlaw chief lived but an hour or two, so that during the day the dead bodies of himself and his three followers were brought to the city, in order to obtain a reward that had been offered by the government.

It was several weeks before I regained my strength, but when I was at last able to be out, I found myself quite a hero with the people of Guanajuato, and received from the government a handsome sum for the active part I had taken in the extermination of this band of high-way robbers.

*S. S. Boynton.*



## MR. STEVENSON'S READING PARTY.

THOMAS STEVENSON and Henry Cornell were taking their usual early morning walk in the Golden Gate Park. The fog had not yet lifted, nor yet the fog from Mr. Cornell's brain, which Mr. Stevenson was trying to clear by earnest and somewhat disputatious talk. They were old friends, prosperous business men of San Francisco, but in early life they had been teachers in the city of New York,—born, reared, educated, and educators in that metropolis. It need not be a matter of surprise, then, if their language, even in familiar conversation, was decidedly didactic, dogmatic, prosaic, pedantic, or any other *ic* characteristic of teachers in general; and so the gentle reader (to use the old-fashioned, flattering title), if he dislikes such talk, and is tired of educational topics, had better stop reading this at once.

"Don't tell me!" said Mr. Stevenson. "Richard Grant White was a scholarly critic, and he uttered a solemn truth, more than twenty-five years ago, when he proclaimed that the art of reading alone was a lost art."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Mr. Cornell.

"Well, he meant by that, of course," answered Mr. Stevenson, "that there was no general capability of opening books and reading aloud random passages acceptably *at sight*. And don't you remember that Professor Dowden of the Dublin University wrote an article, last year, on this subject, in one of the foreign reviews,—the *Fortnightly*, I think? I should say that he held the same opinion. And then you must remember those protests in the New York Tribune, and other papers, from parents complaining that their children were neglected in this matter at the schools. For a while I supposed that the multi-

plicity of studies had crowded this one out. I knew that Greek was nearly banished from University curricula, and that Latin would share the same fate, but that we can't understand our English without it —"

"Stop, my dear friend, you're all wrong," exclaimed Mr. Cornell; "why, the whole country rings with declamations; look in the daily papers, and see the notices of the doings of literary societies. The boys are just as fond as ever of recitations, the girls are taking to Delsarte, elocution is a household word, the elocutionist is abroad in the land."

"O yes, he's abroad—in fact, I think he's all abroad," said Mr. Stevenson. "And that's one cause of the neglect. He's either under-teaching or over-teaching or mis-teaching; you can take your choice. Of course, I know that there are very many good teachers, and many good readers among their pupils; and nobody enjoys the recitations, generally, more than I do, and I fairly delight in any evidence of talent of this sort, and in any real appreciation of good literature it demonstrates; but why don't all the teachers insist that the pupils should have a clear knowledge of the meaning of that troublesome word *elocution*. Why not show them that the very derivation (*loquor*, to speak,) is proof that the most important branch is every day speech; and that the next, because of the multiplicity of books, is reading aloud; and last of all, public or platform performance. No, they reverse all this; and the aim of the young miss or the young gentleman is, not to talk well, nor to read well, but to declaim well. Why don't they show them," he continued, getting warmer and warmer, "that the more distinct and well modu-

lated their every day speech, the more capable they will be of speech on any occasion whatever? Why don't they rid them of that confounded nasality which is so common among us that Englishmen characterize it as national?"

"Stop!" ejaculated Mr. Cornell. "Another Anglomaniac! Don't you know that climate has much to do with the matter, and that we're troubled all over the country with catarrh?"

"What!" shouted the now irate Mr. Stevenson. "Call me an Anglomaniac, if you like, but I tell you that every candid American who travels through England recognizes, even among the ignorant classes, a deeper, manlier tone of voice than ours, — cockneys excepted. Of course, I am not treating of individuals, but of the masses in both countries. Whatever the British faults of speech, nasality is not one of them; and I insist that if it's worth while to sing with a good tone, it's quite as important to speak with it."

It was plain, by this time, that some one was riding a hobby; and certainly girding himself to ride it to death. The gait of the two friends being accelerated, if Mr. Cornell, who was inclined to be palsy, had possessed by this time any spare breath, he would not have been allowed to vocalize it, for his impetuous companion again broke forth.

"Now Mr. Cornell, my sympathies are very much enlisted for the children, who are all the more misled by the exhibitions of many a wandering elocutionist, who advertises positively that he will draw tears and smiles, — not, bless you, by any evidence of talent on the part of the author he is supposed to illustrate, but by the wonderful gifts of the reader. Little sympathy has he with that reverential spirit of Charles Lamb, who would have a strain of solemn music before he entered upon Milton. No, sir! At the slightest notice this fellow will attack your Hamlets and Macbeths, and advertise to curdle your blood; and he'll do

it all without a single stage illusion. He may, indeed, call to his aid, and to the distress of his hearers, one of those gruesome, wierdly running, pianoforte accompaniments, and an occasional lowering of the lights, so that his rendition (good word, that!) may be more effective. We've heard many delightful public readers, my friend, in the course of our long lives, but surely their chief aim was to illustrate the author, — not to parade the reader. Ah! best of them all, you remember Fanny Kemble, and don't you recall the reverential air with which she opened the page of Shakspeare?"

"Yes, I do," answered his friend; "but, for goodness' sake, don't go to the past. You are forever talking about how you heard Fanny Kemble, and Thackeray, and Dickens. Their voices can't be heard now. The present is what we have to do with. I dare say people read just as well now, if not better. Why not? I'm sure you and I remember how we were fascinated and entranced by the ranting, and mouthing, and striding of old theatrical times. If the elocution of the stage has improved so much, why not that of the schools?"

Evidently palsy Mr. Cornell was getting his breath, and using it to some advantage.

"That's all very plausible," said his companion, "but we'll put this matter to the test, as far as we can test it to our own satisfaction. You know that I have lavished money for the education of my children, and that they are quite as accomplished as the usual run of boys and girls; they have acquired some solid branches, — and they paint, they sing, they play, they dance; and in fact, I am as proud of them as fond; and that's just the reason why I'm annoyed because they are deficient in one accomplishment so common and so delightful in our younger days. Come to Bush Street tonight. I'm going to examine them, as we used to say, on this very head."



The two friends parted at the gate, to take separate cable-cars, and to meet as by appointment.

Time, 8 P. M. Scene, the parlor. Assembled, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, the Misses Clara and Julia Stevenson, Charley, Dick, and Tom, Jr., the Masters Stevenson, and Mr. Cornell, the family friend. All of them ready for the talk about reading volunteered by the paternal. "O pa!" shouted Charley, "before you begin I wish you'd get Clara to give us her recitation of the Bridge of Sighs. I can tell you she throws a lot of back hair and pathos into it."

"Well, my boy, she can give it to us. It was a mistake that I didn't buy a platform with the rest of the parlor furniture, — but never mind, — stand up, Clara, dear, — but don't disturb your back hair."

Clara shrugged her pretty shoulders, and "gave it," as the expression is, and quite creditably too. Then she said that Charley was awfully clever in the "Charge of the Light Brigade." "But O papa," she exclaimed, "you should hear the whole class recite in concert. They're perfectly splendid, — those class charges."

"I don't think the class charges have been very light this term, Clara, dear."

"Why, papa, what do you mean? What an awful pun!"

This feeble witticism was met by a forcibly rebuking glance, needing no elocution whatever, from Mrs. Stevenson, who after looking him down, revived him, woman-like, by one of her sweetest smiles. But for his own levity, Mr. Stevenson would have then and there sternly admonished his daughter for her lavish use of the "awful." He postponed his lecture. Just then Tom, Jr., (ten years old) remarked that he was first in his class for recitations, and that he was quite ready to give them something, too. No doubt he would have proved as credible a Casabianca as that totally impossible boy could possibly be,

but papa decided upon a postponement of further recitations.

"Clara," he said, "I must speak to your teacher about those class recitations in concert. He's an old friend, so I can take the liberty. I know that he more than half agrees with me on this point. Such exercises force the voices to a higher pitch than is proper, and goodness knows they're high enough already; and besides, they take away something of the individuality which belongs of right to every pupil. And Clara, dear, you are completely fascinated with that Delsarte theory. It's all very well for a lesson in gymnastics; and I approve of any exercise that will compel you boys and girls to put your arms well out, — if that is the intention. But, my child, no two persons naturally express feelings or passions in precisely the same manner. This is a matter of temperament, and other characteristics, separating one individual from another.

"You girls look very charming to your parents during the performance, even if you do giggle unexpectedly at times, but it all reminds me of the antics of an old negro minstrel. He called himself Jim Crow, and he could 'wheel about and turn about *and do just so.*' I was in New York when a play was brought out to illustrate this theory of Delsarte. It was a remarkably neat bit of mechanism, as I remember, but a failure. The *natural* was left out. Do you suppose that the charming comedians of Wallack's and Daly's ever adopted Delsarte for themselves? I fancy not."

"Well, pa, I dare say you're right," exclaimed Clara, "and I'm afraid you won't approve of that chart our teacher has. It shows us how to make cheerful sounds by a series of scales, and then by another series how to make dismal ones, — joy and grief, — and all that you know. It's perfectly lovely to hear him groan."

Papa was inclined to groan, himself, — but he did not. He sighed heavily.

"Now, children, I've brought our friend with me tonight that he may hear you read aloud at sight,—to know what you can do in that branch of elocution. Let me see,—Ma! Choose something from your favorite Walter Scott."

"No, my dear, I prefer your selecting," she said.

"Well, then," glancing lovingly at his book-shelves, "I hardly know which—butah! look there! Addison, Goldsmith, Irving,—‘Sir Roger,’ ‘The Vicar,’ and ‘Knickerbocker.’ They should have known each other. My dear children, here's a bit of literary history for you. Addison wrote Sir Roger, and about fifty years after his death Goldsmith wrote the Vicar, and when the pen dropped from the hand of Goldsmith there was no Englishman to pick it up, nor ever has been; the honor was reserved for an American, Washington Irving, who, strange to say, just about fifty years after Goldsmith's death wrote The History of New York. These were classic humorists,—the three great humorists of the English tongue."

"How about Bill Nye?" whispered Charley to Clara.

"Hush!"

"As I was about to remark, children, the mere titles on those book-shelves are food for reflection. Take down, if you don't care for prose, a volume of poetry, and read from it by turns. If you prefer one of our own poets, let us have Whittier. He'll be known to posterity as our national poet—not so classical as some, not so finished,—but representing the true spirit of democracy. He's the poet of the people, as Lincoln was their spokesman. And you need not go outside of California for poets. Conspicuous among them is Bret Harte, of course; and Professor Sill wrote ‘The Fool's Prayer,’ a poem worthy of Longfellow. But look on the shelf below; there's a delightful poet, Austin Dobson! Bring me ‘At the Sign of the Lyre.’ No! We'd better have a

few simple prose sentences now, and you, Charley, read them to us, and try to read them naturally. I mean by that, read them according to the good old-fashioned rule, *read as you speak*,—that is, when you speak correctly."

Charley accordingly delivered the following paragraph:

"The young man, it is often said, has genius enough, if he would only study. Now, the truth is, that the genius will study. I care not to say that it will always use books. Attention it is,—though other qualities belong to this power,—attention it is, that is the very soul of genius; not the fixed eye, not the poring over a book, but the fixed thought."

"Very good," said Mr. Stevenson. "Let me make a few suggestions. In the first place, when you are reading aloud, continually ask yourself mentally, ‘Am I reading this sentence as I would utter it if the words were my own, and I were talking?’ You can easily acquire such a habit. Of course, you perceive, now, that what is called natural reading is an art; and one that must be patiently studied. It is not enough that you thoroughly understand the matter read; else we would not find so many poor readers among the wisest of men. I noticed that, although your delivery was not, so to speak, monotonous, you showed one kind of monotony, which is more common than any other. Our dear old clergyman has it. He can't understand an occasional drowsiness in his congregation, and it all comes from this: he persists in beginning every fresh sentence on the same pitch, and the first word of each verse of the hymn is treated in like manner. And you, Charley, began every one of those sentences on the same invariable pitch. You don't talk so. Let me show you, by some methods of my own, how this and other faults can be corrected. Write the paragraph on the blackboard, or on paper, and make a variety, at once, by opening the



second sentence on a low pitch ; and to help you to do so, write the first word, *now*, with a small letter *n* instead of a capital. That will forcibly suggest to your eye the change I am advocating. It's an absolute violation of grammatical rule — this small letter business, — and therefore all the more suggestive. Perhaps you might do the same with the third sentence, beginning it, also, with a small letter *i*. When you have established the good habit, by writing a few examples of this sort, you can be trusted ever afterwards among the capitals. Exercise your own taste as to where you make this and other changes suggested.

"There is a kind of emphasis, very common in talking, (and, therefore, it should be common in reading,) signified by allowing the voice to fall as completely after the important word as it could at a period. There are several cases of the kind in the very paragraph quoted. The word *will* in the second sentence is one of them. Suppose you insert a period and a line after *will*, and it will suggest the fall to your eye. Note this, particularly : the rhetorical punctuation, which you don't see, often overrides the grammatical punctuation, which you do see. For example, — in that second sentence there is a comma after the opening word *now*. The moment you saw that comma, Charley, you brought up your voice with a jerk, and it made your reading sound mechanical and not natural. If you were *talking* the sentence, probably you would make no pause whatever. Grammatical punctuation at the best is very imperfect. Hardly any two writers use the same rules."

"But," interrupted Clara, "why did 'nt the ancients, when they made their old commas, make them to suit?"

"Yes!" said Charley, "you might call that comical!"

"Children!" — but a glance from Mrs. Stevenson checked the perturbed father.

It was a glance that needed no sup-

plementary tones to prove to him that he had brought it on himself.

"Now, a word about the parenthesis. You lower the tones of the voice, don't you, in a parenthesis? Well most sentences have clauses that are parenthetical or explanatory, and these clauses also should be treated with more or less lowering of the voice. You certainly do so in talking. Suppose you write the clauses that you consider parenthetical in very much smaller letters than the rest of the sentence. This treatment will be suggestive, like the other, to both eye and tongue. The clause, 'it is often said,' in the first sentence, can be treated so; also the clause 'though other qualities belong to this power.' One word more about punctuation. In talking, we have many different falls of the voice at periods; and sometimes the voice is entirely sustained. Do remember this. And in regard to pauses: — to read naturally one must acquire the habit of making them as he makes them in conversing uninterruptedly. In this way, also, he keeps a good supply of breath."

"But, pa," exclaimed Charley, "when Clara converses uninterruptedly she never makes any pauses, and she never gets out of breath!"

A disdainful shrug from Clara, and Mr. Stevenson continues:

"It seems to me that elocutionary treatises don't lay sufficient stress upon the value of the circumflex accent. They state, usually, that this accent is for the elucidation and heightening of sarcasm, wit, irony, etc. The truth is that, in our talk, we use variations of the circumflex whenever there is any suggestion of *contrast*. In the paragraph we are exercising upon there is not a solitary example of sarcasm, nor of any similar quality; and yet there are half a dozen words which imperatively demand more or less of the circumflex accent. In the first sentence, the words 'genius' and 'study,' and in the last one, the words 'eye,'

'book,' and 'thought,' certainly require it. It's a very curious fact, that although young children use the circumflex freely in playmate talk, grown-up people find it hard to manage in reading aloud.

"I've only one more point to touch upon, and then we'll permit our tired-out friend to go home. It's the sing-song so common in the delivery of poetry."

"I'm awfully glad, papa," said Clara, "because our teacher insisted that he could n't agree with you when you told him that people should try to read poetry as if it were prose."

"My child, I do say so because it's the only way of avoiding all approach to sing-song. He thinks that such reading would be necessarily tame and prosaic. Not at all,—provided you have the usual ear for rhythm. That will protect you. Rhythm is the free and musical movement of verse, as opposed to the strict division of metre. It is true that sometimes metre and rhythm coincide in a line,—but that is merely a coincidence. In rhythmical rendering we can make pauses at any part of the line called for,

and not necessarily at the close of the line, as metre would compel us to do. We can make pauses as the sense demands them, and without losing the musical time of the whole, and yet without the slightest tendency to sing-song. And how delightful all this is to the poet, himself, if he happens to be listening to his verses!"

"But pa," said Julia, "how can we look ahead far enough, when reading at sight, as to use all these hints of yours?"

"By practice, Julia. Let me ask you a question. How is it that you play those difficult pianoforte compositions at sight?"

"Another question, pa. If we adopt your plan, and use the small-letter changes, and all that, will not our reading even then be mechanical?"

"A very timely question, my child. You should use my plan only so far as to get you into correct habits. Then drop it; for you must, of course, learn to read naturally, with all the inconsistencies and shortcomings of established punctuation staring you in the face. Good-night, Cornell, if you must go."

*John Murray.*

### DAWN ON PUGET SOUND.

THE soft-toned clock upon the stair chimed three,—  
Too sweet for sleep, too early yet to rise.

In restful peace I lay with half-closed eyes,

Watching the tender hours go dreamily;

The tide was flowing in: I heard the sea

Shivering along the sands; while yet the skies

Were dim, uncertain, as the light that lies

Beneath the fretwork of some wild rose tree

Within the thicket gray. The chancicleer

Sent drowsy calls across the slumbrous air;

In solemn silence sweet was it to hear

My own heart beat . . . Then broad and deep and fair—

Trembling in its new birth from heaven's womb—

One crimson shaft of dawn sunk thro' my room.

*Ella Higginson.*



## AN EXPERIMENT IN HOUSEKEEPING.

## I.

## WANTED.—FURNISHED COTTAGE.

A family of three adults, tourists, wishes to rent a cottage of about six rooms completely furnished, for two months. Good care will be taken of the furniture, and prompt payment of rent made. Apply at HAWAIIAN BUSINESS AGENCY.

It was a hot day in August that the "three adults" above mentioned were gathered under the green gloom of some algaroba trees. The lawn sloped away to a point where it tumbled steeply into the sea. Back of it rose a wonderful mass of red stone known as Diamond Head. A rambling group of disconnected picturesque buildings lay to the right, so close to the water that they seemed amphibious, as they overhung the sheening, shimmering waves, which almost sprayed their windows. The Three Adults were eating bananas and feeling idly content until the Major read aloud the seemingly innocent paragraph of "Wanted.—Furnished Cottage."

"That sounds dreadfully realistic and does n't at all express what *I* want," said the Young Lady. "Even an advertisement should be poetical in such a place as this. The Hawaiian Business Agency has no imagination."

"Indeed, I think it has too much," said the Major, ruefully. "*I* don't intend to take care of the furniture, and as to prompt payment, hack hire and hotel bills will soon put that out of the question."

"As for me," said the Matron, lying back in a steamer chair, "If this were the land where it was 'always afternoon,' I should never want anything but to be let alone; but night will come, and then I want to die, or be transported, or rent a cottage, or anything except stay where I am."

The Matron was right; there was a crumpled rose leaf to mar their sybarite ease,—or to speak more literally, there was a bug in the heart of the rose. A bug? rather ten hundred thousand million of them. They were learning what the Egyptians suffered when the plague of insects fell upon them. At table they fanned their coffee while they took intermittent mouthfuls, else it became the swimming place of flies. A bright-eyed lassie plied a feather brush around their ears (the same with which she dusted the rooms in the morning), but this inconvenienced them far more than it did the flies. "I am growing thin, literally starving," said the Young Lady as she peeled another banana. "I took two flies out of the gravy, three out of the milk, but when I found I had mashed several up in my potatoes my appetite refused to survive the shock."

"I can stand the flies better than the mosquitoes. I have n't slept an hour for a week," said the Major. "I shook six scorpions out of our bathing suits this morning, and I killed thirteen winged roaches on our bedroom floor last night. They ran around pit-a-pat, like mice."

"These things being considered," said the Matron firmly, "the Hawaiian Business Agency is right; we *want* a furnished cottage. The next question is what kind of a cottage do we want."

"It must have a piano, a lawn, and a hibiscus hedge," said the Young Lady.

"And a veranda full of ferns," added the Matron.

"It is easy to suit me," said the Major. "I want a bath-room, and a cool bed-room, and a good cook, and an ice chest, and not a confounded bug on the place."

So the Three Adults decided what they wanted, and rose up to go in search of it.

## II.

IN the Kingdom of Hawaii there is a nimble sprite who regulates all the affairs of men. Nothing small or great, sad or gay, transitory or permanent, escapes his attention; "lawyer, doctor, merchant, chief, rich man, poor man, beggar, thief," are all at his call. He sets the time-pieces, orders the dinners, gives invitations to parties, calls a cab, in short is in every house, the willing servant of all. He even ascertained the whereabouts and wants of the Three Tourists. "Ding-a-ling! Hello!" he cried to them in his jovial way. "The Hawaiian Business Agency has six answers to advertisement. Come in town at once."

So the Major bade the sprite summon a carriage, and prepared for the task of criticizing other people's houses. A very simple task indeed, but discouraging to this ardent three, who sought for Aladdin's palace without his wonder-working lamp to call it into life. Of the six houses placed at their disposal, one was too small and another too large; one had no fernery, another no garden; the piano was lacking in one, and the sewerage in another.

"We might as well give it up, and reconcile ourselves to our present quarters," said the Major, as they drove seaward.

The ladies were too tired to dispute the assertion; unless, indeed, they were silenced by the sunset scene before them. Their road wound under over-arching algaroba trees; the mountains gloomed on one hand, the sea gleamed on the other, burning, paling, purpling, like a seething cauldron of jewels. A group of cocoanut trees skirted the water, long, slender stems supporting feathery tops, which seemed to overweight them as the breeze fluttered their plumes. Just before them rose Diamond Head, its base in the sea, its splendid bulk towering clear-cut against the sky; a very sphinx among mountains, a solemn

keeper of nature's secrets. Not a green thing lives upon its slope; under the noontide glare it turns to ashy gray; at sunset it is a gnome's mountain of burnished gold; at twilight purple shadows brood over it. It is the haunting place of rainbows, which gleam out suddenly against its stern sides without apparent cloud. In whatever light it is seen, it is always grandly desolate, reminding one of that stone embodiment of mystery, lying so dumb among Egyptian sands. All the voluptuous tenderness of this tropic clime has no power to soften its ruggedness; the sea woos it in vain; its heart is a fire-charred cavern, no wonder its breast is stone!

The mountain's shadow fell over our house-seekers as they dismounted at their temporary home.

"We might do worse than this, even in that ideal cottage," said the Young Lady, seating herself on the stone steps that led down to the beach; "was there ever a lovelier scene than that?"

The tide was coming in; great billows rode gallantly over the reef, breaking into white spray, and dashing in over the satin surface of the bay. Some ladies and gentlemen in a native canoe were riding the surf, — rowing out to the reef, and dashing back on the crest of the waves, — a sort of marine tobogganing. A long sweep of coast, plumed with palms, lay to the right: near by, pretty villas dotting the beach. Beyond the reef, the sea stretched in pulsating purple to meet a gold-bound, darkling sky. A realm of light fainting into the waiting arms of night.

It was early next morning that the sprite once more jingled its cheerful bell, and announced another house for the tourists. "Positively the last chance," said the Major, fresh from the miseries of his mosquito-haunted couch. "Let us make one more attempt, and if it fails, we'll assassinate the Hawaiian Business Agency, and flee the country. There is luck in odd numbers."



And so it proved. The ideal cottage was found at last. It stood upon the lower slope of Punch Bowl, that convivial old mountain that keeps guard over Honolulu, hiding its long-past volcanic habits under a mantle of green, and permitting the town to steal up its sides with reckless aspiring. It was a square, two-story house, encircled with verandas. It turned a cold and shabby shoulder to the narrow street, and kept its pleasant front face to look upon a terraced garden, where a wide lawn was shaded by splendid trees. There the hibiscus vied with the *Ponciana regia* in burning its flame-like blossoms. Passion vines climbed over the fences; palm trees and flowering shrubs bordered the terraces. From the garden, the city was quite out of sight; it was invaded by only one of its many voices,—the church bells. The wide verandas shaded a wealth of ferns, so that all the French windows seemed to open into a conservatory. The rooms lay in a soft green light, refreshing to the eye. A mellow-toned piano stood in a shadowy corner of the large parlor, presided over by a fiery painting, whose masses of angry reds, represented the volcano of Kilauea in active eruption. That picture was the one inharmonious thing in the house. It gleamed and glowed and glowered like an avenging fury. It haunted the place like a spirit. The Major tried sitting with his back to it, only to see it mocking him in an opposite mirror.

"It heats the room as much as a coal fire," said the Matron, giving reins to her imagination.

The Young Lady wasted no words. She did not live in an æsthetic age for naught. She robbed the sofa of a diaphanous tidity; she fastened it with blue ribbons, and with it she veiled the crimson fury. It still shot a flush through the muslin, but it had lost its power to rend the cool green gloaming that filled the room.

A curtained doorway led from the parlor into the dining room. Here the Three Adults delighted to linger, with never a fly to molest. Here the green blinds were always drawn, and in a vase burned a long stick of Chinese incense, to warn any immigrating insect that the ports were closed. The Young Lady complained that the place smelled like a joss house, but there were peace and comfort in the smell. Here the table was laid with dainty silver and china, and the Lin (who was also rented with the house) furnished good meals. Breakfast at eight:—melons, bananas, mush, island coffee, fish or meat. Lunch at twelve,—cold meat, salad, boiled taro, fruit and tea. Dinner at five; followed by coffee on the veranda in the limpid, glowing atmosphere that precedes the sudden falling of tropic night. The eye follows the opaline lights gleaming across the sky, and returning it encounters a star. Pausing to admire, the gaze compasses myriad others. The day is gone, and night reigns in her stead. But such a night! Nature, so lavish in the coloring of her day-time splendors, finds on her palette no truly sombre hue to lay upon the canvas of the night. The sky is dark, but it is still blue, with the unfathomable hue of deep-dyed velvet. Each tricklet of light dropped from a star is thrown back and multiplied by the white uplifting of polished palm trunks and the broad gleaming of glossy foliage. No light is absorbed; the lilies and magnolias reflect it from their white chalices; the trees drip it from their leaf tips, to lie gleaming on the white roads and stone walls. The *ponciana* blossoms are distinctly red; only their shadows are deeply, densely black. Night, in cold climes, is the time to sleep; in the tropics it is the time to dream.

### III.

It was the evening after the three tourists had entered into possession of

their cottage. They were enjoying their coffee upon the veranda. A cool breeze fluttered the ferns, and lisped softly among the boughs of the tall monkey-pod trees, that shaded the lawn. The low hum of marauding mosquitoes seemed the most audible note of the night. The Major set his cup down and prepared for a doze; the Matron languidly plied her fan; the Young Lady gazed starward, and abandoned herself to thoughts of some one over the sea. Suddenly a white figure flitted across the lawn, followed by a roar and rush of water as though a breaker had dashed against the house.

The Major sprang to his feet with a vague notion of shipwreck, and ran to investigate. Just around the corner of the house a small Chinese was flooding the veranda with the full force of a hose.

"Who are you? What are you doing here?" cried the Major wrathfully. The small Chinese replying only by a grin, Ah Lin was summonsed to explain, which he did with lofty indifference.

"He is the yard-boy. He washes porches, runs errands, and waits on me. You pay him ten dollars a month."

The Major sighed. "I pay him to wait on you? Then I suppose you wait on me?"

"No, I cook," said Ah Lin, retiring calmly from further questioning.

This was the beginning of revelations on the subject of household expenses. A third servant was necessary to do the housework; the laundry carried off all washing;—occasionally the Matron's eloquence prevailed upon Ah Lin to induce the yard-boy to rinse out a few towels, but even her courage was not equal to suggesting that he should iron them. Ah Lin did the marketing, and each evening he appeared on the veranda for orders, which he executed in a manner refreshing to the palate but exhausting to the purse. Chickens a dollar apiece; butter sixty cents a pound; eggs five cents each; native coffee forty cents a

pound; cream, one dollar a quart, and all canned goods twenty per cent higher than in San Francisco. The only really cheap article of food was bananas,—golden, luscious, an altogether different fruit from its traveled namesakes which hang blackening in America. A bunch of a hundred could be bought for twenty-five cents, and either cooked or raw they form a healthful and nourishing food.

But away with these dull details! Fig leaves for clothing, and fruits for food cost nothing; if man wants more in Eden he must bring it from afar and pay accordingly. Who talks of finances under a sky so transcendently blue it might be a globe of crystal to be shattered with a touch? The sunbeams are lavish of gold; the moonlit ocean swims in silver; the trees bloom rubies,—who needs coin of the realm in fairy land? Not the Three Tourists certainly,—except when under the realistic spell of Ah Lin's presence.

And yet eating seemed to have become an all-pervading fact since they entered the cottage. If they made an excursion, bushes full of ripe guavas tempted them with thoughts of jelly. Once it obtruded itself in the shape of ducks, and forever connected those prosaic fowls with one of the ideal moments of their lives. They were standing upon a mountain brink, with a wide view of the glowing tropical world unscrolled below them. It was an apotheosis of color. A sunlit symphony of tints played upon the valley, toning indefinitely as they stretched away to meet the tender, melting, azure disc,—too pellucid to be air, yet too ethereal to seem water,—which lost itself in a downy fringe of clouds marking the line where the sea fainted to ether, and yielded its blue to the sky from whence it had snatched it. On the near mountain side a landslip had left a great wound,—terra cotta red; polished, softly shaded. A velvet green moss bound its edges, creeping slowly down to heal its hurt, and make



it again a part of the living world. A road like a red ribbon wound serpent-wise across the valley.

"Oh, what if a sound should be made !

Oh, what if a bound should be laid

To this bow and string tension of beauty and silence a spring,

To the bend of beauty the bow, or the hold of silence, the string !"

quoted the Matron softly, sitting upon the mountain's brink.

Just then a Chinese appeared climbing up the steep path, his well poised baskets full of live fowl. He stopped to get breath. "You likee buy ducks, chickens, eggs ?" he queried, starting all the ducks to quacking by suddenly putting down his baskets.

"O divine law of fitness !" apostrophized the Matron angrily ; but regaining her house-wifely instinct, stopped "to pity, then endure," and then to purchase.

"We must eat in order to admire, and having admired, must eat again," said the Major philosophically, casting a last glance at the view, — but these men are proverbially materialistic. The Young Lady, for instance, was transported far beyond thought of dinners past and dinners to come ; but the worldly-wise Matron knew that while live ducks were obtrusive realizing, dead ducks, well roasted, were altogether another thing.

This abnormal interest in matters culinary soon led the tourists to visit the fish market, that odorous centre to Honolulu life. About the entrance native women were sitting on the ground-weaving the wreaths of flowers that all Hawaiians wear around their heads and necks on gala occasions. Inside the building the noise and confusion were bewildering. Everything slimy, repulsive, malodorous that the sea contains seemed to be crowded in that narrow space. Squids, spreading their flimsy arms toward piles of sea-urchins ; tiny black, wiggling shrimps, like ugly worms ; fiery-eyed lobsters, crawling over glitter-

ing heaps of silvery fish ; immense loaves of a sticky mixture of cocoanut, poi, and fish ; bad smelling black balls of seaweed, accounted a great delicacy when eaten with a shell-fish that looks like half-melted lumps of taffy ; besides many nameless things which pollute the air, and make nauseous the thought of eating. The salespeople were mostly Chinese and native women, who looked as ugly and smelled as strong as their wares.

The purchasers were arrayed in every manner of flowing robes : calico, red, orange, green, blue ; silks, generally purple or crimson, held up from contact with the ground by brown hands plentifully adorned with rings. Surely this was a spot from which hunger would flee affrighted.

THE Three Adults were gathered for the last time upon the veranda ; on the morrow the steamer was to bear them out of fairyland into the world of every day. A profound melancholy brooded over their spirits. There seemed something tragic even in the sound of Ah Lin's droning song wafted to them from the kitchen, and the odor of the burning incense suggested an evening sacrifice. All their sunny, idle, redolent, tropic days were transmuted into yesterdays, and their tomorrows were veiled in fog. What recked they of mosquitoes and centipedes and scorpions ; of sleepless nights and hot days ! They were looking their last on the moonbeams gilding the palms ; receiving their last caresses from the breeze, sweet from the breath of magnolias and stephanotis. They all felt a bovine longing to chew the cud of past delights. But man can only pasture on memories, — a too shadowy diet for peaceful rumination.

The Young Lady broke the silence at last.

"I wish we could take the house and the lawn and the hibiscus hedge and a banana grove along with us," she said

dreamily. "I don't feel I have done my duty to the bananas; I might have eaten a great many more."

"On the whole," said the Matron,

"our housekeeping has been a success."

"Yes," said the Major slowly jingling the few remaining coins in his pocket, "I think, on the whole—it has."

*Franklina Gray Bartlett.*

### A QUEER STORY.

I KNOW the story I am going to tell will not be believed; indeed, I am not prepared to say that I believe it myself, — I tell it as it was told to me.

In the summer of 1875 business took me abroad, and in June of that year I found myself in Paris for the first time. I was still young enough to be excited by the novelty of my surroundings, and I spent many an afternoon in walking the streets, simply reveling in the sights and sounds, so different from anything I had been accustomed to. One day on the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle I was watching a company of Sapeurs-Pompier march by, and wondering at the queer ideas of our friends who "march at the head of civilization," in dressing up their firemen in a uniform like the army of an opera bouffe monarch, and speculating on what they were expected to do with musket and bayonet, when a hand was laid on my shoulder, and a voice that sounded oddly familiar said, "Halloo, old man! Where did you drop from?"

Turning, I recognized Walter Law, one of my old school comrades, whom I had completely lost sight of since our school days in Albany were over. I had heard that he was in Paris, pursuing fame and shekels as a painter, but had forgotten it till we came together on the Boulevard. Naturally, we had much to

talk over, and we walked along, reviving recollections of old times, and comparing notes of our experiences since we parted, he telling of his struggles and successes, and I giving him the news from home. Arrived at the corner of the Chaussee d'Antin he pleaded an engagement and left me, but not before inviting me to dine with him the next day on his side of the river, where he told me I would see a side of Parisian life well worth the journey.

I was punctual to my engagement, and if I were not afraid of spinning out this story to an undue length, I should be tempted to describe the funny little restaurant in the Rue de Rennes, where we dined, — the outer room with its zinc-covered bar, and the inner room where the artists and students used to dine, and where no *ouvrier* was permitted to enter. The tables, innocent of tablecloth, were scrubbed to an immaculate whiteness, and the wooden benches that served for seats were of an uncompromising hardness, but clean. Then the dinner, — think of it! To dine for one franc, fifty, or about thirty cents, and to find the dinner not merely eatable, but positively good. This to an American who was used to traveling in the land of the Free (with a large F), and accustomed to the idea that a cheap restaurant must necessarily be a dirty



restaurant. When I tell you that the not bad-looking girl who waited on us had clean hands and a clean apron, and that she spoke politely and in a low tone, you will not be surprised that some comparisons not altogether flattering to one of our institutions forced themselves upon me.

Our party consisted of Walter and a tall young fellow whom he introduced as Monsieur Dologhow, besides myself. Dologhow had a singularly quiet manner, which however had no appearance of timidity. He seemed to have seen much of the world, and though he spoke but little, and not at all of himself, I judged he was one who would be at home almost anywhere. His French was quite free from foreign accent, though of course with that name he could hardly be a Frenchman. I took him for a Russian, in which I was right, as appeared afterward.

After dinner, when we had adjourned to Walter's studio, we had a bowl of punch which Dologhow brewed, and we sat there talking of various things and smoking pipes. We had been talking about the supernatural, I remember, and the tendency of the time to speculate on abstruse subjects, telepathy, theosophy, and all the rest of it. Dologhow took little part in the conversation, but listened attentively and with apparent interest, throwing in a remark now and then to keep the talk going. At last, after Walter had delivered a sweeping denunciation of all such nonsense, he spoke up in English, which language we had been using for a considerable time, as it seemed equally convenient to Dologhow; while Walter and I made no bones of confessing that it was much more easy for us.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I readily admit that much of the time devoted to the study of supposed apparitions, thought transference, and similar subjects, is simply time thrown away, and most of those who devote their time to

it are either fools or knaves; yet in my own experience is one occurrence that I have never been able to explain to my own satisfaction, without admitting that there may be 'more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in my philosophy.'"

Of course, we begged him to go on, and he filled a fresh pipe and began:

"As you probably know from my name, I am of Russian descent, but I was born in Germany, where my parents had lived for many years.

"I had heard much about our old home in Russia, and especially about my paternal grandfather, who was a wealthy landowner with great estates in Finland, whence the family originally came, though at the time of my father's birth my grandfather lived on an estate he owned near Moscow.

"He must have been a very eccentric man, for many tales were told about him by the peasants, who were firmly persuaded that he was in league with the Devil, such was his power of finding out any delinquency, which was invariably severely punished. It was certain he had devoted much time to the study of the occult sciences, and, as the peasants believed, had acquired the power of prolonging his life indefinitely by means analogous to that ascribed to the so-called vampire. They maintained that at night he could cause his soul to leave his sleeping body, and that then the soul, invisible and intangible, could enter the body of another sleeping person, and if that other was stronger than himself he could absorb a portion or even the whole of his stock of vitality, and convey it to his own body, leaving the victim so much the weaker, or even dead. I am giving you now the condensed summary of a whole body of legends which clustered around the memory of my grandfather, and of which my old nurse, who had been born on the estate, was a complete ambulating repository.

"This much is certain: at the time

of Napoleon's invasion of Russia he was active and alert, though said to be a very old man, and although never of a robust frame, had successfully rallied from several severe attacks of illness that were each deemed to be fatal; and as Mariushka assured me, each time that he so mysteriously got well some one, generally a young peasant, died of some slight illness, or, in one case, without any illness at all.

"He was, at the time of the French invasion, a furious opponent of the war, being an ardent admirer of Napoleon and the French Revolution. He used to declaim on the Rights of Man, and the Contrat Social, and that sort of thing. More than once he was admonished to be more discreet, but as he had powerful friends high in court circles nothing serious ever came of it, and in the turmoil consequent on the advance of the French no one had time to mind what nonsense an old man talked.

"When every one else fled from the approaching enemy he persisted in remaining; but though his views on the subject of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" might have procured him some consideration from the French, they had the opposite effect on the officer in command of a party of Russian hussars that occupied the house one night during their retreat. They had with them a wounded French cuirassier officer. He seemed to be in a kind of stupor, resulting from a blow on the head that had crushed in his helmet, but had apparently not broken the skull. He was taken into the house, and everything done for him that the resources of the family could command, while the hussars were treated to the best in the house. Everything was getting on finely, when my grandfather must needs air his views on the rights of man, and as might have been expected, got into altercations with the hussar officer, and was shot and mortally wounded in the quarrel. At all events, my grandfather

died that night, or appeared to die; but the French officer, who had not spoken or stirred since they brought him to the house, awoke in the morning perfectly conscious, and to all appearances quite well.

"He was removed to one of the military prisons, and our family heard no more of him, except that a long time after this, after the war was over, there came a letter from France with thanks for the care he had received at their hands, and so it was known that he must have survived the hardships of his prison life, and had been sent home at the end of the war.

"My father was left nearly alone in the world, and a distant relative in Germany took him and brought him up in Brandenburg, where he married, and where I was born in the little village of Landsberg, not far from the Saxon frontier. My father had been educated as a physician, and with his practice and something that had been saved from the wreck of the Russian estates,—most of which had been confiscated by the Russian authorities after the restoration of order had left them time to look into the reports affecting my grandfather's loyalty,—had managed his affairs so well that, aided by one or two fortunate investments, he was quite well to do for a country doctor, and I was sent to the Gymnasium, and afterwards to the University at Halle.

"When the war between Germany and France broke out in 1870 I had just taken my degree, and according to the German custom had entered the army to serve one year as what is called a one year volunteer. This is permitted to those young men who have a certain education, and whose parents are able to pay the rather heavy expense; for, though they do duty as common soldiers, and so far as the duty is concerned are no better off than any private, yet they are allowed certain privileges, such as the right of associating with the officers



when not on duty,—a right especially valued in the German army, where between the officer and the private is a great gulf fixed; far greater than even in the English army, for there the aristocrat may unbend if he chooses, whereas the German officer is forbidden under severe penalties from having any communication with the rank and file other than that necessary for carrying on the service. Besides this, they may wear when off duty a uniform and equipment of finer material and workmanship than the common privates, though of the same pattern. They are kept with the colors one year and then discharged into the reserve, when, except for an occasional call to appear at the autumn manoeuvres, they are practically free, unless, of course, in case of war.

“Well, I being tall and strong, got assigned to the Seventh Cuirassiers, and soon became a fairly good trooper. I pass over my experiences in the first part of the campaign, which was just like that of thousands of other young men. We had our share of scouting, and were engaged in a few small affairs, in which I acquitted myself well enough to obtain my promotion to the rank of corporal. Up to the battle of Gravelotte I had seen no real fighting, nothing but little affairs of outposts, and such skirmishes as resulted from our constant scouting far outside of our lines. But at Gravelotte, or Mars-la-Tour, I saw enough of it, and had my share in a charge that only needs a Tennyson’s words to be as famous as the charge of the light brigade at Balaklava.

“All the forenoon our brigade, composed of my regiment and the sixteenth Mecklenburg Lancers,—or Uhlans, as the Germans call them,—had been drawn up in a field, where we could see our infantry advancing again and again against a strong position held by the French. A sloping hillside partly fringed with bushes was crowned with a heavy battery, while the bushes on the slope were filled

with riflemen. Splendid fellows they were, Voltigeurs of the Guard, and bravely they held their ground. It was a terribly hot August day, and our infantry was worn out with repeated efforts to climb the slope against a fire of musketry and grape that never slackened. After we had seen this go on for a long time, it came our turn.

“A staff officer galloped up to our general, who was a grizzled old veteran, and after saluting spoke a few words and galloped back. The general drew his sword, and wheeling his horse sung out: ‘Kinder, wir sollen den Rothhosen die Batterie de wegnehmen,’ then gave the order to advance at a trot, with the cuirassiers on the right and the lancers on the left. I should mention that as each regiment had detached a squadron at the beginning of the day, we had only three squadrons each, while the casualties of the campaign had reduced those so that the two regiments together had only just about eight hundred men.

“We moved quickly forward, crossed a wide road and another field, and then the ascent of the slope began. The French, as soon as they saw us advance, began a furious fire of grape from the battery, while the riflemen in the bushes and some infantry on the crest of the hill fired at us with great rapidity and deadly effect. I could hear the shots rattle on our cuirasses, and many a horse and rider went down, while more than one trooper who kept his seat had bloody traces of that short ride.

“I cannot tell how I got to the top: I have vague, dreamlike remembrances of the strong spring of my horse under me, and then I was among the guns cutting furiously at the gunners. We were soon in possession of the pieces, and some of our men dismounted, and hastily spiked or otherwise disabled them, but in a moment the trumpets were sounding to reform, and we found two regiments of infantry of the French guard advancing in line to attack us.

We charged through and over them, and scattered them so completely that we were not again molested by them; but no sooner had we passed them than we were charged by two regiments of cavalry, and by a singular coincidence they bore in the French service the same numbers that we did in the German, namely, the Seventh Cuirassiers and the Sixteenth Lancers.

"They gave us no time to dress our ranks, but came on in splendid order, and we met with a terrible crash that brought nearly all the leading men and horses on both sides to the ground. In the *melee* that followed, I got separated from my troop, and after several hard single combats, in which I had the good fortune to escape without a scratch, I at length found myself confronted by an officer of cuirassiers, a fine looking man, apparently about thirty-five or forty years of age, and superbly mounted. I spurred my horse and thrust at him, aiming at the shoulder, where the armhole of the cuirass leaves about the only opening for a sword. He parried easily, but to my amazement made no motion to return my attack, but regarded me fixedly with a cool, scrutinizing glance.

"Puzzled at his behavior, I hesitated a little, when he addressed me in good Russian,— which I speak readily, having been accustomed to speak it at home, 'Ivan Ivanovitch Dologhow, what are you doing in the livery of those German hounds that have been the curse of Russia since Peter's time?'

"His voice was harsh and commanding, but sounded familiar; just so had I heard my father speak when angry.

"All this, though it takes time to tell, passed almost in an instant, and before I could gather my wits we were again in the thick of the fight, and I lost sight of him in the mad rush of horsemen, German and French confusedly mixed together, all cutting, thrusting, and shouting. Once in a while there would be a pistol fired, but most of the fighting was

with sword and lance, and it was terrible while it lasted.

"I think it was one of your American officers who once asked some slighting question about who had ever seen a dead cavalryman? Well, he could have seen plenty at Mars-la-Tour. We had about eight hundred men, as I said, and when we got back to our lines we had two hundred and seventy odd fit for duty, and by far the greater part of our loss occurred right in this fight with the two cavalry regiments. Well, their loss was at least equal to ours. Our retreat was a running fight, in which we had to cut our way through what seemed innumerable swarms of cavalry of all kinds, cuirassiers, dragoons, lancers, and hussars. They hemmed us in on all sides, and no sooner had we charged and broken one body than another appeared as if by magic, and there seemed no end to them. I may say that when the battle was done and our troops had obtained possession of the enemy's camp, with all the orderly books, etc., we found that our brigade had been engaged with cavalry that at the beginning of the day numbered three thousand one hundred lances and sabres.

"We had suffered so severely that our brigade was sent to the rear, and fresh troops brought up to continue the pursuit and bury the dead; but I had been so much impressed with the strange actions of the French officer and his still more remarkable words, that I felt I must make an effort to find out whether he was alive or dead; and if he was a prisoner, as seemed most likely, to find out what was the meaning of it all, or if he were dead, to give him a proper burial.

"So I got leave, and set out with a comrade to go over the field. Such scenes as I saw have been often described, but no description can do justice to the horror of a battlefield, and I would be only too glad to forget some of the sights I saw that night. Upon the



level ground at the top of the slope we passed where we had had the struggle for the guns—the artillery men were lying mixed with our dead; further on it was our men and French grenadiers; and then we came to the spot where the great fight with the two cavalry regiments had taken place. Here the dead were literally in heaps; for while there were plenty of dead men in our white cuirassier or blue lancer uniforms any where around, here they lay piled up, they and the French, in horribly grotesque heaps. It was a terrible task to go over this pile of dead men and horses, and to add to the horror of it some of the men and animals were not quite dead, and here and there one would hear a faint groan or see a feeble movement.

“Well, just as I was about to give up the search after a long and painful effort, having about concluded that my mysterious enemy had escaped, though I had had a recollection of seeing him fall, I found him at last. He was quite dead, lying partly under his horse, and must have been killed instantly, for a small hole in his forehead showed where a pistol bullet had entered and pierced the brain.

“We pulled him out from under the horse, and though it seemed like robbing the dead, I searched his pockets for something that might give a clue to his identity. Well, we found a watch and some letters,—the watch marked Victor de —, a name well known in France, and the letters addressed to the same name. I was much disappointed, for though I had absolutely no definite idea of what I expected, still I had thought to find something to at least indicate an explanation of his strange behavior to me. But here was no hint, nothing but the name and address of a family well enough known as having figured in court circles in Paris, but quite certainly unconnected with me, and only familiar to me through my reading of the newspapers.

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“I turned away and after some trouble found a party of the men engaged in the lugubrious work of burying the dead, who for a considerable *trinkgeld* consented to follow me and bury my enigmatic enemy in a spot I had selected, where a remarkable group of trees made a landmark that I felt certain I could have no difficulty in identifying.

“In raising the body something fell to the ground; and on picking it up I found it was a small volume of Jean Jacques Rousseau, bound in old fashioned leather binding, and having on the flyleaf in old and faded but still legible writing the name of my grandfather, Alexander Paulovitch Dologhow.

“I found means to send the watch and other things to his family, and after the war I received a very handsome letter of acknowledgment from a gentleman who signed himself the uncle of the deceased, and who informed me that he had succeeded through my information in identifying the body of his nephew, and had had the remains removed to the family burying place. But I have never found out anything about him to explain his knowledge of my name, nor could I trace any connection between his family and Russia. The only circumstance that seemed to throw any light on the mystery was that some years before an old gentleman who had served in Napoleon's armies had died while making a visit at the family chateau, and one old crone in the village told me that Monsieur had taken the death very much to heart, for he had never been the same after. When I asked in what the change consisted, I could get nothing very definite, but she maintained obstinately that ‘il n'était pas le même homme.’

“Well, I have speculated over the matter till I felt like one in a nightmare, but don't suppose I shall ever get any nearer a solution of the mystery; and lately I have given up thinking about it, till your conversation this evening brought it to mind. If you ask me

whether I believe that I really saw my grandfather that day, I can only say I do n't know. Nothing else seems to explain the facts, yet my mind refuses to admit that a man can put on another man's body as you would put on a suit of clothes. I have the little old book yet, but that really proves nothing, and so there I am left like Mahomet's coffin between heaven and earth."

This is Dologhow's story as he told it to us, and I can only say as I said at the beginning that I do not know how much I believe, for though the whole thing seems absurd, yet his sincerity was too evident for me to suspect him of hoaxing us. I saw much of him after this, but we never referred to the subject again.

Philip Van Corlaer.

## RECENT FICTION. · II.

To begin with the trash this month, the first place is easily won by *The Curse of Marriage*,<sup>1</sup> *By Whose Hand*,<sup>2</sup> and *Rothermal*,<sup>3</sup> all of them blood-curdling, paper-covered terrors. The first is a ghastly ghost story without a redeeming good point, unless, perhaps, it be the amusing naivete with which all who disbelieve in ghosts are set down as atheists and infidels. The second is a crawly snake story, wherein a cobra and a cobra-like woman snake charmer are principal characters. The third, a trifle better in literary execution, is a tale of the Franco-Prussian War. A bombshell kills one of two twin-sisters exactly alike in appearance, and the shock deranges the other so that there is a complete loss of memory. One of them was married, and her husband claims that the surviving sister is his wife. This claim is disputed, and the story results. This plot is the best thing there is in the book; for the rest, it is Frenchy and false in its views of life.

All three books mentioned are positively vicious; to read them is worse

than to have the mind absolutely vacant. The two next to be mentioned are of better grade. They may serve to pass away an idle hour with no evil result, though little more may be said for them. *Expiation*<sup>4</sup> is a French story, in which a somewhat Lucille-like woman persuades a great man to acknowledge his illegitimate son. *The Mystery of Central Park*<sup>5</sup> is an amateur detective story by the lady whose travels have brought her much notice. That is more than the present book would have brought, for the literary style and the views of the seamy side of life gained in a newspaper office are a doubtful preparation for higher grades of literary work. Doubtful, because to the best minds studies of the lowest life may lead to great results, witness Victor Hugo's studies in Paris; but in the hands of anything less than genius the effect is apt to be a shallow cynicism and an unwholesome familiarity with evil.

Edward Bellamy's present name and literary reputation call for more respectful treatment than the book at hand,

<sup>1</sup> *The Curse of Marriage*. By Walter Hubbell. New York: 1889. The American News Co.

<sup>2</sup> *By Whose Hand?* By Edith Sessions Tupper. New York: 1889. Welch, Fracker & Co.

<sup>3</sup> *Rothermal*. By Louis Reeves Harrison. New York: 1890. The American News Co.

<sup>4</sup> *Expiation*. By Th. Bentzon. Translated from the French. New York: 1889. Welch, Fracker & Co.

<sup>5</sup> *The Mystery of Central Park*. By Nellie Bly. New York: 1889. G. W. Dillingham. For sale in San Francisco by the Bancroft Co.



*Six to One*<sup>1</sup> merited or received when it was first printed in 1878. It is a story of a New York editor, broken down by overwork, who is sent to Nantucket to recuperate. There he is adopted enthusiastically by a circle of six young women, entirely unmanned by the scarcity of men occasioned by the seafaring habits of the islanders. The girls all promise each other not to try to appropriate the young man, but to regard him as the common property of the club. Of course human nature makes such a promise futile, and the young editor is duly captured by one of them. This is a slight framework for a story, but abundantly able to carry all that Mr. Bellamy has put on it; for the treatment, the conversations, and the whole tone of the book are very light. From the Riverside Press come reprints of Clara Louise Burnham's *Stories*, *Dearly Bought*,<sup>2</sup> *A Sane Lunatic*,<sup>3</sup> and *No Gentlemen*.<sup>4</sup> They are of the sort that girls of the sentimental age affect; there is always a fascinating and willful heiress, who meets by chance in some unusual and embarrassing way the young doctor or lawyer especially cut out for her, and after more or less of vexed waters the course of true love is made to run smoothly at last. *Dearly Bought* turns on a clandestine marriage in a hospital, with a supposedly dying young man, to fulfill the terms of an eccentric will. Of course the young man don't die, and there is much perplexity on the part of the bride, who has secured her fortune but don't know who is her husband. *A Sane Lunatic* is of another rich damsel who lives at a place named Fairylands, and is taken for a harmless lunatic by the eligible young man, because of misunderstood allusions to her home. Of course it offends her, and so a barrier is set in his way. A

twin brother much like the hero in appearance, but far different in character, still further complicates matters.

In *No Gentlemen* the heiress and her schoolmate friends go to spend the summer with a man-hating New England spinster, but of course the serpent creeps into the Paradise in the shape of a fisherman doctor and a sprained ankle.

In all these books there is some attempt at character study, but it is of the old fashioned sort in broad lines without shading, and the heroines are all as alike as two peas. The conversations are often flippant where they are meant to be bright, and seldom more. The books of course possess some good qualities, or they would not be reprinted by so careful a firm as Houghton, Mifflin & Co., but beside the common pleasures of the plot, they fail in many ways of being up to the standard that the "*Tout bien ou rien*" motto implies.

In *Osborne of Arrochar*,<sup>5</sup> Miss Douglas has attempted more and achieved more than in "*A Modern Adam and Eve*," the last book of hers published before it. That was a story of domestic economy, and dealt with chickens and roses rather than with feeling and character. The present book offers a picture of Maryland society in the transition stage, when the traditions of aristocracy are fading, and the practical spirit of the New South has not obtained complete ascendancy. The heroine, one of a group of sisters dispossessed of a family estate by an inconvenient kinsman, becomes a clerk in a mercantile house, in spite of the protest of her incapable mother. She has overheard certain uncomplimentary remarks made by the inconvenient kinsman mentioned, in regard to the condition of the estate on his unexpected return from the dead, or rather from years of travel in distant lands. These make her cherish a bitter hatred for him, which furnishes the

<sup>1</sup> *Six to One*. By Edward Bellamy. New York: 1890. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

<sup>2</sup> *Dearly Bought*. By Clara Louise Burnham. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>3</sup> *A Sane Lunatic*. *Ibid.*  
<sup>4</sup> *No Gentlemen*. *Ibid.*

<sup>5</sup> *Osborne of Arrochar*. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: 1890. Lee & Shepard. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

proper "motive" for the regulation love tale between them, wherein her anger is conquered gradually by his force and magnanimity. He is the stereotyped woman's hero, dark, oriental, masterful, Rochester-like.

Two of the sisters also have their love histories, and each is so different from their elder sister, and from each other, that the principle of heredity seems to find little credence in Miss Douglas's eyes. Nevertheless, the characters, principal and subordinate, are well drawn, and the movement not more monotonous than girls' stories of domestic life have to be. As a result, it is pleasant reading, without in any way being a powerful book, and is read with something like interest through its four and a half hundred pages to the inevitable result.

Pleasanter far than any of the books yet noticed is Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's *A Summer in a Cañon*.<sup>1</sup> And this is not only to Western readers familiar with the sort of life pictured, but probably even more to those to whom the outdoor summer, with no postponements on account of the weather, is first made real in Mrs. Wiggin's charming pages. It is a simple story of the life of a party of bright young people, guided by one or two wise older ones, in a camping trip in Southern California. Their fun and their mishaps and their amusements and adventures, and most of all their merry talks and spicy letters, are made very interesting. There is no sentimentality in the book, and the one girl that tries to introduce a little coquetry is vigorously disapproved of by these healthy young folk. This breezy, outdoors life, with its moral and physical healthfulness, its sparkling wit and kindly fun, will cause the book to be loved by young people, and by all older people, too, whose hearts are still young. It will do more good than ten books of sermons; for it is admirably adapted to extract without pain

many foolish ideas that young heads are apt to hold. It would be a pleasure to quote at length from the book, for quotable passages abound in it, but one must suffice.

"It's no use for you to try walking four miles in high-heeled shoes, my dear," said Polly, bluntly.

"They are not high," retorted Laura, "and if they are, I don't care to look like a — a — cow-boy, even in the backwoods."

"I'm an awful example," sighed Polly, seating herself on a stump in front of the tent, and elevating a very dusty little common-sense boot. "Sir Walter Raleigh would never have allowed me to walk on his velvet cloak with that boot, would he, girls? Oh, was n't that romantic, though? and don't I wish that I had been Queen Elizabeth!"

"You've got the hair," said Laura.

"Thank, you! I had forgotten Elizabeth's hair was red; so it was. This is my court train," snatching a tablecloth that hung on a bush near by, and pinning it to her waist in the twinkling of an eye,—"this is my farthingale," dangling her sunbonnet from her belt,— "this my sceptre," seizing a Japanese umbrella,— "this my crown," inverting a bright, tin plate upon her curly head. "She is just alighting from her chariot, *thus*; the courtiers turned pale, *thus*; (why don't you do it?) what shall be done? The Royal Feet must not be wet. 'Go round the puddle? Prit, me Lud, Ods body! Forsooth! Certainly not! Remove the puddle!' she says haughtily to her subjects. They are just about to do so, when out from behind a neighboring chaparral bush stalks a beautiful young prince, with coal-black hair and rose-red cheeks. He wears a rich velvet coat, glittering with embroidery. He sees not her crown, her hair outshines it; he sees not her sceptre, her tiny hand conceals it; he sees naught but the loathy mud. He strips off his cloak and floats it on the puddle. With a haughty but gracious bend of her head the queen accepts the courtesy; crosses the puddle, *thus*, waves her sceptre, *thus*, and saying, 'You shall hear from me by return mail, me Lud,' she vanished within the castle. The next morning she makes Sir Walter British Minister to Florida. He departs at once with a cargo of tobacco, which he exchanges for sweet potatoes, and everybody is happy ever after."

Another Western book is to be spoken of, though one of a very different sort from Mrs. Wiggin's,—addressed to older people,— more seriousness, more depth, more art. *The Last Assembly Ball*,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *A Summer in a Cañon*. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: 1889. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>2</sup> *The Last Assembly Ball*, and *The Fate of a Voice*. By Mary Hallock Foote. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.



known already to many readers from its appearance in a magazine, is a close study into the inchoate society of Leadville, a typical mining city. Mrs. Foote looks deep into the apparent chaos, and shows the struggling forces that are at work to shape the social structure. She denies vehemently the assumption that because society is unpolished and unformed it is therefore simple and easy to be understood. She makes her point fairly, as any Western reader would have granted *a priori*, and the result is a strong and living picture.

It is not a pleasant picture, it must be said, and the reader feeling its truth is the more thankful that the peculiar phase it shows is a very transient one; that although this is a truly historical novel, it will, in a few years, be ancient history. The elements have been put into the flask and thoroughly shaken up; soon they will adjust themselves, the chemical affinities will do their work and the laws of gravity fix the level of each individual. Then equilibrium, more or less stable, will be established, and the result of the process will be clear. But Mrs. Foote holds the flask before us just at the moment of mixing, while the chemical action is most fierce, the dregs stirred up with the upper layers, and the whole compound indeterminate and cloudy. The social chemist may be able to gather some facts from observing the process that will be obscured when it is complete, and so *The Last Assembly Ball* will have its permanent value, even though it is not a pleasant story.

To change the figure to the organic world, Mrs. Foote is especially good in giving us the species of the genus frontierswoman. The frontiersman from the cowboy to John Oakhurst has long been classified, and specimens of each variety have been pressed in the books; but the frontierswoman has been treated less scientifically, and Mrs. Foote's contributions many will recognize as true, undescribed species, which she has a right to

name as Mrs. Dansker and Milly Robinson.

Of the shorter story, *The Fate of a Voice*, there is less need to speak. It is a pretty love story in a characteristic Western setting, an engineer's camp, of a young woman who nearly sacrifices her heart happiness to her pride in the possession of a wonderful voice.

In *Memoirs of a Millionaire*<sup>1</sup> is found small attempt at the purely artistic, so much is it given to the ethical and practical. It is the story of an earnest Boston school-ma'am, given a chance to realize all her philanthropic aspirations by a bequest of thirty millions of dollars from a rejected suitor. Not that the story is ill told, the character of Mildred Brewster and of one or two persons beside is well brought out, and the frequent changes of vehicle for the action, letters, clippings from papers, conversations, and personal narrative, make it attractive. But the main stress of the book is so entirely on the practical that it is but little more than a treatise on the best uses of wealth. Mildred spends her money in many ways, on unsectarian missionaries, on public libraries for small towns, on tenement houses and model flats in great cities, on societies for the cultivation of patriotism and for the reclamation of hoodlums, and on a multitude of similar and dissimilar schemes of philanthropy. All of these are discussed in detail in the different chapters, as well as many other matters, beginning with the duties of Harvard students to politics, and taking in the New Theology, the Concord School of Philosophy, the immigrant question, the Episcopal marriage ceremony, and a great many more. Of course in covering so wide a field, it is a necessary consequence that the ideas cannot be equally new and valuable in all. But the earnestness of purpose in the book and the attractive light it throws on the

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs of a Millionaire*. By Lucia True Ames. Boston: 1889. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

general scheme of philanthropic effort, cannot fail to impress even an apathetic reader, and the catholic, kindly, and reasonable points of view taken are worth consideration even by trained philanthropists. The impracticability of some of the schemes is but too apparent.

In June, 1887, the *OVERLAND* noticed "A Budget of Letters from Japan," by Mr. Maclay. Now comes a historical novel by the same hand, written with even greater fullness of knowledge of Japan, present and past. The theme of the story is the long struggle between the Shogun and the Mikado. Its climax is the assassination in 1860 of the Daimio of Hikone, then prime minister of the Shogun, by a band of eighteen *ronins*, free lances, in the presence of thousands of *samurai* of the Hikone and allied clans. Mr. Maclay is a school-master, and the fact would be apparent from the didactic tone and stilted language of portions of this story. Fishing smacks are spoken of as "the venturesome boats whose white wings now bespeck the distant blue of the mighty deep in pursuit of fresh booty." There are whole chapters of metaphysical discussion, and geographic and ethnic information. The story saunters leisurely along in true Japanese style, and the warriors play with their fans more than with their swords. Nevertheless, as these indolent, tea-drinking gentlemen are capable of the swiftest action and most desperate courage, so the story at fitting points is sufficiently nervous in its style and rapid in its movement.

The old Japan "before the war" is enduringly photographed by Mr. Maclay. He pictures the life of the people, the strange custom of *hari-kari*, the ceaseless espionage, the plots of the two parties, the fortress life at Tokio, whither the daimios went with their thousands of swordsmen in long processions to spend months at court, thence streaming backward to their own domains in the provinces. Such a moated fortress at

Tokio was called a *Yashiki*, and at the hold of the Mito clan much of the action takes place,—whence the name.

The plots and counterplots leading up to the climax of the story are largely set in motion by the arrival of Commodore Perry's fleet, and the history of that event from the Japanese point of view is well told. Then comes the grand upheaval, the downfall of the Shogun, and the reinstatement of the Emperor in his ancient power; the flood of innovation is let in, and the most remarkable revolution of modern times has taken place. Of this revolution American readers will find a sufficient account in *Mito Yashiki*.<sup>1</sup> The last chapters of it are employed in relating the steps whereby an intelligent Japanese nobleman is led to believe in the religion imported by the white strangers, which he recognizes as the force that gives them their superiority.

As a whole, in spite of its didacticism, *Mito Yashiki* is so great an advance on Mr. Maclay's former volume that he should be encouraged to go on. A book in which he should take for granted so much information on the part of his readers as is contained in the two books already published, and should relate an episode as dramatic as that in the *Mito Yashiki*,—if he can find one,—would be apt to add still further to our obligations to Mr. Maclay.

That *Standish of Standish*<sup>2</sup> has been saved to the last in the gradual progress of this month's review from worse to better, is indicative that it has made a good impression on the present reviewer. It is an historical novel, following with great fidelity the records of the Pilgrim settlement. It begins with the arrival of the Mayflower on the "stern and rockbound coast," and carries on the narrative to Standish's wedding with his

<sup>1</sup> *Mito Yashiki*. By Arthur Collins Maclay. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>2</sup> *Standish of Standish*. By James G. Austin. 1889. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.



cousin, Barbara Standish. Of course, every person that has read and thought much of the Pilgrims has formed his own conception of Standish, and Winslow, and Brewster, and Bradford, and Alden; of Priscilla Molines, and Mary Chilton, and Rose Standish, and the rest of that remarkable company. With these conceptions, those in *Standish of Standish* will be likely to disagree in many particulars. But however other be the garb of fancy with which one has clothed the historic facts, it is impossible not to see that the author of *Standish* has based her portraits on careful study of the attainable records, and at

least possible deductions from them. To say that, is sufficient guaranty that the result is an interesting and valuable book. In special scenes there is more chance for a feeling that the treatment is inadequate. A marked example of this is the "Speak for yourself, John," episode. The popular impression of that is, of course, the one given by the genius of Longfellow, and it would probably be impossible for any writer to alter it, or tell it over in prose or poetry either, without rousing a sense of disapproval. It is commendation to say of the present book that such shortcomings do not seriously mar the general effect.

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### SOME AMERICAN HISTORIES.

THE tendency to retrospection given to American thought by the rounding out of the first century of the history of this country, has expressed itself in the large number of studies of our early history both in the form of magazine articles and in the more permanent form of books. The magazines of the last few years have had a decidedly historical tone, and the number of serious histories of the United States that have appeared during the last year has been greater than ever before. Histories of this country have not been wanting heretofore, but they have for the most part been lacking in the scientific tone of modern historical investigation. With one or two notable exceptions they have been simply narratives of events,—carefully verified, judiciously sifted it is true, but lacking in the treatment of the evolution of the government. More recently, however, this idea of development has directed the researches of historical students, and the relations of events—their causes

and effects as parts of the life story of the nation—have formed the more interesting and vastly more useful theme of the historian.

It is a significant fact that thirty years ago, when it first appeared, George Ticknor Curtis's history<sup>1</sup> was the only work of any authority treating the history of this country from the constitutional point of view. Since then the field has been entered by other writers of more or less ability, but Curtis's work has retained its position among the most valuable histories. It was a misfortune therefore that it was allowed to pass out of print, the reason for which Mr. Curtis now explains. The work originally appeared shortly before the Civil War, and was intended to be followed by a second volume carrying the investigation through the period of the adoption of the first amendments. The violent wrench given

<sup>1</sup>The Constitutional History of the United States. By George Ticknor Curtis. Vol. I. Harper & Brothers. New York: 1889.

to the constitution during the stormy period of the war left the author with some doubt as to whether there would be any constitution left to write about. The amendments adopted after the war caused a readjustment of the governmental machinery that did not serve to remove the doubt. But the historical perspective that could only be gained by the lapse of time has cleared the clouds away, and the book is reissued with a promise of the long delayed second volume, which is now to continue the history to the commencement of the Civil War. It is significant of the care and ability with which the earlier history was written, that after the lapse of thirty years the author finds little to change in the phraseology, and nothing to change in the conclusions then drawn.

The period covered by this first volume is one that will always have a vivid interest for the student of history. The organization, work, and constitutional status of the two Continental Congresses are discussed; the Articles of Confederation, the Constitutional Convention with its discussions, and the struggle for the adoption of the constitution in the different states — these form the field of inquiry, a field that has gained in interest at the present time by the prominence given to each of its leading events by the various celebrations that have taken place during the last two decades. It was the period of the birth of the republic, and the work of the statesmen of that period loses nothing when we look at it in the light of what may be called the prenatal period. The second volume of this history will be looked for with deep interest, covering as it does the period of the more self-conscious growth of the nation, when discussion of the principles of the constitution formed a more distinct part of the intellectual life, and the two schools of interpretation contended in the arena of politics.

One phase of this growth is presented in the volume of lectures delivered be-

fore the Political Science Club of the University of Michigan.<sup>1</sup> These lectures, five in number, discuss the influence of the Supreme Court in the constitutional development of the United States. The view thus presented is of necessity one-sided. It is the purely legal view — the discussion of the interpretation of the provisions of the written constitution only, while the growth of the unwritten constitution is ignored. Isolated in this manner, the influence of the Supreme court appears more distinctly than would be possible in any other treatment; yet taken in its entirety, it is scarcely so great as would generally be supposed. The peculiar position of the court at the present day is the result of a natural growth, rather than of the deliberate design of the framers of the constitution. The peculiar power of the court results from its power to determine cases arising under the constitution. Yet the *Federalist*, in speaking of this power, merely instances the necessity of enforcing the limitations on the action of the States imposed by the constitution. It was not until the court had been in existence more than ten years, that its truly constitutional powers began to be developed and understood. During the first eleven years of its existence, less than one hundred cases of all kinds came before the court for decision. On the last day of January, 1801, John Marshall became Chief Justice, and during his incumbency sixty-one constitutional questions were decided, in thirty-five of which he wrote the opinion of the court. It was during this period that the constitutional development of this country was most truly directed by the decisions of the Supreme Court. During the second year of Marshall's incumbency, the power of the court to

<sup>1</sup> *Constitutional History of the United States, as seen in the Development of American Law.* By T. M. Cooley, Henry Hitchcock, George W. Biddle, Charles A. Kent, and Daniel H. Chamberlain. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York: 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.



declare void an act of Congress, because of inconsistency with the provisions of the constitution, was first raised and determined. Later, during this period, the relations of the three branches of government were adjusted in a series of decisions, and the relations of the federal and state governments were determined. Nearly one-half of Marshall's constitutional decisions relate to this latter subject, and it is noteworthy that their bias is almost exclusively toward the central government. The "worship of the constitution" did not then exist; it was an experiment viewed with suspicion, and the interest of the States overbalanced the central government in popular estimation. The Supreme Court, therefore, stood as a powerful champion of the rights of the central government as against the States.

The lecture covering Marshall's incumbency is by Henry Hitchcock, and he treats his subject with a just appreciation of its scope. The essential parts of the decisions are presented, and the generalizations are distinctly satisfactory. Not so with the lecture on Chief Justice Taney. It is true that the prominence of new questions had shifted the scene of constitution-making from the chambers of the Supreme Court, into the halls of Congress and the discussions of the people. But Mr. Biddle seems not to have properly digested his subject in view of the purposes of the course. He discusses the decisions in chronological order, and makes the mistake of including too much. Unnecessary space is devoted to questions of procedure in the federal courts, of interest only to the practicing attorney. Perhaps the most interesting part of the lecture to the general reader will be the abstract of the decision in the *Dred Scott* case, together with the points in Justice Curtis's dissenting opinion.

The next lecture was delivered by Charles A. Kent, a former professor in the law department of the University at

Michigan, and covers the important period of the readjustment of the constitutional relations after the Civil War. The greater part of the lecture is devoted, however, to a discussion of the views held by the people concerning the question involved in that struggle, and the decisions of the court are treated with disappointing brevity. The constitution-shaping function of the court, that had remained somewhat in abeyance during Taney's incumbency, was revived after the war; the last three amendments caused a general readjustment of the governmental relations, and were the occasion of a number of important questions that have come before the court for decision. A more complete review of these decisions would have been both interesting and instructive, and it is to be regretted that it is not given here.

These three lectures cover the whole period of the court's activity, but there are two others included in the series. The first, an introductory lecture by Judge Cooley, describes the place of the Supreme Court in the American Constitutional System with his usual clearness and ability. The other, the closing lecture of the course, is by Daniel H. Chamberlain, who describes the position of the State Courts largely by a negative treatment. He tells of the functions of the State judiciary, by showing what the federal courts may do, and explaining that the State courts may do anything else not prohibited by the constitutions.

The lecture admirably rounds off an interesting series.

The changes that have occurred in the country during the present century are strongly emphasized in the next book on the list.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Adams has thoroughly digested his subject, and presents a most comprehensive and appreciative account of the period. About one-third of the

<sup>1</sup> *History of the United States of America during the First Administration of Thomas Jefferson.* By Henry Adams. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York: 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Company.

first volume is devoted to an exposition of the physical, economic, and social conditions of the country at the beginning of the century. It is difficult at the present time to appreciate how different these conditions were ninety years ago from what they are now, yet such appreciation is necessary to a true understanding of the events.

The period is one of peculiar interest, from the fact that it was during this administration that the political life of the country may be said truly to have commenced. Political parties had been divided simply on the question of the adoption or rejection of the constitution. When the constitution was adopted and the government created by it had become an established fact, parties began to divide on the interpretation that was to be given to its provisions. But even yet the strict constructionist Republicans were in the opposition: they had merely the negative policy of criticising the acts of the administration. With Jefferson's accession to the presidency the necessity for a positive policy commenced, and then they learned that the strict construction views could not always be maintained in practice. It is melancholy to note how early in the history of the country the debauchery of the public offices commenced. Jefferson had criticised Adams most effectively for using the public offices for the reward of his friends, yet Jefferson found himself obliged to succumb to the necessity of rewarding partisan service in the same manner.

Mr. Adams's analysis of the difficult character of Jefferson himself is admirable, indeed the characterization of the prominent men of the period is one of the strongest features of the book. There is no man in the history of this country who has had more devoted admirers and more bitter enemies than Jefferson. Mr. Adams explains his inconsistencies with perhaps too favorable a construction: at times the excuse seems

forced, but as a whole the conclusions are just, and display an unusual appreciation of the character.

The prominence of foreign affairs, particularly in the field of diplomacy, necessitates a somewhat lengthy excursion into the field of European history of the period, but the digression is none too long, and is essential to the proper understanding of the events in this country. The volumes present a beginning for a history of this country which Mr. Adams promises to continue, and which will form one of the most valuable additions to the understanding of the development of the United States yet published.

The German microscopic method of writing history has been introduced into this country by the Johns Hopkins University. The monographs issued from time to time from the University have done much to encourage the study of the minor phases of the early history of this country, that are essential to an understanding of the whole. The latest volume of essays issued under this inspiration, though not coming directly from the University, is written by graduate students, and edited by Dr. Jameson.<sup>1</sup> The essays are five in number, and discuss phases of the history of this period not generally dwelt upon in the histories. The first essay is by the editor, and describes the Predecessor of the Supreme Court. The various attempts to form a court under the confederation for the trial for marine cases are narrated, showing throughout the weakness that was characteristic of all the departments under the Articles of Confederation. The Development of the Executive Departments, an essay by Jay C. Guggenheimer, is one of the most interesting in the collection. It is logically arranged, and clearly presents the struggle between the conservatism that even then as-

<sup>1</sup> *Essays on the Constitutional History of the United States in the Formative Period.* Edited by J. Franklin Jameson. Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Boston and New York: 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co. \*



sented itself in constitutional matters, and the necessity for overcoming the inefficiency of government by boards. The fear of one-man power was always present, and led to the retention of executive boards long after their inefficiency had been clearly established. The Move-

ment towards a Second Constitutional Convention, The Period of Constitution Making in the American Churches, and the Status of the Slave, are the other essays of the book, each discussing its peculiar phase of the period from 1775 to 1789.

ETC.

Two years ago the OVERLAND, moved by some very loose generalizations on the subject of the marriage rate of college women then current in the newspapers, began to try to get some real data on the point from the annual register of the alumnae association. The issue of the register for the current year affords an opportunity to test, on a basis of larger numbers, the conclusions tentatively drawn from two preceding issues. These conclusions were : first, that there is a marked difference in the marriage rate of the graduates of coeducational and of women's colleges, the one differing very little from the average of the community, the other falling distinctly below it ; second, that college women marry rather late, and very rarely within the first two or three years after graduation ; and third, that their rate of marriage is lower in New England and the other Eastern States than in the West. It will be seen how great is the influence of these three considerations upon their average marriage rate, when we note that the great majority of them are from women's colleges, are under thirty years old, and are from New England or New York. Of the 1078 names on this register, 676, over 63 per cent, are from women's colleges ; 596, nearly 56 per cent, are of the last eight classes, and still in their twenties ; 446; nearly 42 per cent of the whole, are from New England colleges, and 853, nearly 80 per cent, from those of New England and New York, while over 53 per cent of the whole live in that section now.

To examine, then, the indications of these thousand-odd names, and in the first place, as to the factor we inferred to be especially important, that of the system of the college, whether coeducational or separate : There are on the register, as we have said, 676 graduates of the three women's colleges, Vassar, Wellesley, and Smith, and 402 of the eleven coeducational ones, Boston leading. One of the women's colleges, Vassar, and three of the coeducational ones, Oberlin, Wisconsin, and Northwestern, run back far enough in years to have graduates that have fairly

reached middle age ; and as it chances these older graduates are not disproportionately divided between Vassar and the coeducational schools, so that their age does not vitiate a comparison of the total marriage rate of the two groups. The consideration of section does affect it, however, as all the women's colleges are in New England and New York. Therefore, to eliminate the confusing factor, we have compared the coeducational and the women's colleges within the same sections, taking into account in New York only the last dozen years, as the greater age of Vassar would completely destroy the comparison otherwise. The following table gives the percentages married among the graduates of the two groups :

I. COMPARISON OF COEDUCATIONAL AND WOMEN'S COLLEGES.

New England coeducational colleges	...24.7 per ct
“ “ women's colleges	.....14.8 “ “
N. Y. coeducational colleges, last 12 yrs	..25.7 “ “
“ women's colleges, “ “ “	..20.6 “ “
All coeducational colleges	.....34.8 “ “
“ women's colleges	.....22.9 “ “

The comparative probability of marriage in the case of a coeducationally, as against a separately, college-bred girl would appear to be nearly as five to three in New England ; in New York as five to four ; — on an average as three to two. The difference may be lessened in New York by the fact that Vassar is the great resort of Western girls, who, returning to their homes, raise the marriage rate for that college. The New England ratio would seem to give the truest indication of the actual effect of the separate system in lowering the marriage rate, as the women concerned in it are more equal in age, origin, previous training, and all environment except the one influence we seek to measure, than in any other case. Still, any precise ratios on such a point, without exhaustive data, are tentative ; a general tendency is all they are competent to show. Of course, again, in view of the youth of all these New England graduates, the per cents indicate not the actual, but only the comparative, probabilities of their marriage.

To consider next, then, the question of age, which will give us some idea of the actual marriage rate of college women. On the strength of the recorded age of women graduates of the University of California, we have assumed the average age of graduation as twenty-two years. This is a little too high, twenty-one and one-half being more exact. Again, these average ages are misleading, being much raised by the few who come to college late, graduating at thirty, thirty-five, and even forty. One woman graduating at forty holds the average age to twenty-two against nine who graduate at twenty; while in an inquiry like this, based on numbers, she should count for only one, instead of nine. It is, therefore, probable that almost all the women in these statistics are really a year or two below the age assumed, while a few are considerably above it. Accepting twenty-two, however, as the age of graduation, we may regard the graduates of the last three classes as from that age to twenty-five, and the others in due proportion. Now something under 27½ per cent of all the women enrolled are married; but 213 of them are graduates of the last three years, only ten of whom are married. The following table shows clearly the effect of age on the marriage rate, as well as, incidentally, of the separate system and of section :

## II. COMPARISON ACCORDING TO AGE.

### Graduates—

'47-'89, over 22 years old	.....27.4 per ct.
'47-'86, " 25 "	.....33 "
'47-'81, " 30 "	.....42.2 "
'47-'76, " 35 "	.....47.4 "
'47-'71, " 40 "	.....54.5 "

### Coeducational graduates—

'47-'89, over 22 years old	.....34.8 per ct.
'47-'86, " 25 "	.....42.6 "
'47-'81, " 30 "	.....50.3 "
'47-'76, " 35 "	.....63.5 "
'47-'71, " 40 "	.....83.3 "

### Separate graduates—

'67-'89, over 22 years old	.....22.9 per ct.
'67-'86, " 25 "	.....27.8 "
'67-'81, " 30 "	.....39.4 "
'67-'76, " 35 "	.....45.7 "
'67-'71, " 40 "	.....41.7 "

### New England graduates—

'77-'89, over 22 years old	.....17.1 per ct.
'77-'86, " 25 "	.....22.4 "
'77-'81, " 30 "	.....35.4 "

### New York graduates—

'67-'89, over 22 years old	.....31.7 per ct.
'67-'86, " 25 "	.....36.4 "
'67-'81, " 30 "	.....39.7 "
'67-'76, " 35 "	.....46 "
'67-'71, " 40 "	.....41.7 "

### Western graduates—

'47-'89, over 22 years old	.....44 per ct.
'47-'86, " 25 "	.....52.3 "
'47-'81, " 30 "	.....64 "
'47-'76, " 35 "	.....66.7 "
'47-'71, " 40 "	.....83.3 "

### California graduates—

'76-'89, over 22 years old	.....29.3 per ct.
'76-'86, " 25 "	.....30.3 "
'76-'81, " 30 "	.....52.9 "

In this table the numbers concerned are too small after the age of forty to be of much value, but we carry the comparison to that point for what it is worth. Coeducational colleges run back twenty years farther than the other group; but graduates of '67 are presumably forty-four years old, and marriages after that age are so rare that the comparison is probably not in the least affected by them. If the 48 women who have passed forty years are fair representatives, it may be concluded that 83½ per cent indicates the probability of marriage sooner or later for a college-bred woman in the West, and nearly 42 per cent the probability for a separately educated one in the East; but that is no proof that as the country becomes more densely settled, and the 22-year old graduates of last commencement "come to forty year," the same figures will hold. The disposition among them to marry, or among men to marry them, may undergo great increase or decrease in fifteen or twenty years; the general rates of marriage in the country may alter; the difference between sections may be lost, or shift. The conditions of our population when an Oberlin graduate of '47 married, were very different from the present ones, and probably tended more to marriage.

ONE more thing should be said, as a warning against taking the figures of this table to indicate actual proportion of marriages among college women. There will always be some slight discrepancy between the percentage of marriages indicated by the register and the actual number. It might be conjectured that the rates on the register would fall a little below the facts, as far as concerns the younger mothers, with babies at home, since they would be less likely to join the association than unmarried women, who are usually teachers, and need the help of association. College women are notably careful mothers,—so much so that the Massachusetts bureau of statistics has reported a distinctly higher life and health rate for their children than for those of other women; and they are not, as a rule, of the wealthy class, who can delegate domestic cares to nurses. A comparison, however, of the marriage rate given by the register of the University of California for its 77 women graduates of '76-'89, and that given by the alumnae register for the 41 of them that it enrolls, does not materially or significantly correct the latter.

Alumnae Univ.

Reg'r Reg'r

Graduates, '76-'89, over 22 yrs. old	...29.3...	31.2
" '76-'85, " 25 "	...30.3...	36.5
" '76-'81, " 30 "	...52.9...	50

THE effect of section, it will be seen, is slight for the most part, but constant, and continues to show



the maximum rate in the interior of the country, decreasing toward the two coasts. As between the middle West and other sections, it is more marked. The preceding table showed this in part: the following shows it more distinctly.

### III. COMPARISON BY SECTION.

New Eng. coeducational colleges . . . . .	24.7	per ct
N. Y. " " (same 13 yrs) . . . . .	25.6	"
Western " " " " " " . . . . .	34.6	"
Cal. " " " " " " . . . . .	27.5	"
Living in New England . . . . .	21.0	"
" " New York . . . . .	26.2	"
" " other Middle States . . . . .	20.4	"
" " South . . . . .	31.6	"
" " West . . . . .	39.1	"
" " Pacific States . . . . .	28.6	"
" " abroad . . . . .	58.3	"

The women's colleges have been omitted from this comparison, as there are none in the West to compare them with. In the comparison by present residence, it should be noted that those living "abroad" are only a dozen women, and the per cent is of no significance. The rest of the thousand-odd women are distributed over the country, in 31 different States and Territories,—the largest detachment in Massachusetts, considerably over one-fourth of the whole number, while all New England has one-third of the whole, and New York more than one-fifth; Pennsylvania, Illinois and California are the only other States in which more than fifty live. This distribution over the country means in part that girls from all over the Union come into the colleges, but also that the graduates go out far and wide from their homes as teachers. Over sixty addresses given in this register are at schools and academies, and this takes no account of the great number that are in the public schools of the cities and districts. In the South and the Middle States other than New York, an especially large proportion seem to be New England women who have gone there to teach; and this may possibly have an effect on the marriage rate. Colonel Higginson has lately shown, from the Massachusetts census, that the surplus woman of Massachusetts is mainly a myth; but our figures would certainly seem to indicate that whether surplus or not, the woman of the class we are considering does not marry as much there as elsewhere.

### Aphorisms from the Hebrew.

#### IV.

THE great mistake of some people is their desire to soar above the herd. Flying in vain toward the sky, they leave the earth out of sight, — they understand not the human heart and common needs. They do not estimate the limitations of their own spirits and strength, nor think of the shortness of life and the handful of dust that is their body. The hunter levels his gun, — they flutter a little in the air like

shot birds, — and in a few moments they lie dead in the fields, and no one gives them a thought.

Friendship needs planting, watering, and weeding, to bear fruit: love is a ripe fruit, a fragrant flower, full grown; you need only open your eyes and heart, to take and give.

Friendship is like a barrel: keep it always full, or it will dry, crack, and be ruined.

Friendship is like a great treasure: yet dare not take therefrom more than you invested; often you dare not take as much.

Two things are small, yet they rule men, and a third is all powerful: they are, the orator's tongue, the writer's pen, and a beautiful woman's charms.

Two things are sad to see, and a third is intolerable: they are, a good man among the base, riches in the hands of a brutish man, and a good woman the wife of a fool.

All religions are one, differing only with the people and their tastes.

As long as there is no union of religions, so long will people be merciless savages.

The great difference between a good man and a bad man is, that the one knows and repents his sin, the other thinks himself immaculate.

It is easier to make a man admit an error of judgment than a bad heart and corrupt soul.

The pain of remembering our sins, though sometimes sharp, is short; for the piety that was too cowardly to resist the sin is too cowardly to accuse us often,—wherefore we think ourselves good people, when in fact we are vulgar sinners.

All customs will change, all laws take new form, even wisdom and philosophy will pass away: but folly abideth forever.

Religion has slain more than the sword.

Luck makes a man rich: but a profession makes the man and makes him rich at the same time.

Luck is good, a profession is better, but wisdom is best.

Like a purse without money, like a barrel without wine, is the heart without love and friendship.

Four things make me sad: that experience was not given to youth nor strength to age, a feeling heart to the rich, nor a profession to the poverty-stricken.

If you will get great wealth, forego all pleasure and be deaf to all feelings; if you will have base pleasures, provide yourself a sick bed against the day of pain, and a brazen forehead to beg forgiveness continually.

Fight not even a dog ; the victory is not worth the time : fear not even a lion ; if you are valiant, he will fear you.

Unsystematic study is like a meal prepared, and no table to put it on.

As a rich man desires to gain more and pile wealth on wealth, but he who would seem rich to lavish

money, so the true scholar is eager to learn, but the sophist to teach.

Three things amaze me : that we wonder to see a man fall sick or die, but not to see thousands rise daily well, and live ; that we are eager to find cure for diseases of the body, but not for those of the soul ; that we preach virtue to others, but not to ourselves.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

### **The Railway Problem.<sup>1</sup>**

In his introduction to this book the author makes a naïve statement, that indicates one of the grave difficulties under which popular governments labor. "Having occupied the position of chairman of a legislative committee, entrusted with the preparation of legislation on this subject, I was unable to find in convenient and accessible form a discussion of many of the difficulties which surround it," he says. The desire to perform his duties intelligently, and the consequent effort to obtain something more than a superficial knowledge of the subject, are of course praiseworthy. But how much better it would have been had the chairman of the committee on railroads obtained some practical knowledge of the subject before his appointment, instead of being obliged to study it when he should be digesting proposed legislation. The question as to how far and in what ways the government should control railway corporations, is one upon which every citizen must decide, and upon his intelligent decision depends the most extensive interests. This book will assist materially in gaining some insight into the difficulties, though, as the author says, it is not intended to be exhaustive. The discussion proper is divided into two parts — The Legal Aspects of the Question, and the Economic Aspects of the Question. Following this is an analysis of the provisions of the Interstate Commerce Act, and a discussion of its effects, and a consideration of the relation of express traffic to the rail ways. A railroad in the first instance sustains the same relation to the government that any other public highway does. It is a means of communication between distant places, built for the public convenience, and constructed by the exercise of functions that inhere in the community as a whole, and cannot be granted or abandoned to private individuals or corporations. This primary view of the subject is, however, confused by the peculiar conditions of transportation by railway. The most important of these conditions arises from the fact that a common occupation of the rail roadway is not possible in the same manner that an ordinary road is subject to com-

mon occupation. Practically, the carrying service must be performed by one company. But in any scientific consideration of the subject, the distinction between the ownership of the road and the service performed in transporting persons and merchandise over it must be borne in mind. The powers of the legislature over railroads are discussed by Mr. Dabney somewhat briefly, but with sufficient completeness to give a general idea of the basis of such control. The subsequent chapters on the limitations of government control, arising from the charters of the roads and from the private property rights of the owners of the roads, are but elaborations on the ideas of this first chapter. Generally expressed, the power of the legislature depends on the public character of the railroad, and may extend to those features of the business relating to this public character. The limitations arising from the charters of the roads depend upon the principle that the charter is a contract between the government and the corporation. But this limitation has in most cases been reduced to the smallest proportions by the reservation to the legislatures of most States of power to amend, alter or, repeal the charters. The limitations arising from the private rights of owners are simply the negative of the legislative powers. In so far as the business is public in character, legislative control is possible ; in so far as it is private, such control is legally impossible. The powers of the government being thus established, the question of the policy of the exercise of these powers arises, and this is purely an economic question. The economic aspects of the problem are discussed with understanding, though with the brevity made necessary by the scope of the work. In the discussion of the Interstate Commerce Act, the author criticises the long and short haul clause, for favoring the stronger lines at the expense of the weaker ; but the subject of pooling receives inadequate treatment, the possibility of the prohibition being defeated by the formation of a railway trust being the most important suggestion regarding this aspect of the problem. As has been said, the book is simply introductory to the subject, but it is a good introduction, and one that will repay perusal.

<sup>1</sup> The Public Regulation of Railways. By W. D. Dabney. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London: 1880.



**Harriet Beecher Stowe.<sup>1</sup>**

Two biographies of the author of Uncle Tom's Cabin have been issued recently; the one by the present author, the other by her son, the Rev. Charles E. Stowe. There is room for much book making about such a woman, and both will find ready and enthusiastic welcome. Mrs. McCray has gathered a volume that is more descriptive and anecdotal than critical and complete. One finds in reading it that she had not thoroughly digested her material when she put it into shape, and is disappointed that the picture is not clearer. There is a sketch of Mrs. Stowe's literary life, an outline of each of her more important works, with a running commentary thereon, descriptions of her personal appearance at different periods of life, statistics of the great sale of her books, and a hundred other details that give a chatty, pleasant, but decidedly "news paperish" quality to the book. But it is bright and readable, and will profitably fill the idle hour to those who admire Mrs. Stowe but have not the leisure to read her for themselves.

The need of a censor in American literature is nowhere more apparent than in the issue of such books as the *Evolution of a Life*.<sup>2</sup> There is nothing vicious about the book, but it is a tedious narrative of the author's domestic and mental tribulations, which, while interesting to him, will hardly carry the interest of the reader through the four hundred and thirty-six pages of his text.

**Portraits of Friends.<sup>3</sup>**

There is no side of Principal Shairp's character that is more charming than his relationship with his friends. Indeed, some of the best of his literary work has been done in his biographical portraits. There was something in his nature, a kindliness or social sympathy, that drew about him in terms of intimacy some of the very best men of his times. The majority of these biographical sketches were collected in the memorial volume entitled, "Principal Shairp and his Friends," which Professor Knight prepared for publication in 1888. But there were other interesting reminiscences, "contributed to biographies by other hands," which were not included in this volume, and some of these constitute the material from which the present volume was made up. In addition to these there is a sketch of Shairp himself, written by William Young Sellars, which is fully as interesting as those which follow it. It is evidently a labor of love, and is narrative and descriptive rather than critical. Of the portraits, that of Dr. John Brown, though one of the shortest, is one of the tenderest and most delightful.

<sup>1</sup> The Life Work of the Author of Uncle Tom's Cabin. By Florine Thayer McCray. Funk & Wagnalls: 1889.

<sup>2</sup> The Evolution of a Life. By Rev. Henry Truro Bray. Chicago: Holt Pub. Co. 1890.

<sup>3</sup> Portraits of Friends. By John Campbell Shairp. Boston & New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

**Jane Austen.<sup>4</sup>**

If Taine had been called upon to construct the life of Jane Austen from her works, he would have had no difficulty in giving as exact a picture of the environment that produced them as any biographer who had the actual details of her life at his command. No one whose life was not essentially commonplace could have written such commonplace books. Mrs. Malden, in her preface, admits this difficulty when she says: "The life of Jane Austen, which extended over only forty-two years, and was chiefly passed among her own nearest relations in the quiet of a country parsonage, varied only by an occasional visit to London, to Bath, or to the seaside, affords but little material for a biographer to deal with." As a consequence, her method has been largely critical, six out of eleven chapters being devoted to the consideration of her literary work. The style is interesting, and as enthusiastic as the mild excitement of Miss Austen's life would warrant. The one thing that even the most captious critic must admit is the completeness and finish of Jane Austen's work. There is a certain delicacy of humor, too, that saves her style from absolute dullness, and though the circle of her admirers does not increase alarmingly as years go on, yet her skill in character drawing will always hold for her a place in permanent literature.

**A Bird Book, by Torrey.<sup>5</sup>**

Readers of "Birds in the Bush," Mr. Torrey's former book, will be prepared to like his later venture. They will find in it the same light and easy touch, the same keen insight and warm love for nature, and perhaps even more of the gentle wit and quaint philosophy. Mr. Torrey glories in not being a scientist; he seeks the birds and flowers not to stuff, press, and catalogue them, not even to study them in the scholastic sense, but rather to "visit" with them,—to use a rustic expression. Witness in this connection his friendship with the vireo in the chapter, "A Woodland Intimate," where he tells how a wild bird sitting on her nest responded so graciously to his gentle advances that he could feed her from his hand and even stroke her feathers lightly. This was, of course, achieved by a process of growing intimacy through many visits.

Into such pleasing society Mr. Torrey takes whoso will go with him that it is a delight to linger there, in byway and woodland, in copse and clearing, with Nature in her aspect of the gentle mother. Mr. Torrey pays seventy-three cents taxes on his real estate, a secluded wood-lot, and every one that buys this book will think with satisfaction that he too has a share in paying a tax that yields such manifold return.

<sup>4</sup> Jane Austen. By Mrs. Charles Malden. (Famous Women Series.) Boston: Roberts Bros. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>5</sup> A Rambler's Lease. By Bradford Torrey. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

### A Salvation Army Book.<sup>1</sup>

The Salvation Army, with its beating drums, its queer costumes, and its insistence in season and out of season in preaching to the multitude, has become a familiar sight in all our cities and larger towns. In many other countries it is even more familiar than in America. Notwithstanding this familiarity with its outward aspect, a vast number of people know but little and care less about the Army's real purposes and plans, and about the character and extent of its work. The outward show seems crazy, the army a band of religious enthusiasts, generally of low extraction, and why should decent people, religious people, who love their historic churches and ordered services, countenance even by a casual inspection and inquiry such a wild travesty of the religion they love? Yet it is not fair to condemn any institution more than any person unheard, and perhaps the best means of giving the Salvation Army a chance to explain itself is found in reading Mrs. Booth's book, *Beneath Two Flags*.

There will be much in it to surprise such a reader as has been imagined. Accepting its statement of their work as fair and accurate, he will be astonished at the extent of the organization, at the successes it can show, at the character of its leading spirits, at the manifold forms it has adopted to meet with special emergencies, at the many branches of philanthropic work it has successfully undertaken, and perhaps more than all at the reasonable and catholic spirit that pervades it.

These fantastic antics that offend the fastidious are adopted with a full appreciation of their character, and as the result of intelligent purpose and practical experience. The bass drum does draw into the Army meetings a crowd,—riff raff, so please you, but still men and women with immortal souls, the Salvationists believe,—that could not be induced, and as a matter of fact are not induced, to enter a church from year's end to year's end. In this crowd are drunkards and criminals, and low characters of all sorts. But it is the mission of the Army to seek that which is lost, and to call even the lowest of sinners to repentance. To do this they adapt their services in every way to the object aimed at. No other course seems to them in accord with reason.

But if the Army can really point to more than two thousand women reclaimed within nine years from the streets of American cities in its Refuge Houses, to a greater multitude of drunkards that drink no more, of rogues that now are honest, and to its million organized workers from Hindustan to Manitoba, shall we not admit the claim that this work is justifi-

fied by the signs following, and judge it by its fruits? This much has been accomplished in the face of violent hostility and bitter prejudice, in the midst of persecution and calumny. A brighter day, Mrs. Booth thinks, is opening, when prejudice has been overcome and indifference changed to co-operation, when the organized work of all good people will be directed intelligently to the object to be gained, and not wasted in misunderstandings and clashings. Her book, by its contents and its tone, is well calculated to help toward this result. Her position as wife of Marshal Booth (who commands the Army in America, and is son of General Booth, its originator) gives her opportunity to speak with authority about the work of the Army, and her personal qualities enable her to speak with effect.

### Briefer Notice.

Easter offers in some ways better chances for the publishers of cards than Christmas; the butterfly, the awakening of the flowers, the lily designs, are all especially fitted for their purpose. But on the other hand, the difficulty of producing new and various designs, year after year, is even greater than at the holiday season. Prang & Co. meet it as well as can be done. Spring flowers, and children bearing lilies, are most of the designs; and these are now oftener in booklets than in the simple card, and are joined with verses,—sometimes the tasteless ones inevitable in religious collections, but sometimes charming Easter carols or devotional bits, and sometimes standard poems, whose connection with Easter is not always close, such as Mackay's "Tell me, Ye Winged Winds." There are also "Easter Art Prints," on sachets, handkerchief boxes, cushions, jewel cases, and the like,—an even more grotesque incongruity than at the Christmas season; but the trinkets are pretty in themselves, and the firm must have the backing of public demand, or it would not continue to issue them. In spite of this concession to what is perhaps a harmless enough Philistinism, it has exerted on the whole a very honest and excellent influence on the artistic perceptions of the public, as any one can see who compares the pre-Prang period of popular art with the present.—A graver sort of an Easter token comes from the fastidious press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.,—a selection of Lucy Larcom's poems appropriate to the season, bound in white paper decorated with gold lilies, but inside perfectly plain and chaste in print. It is an attractive gift for the season.

<sup>1</sup> Prang's Easter Cards, Novelties, Satin Art Prints, Booklets, and Books, for 1890. L. Prang & Co.

<sup>1</sup> *Beneath Two Flags*. By Maud B. Booth. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1889.

<sup>2</sup> Easter Gleams. By Lucy Larcom. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1890. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.



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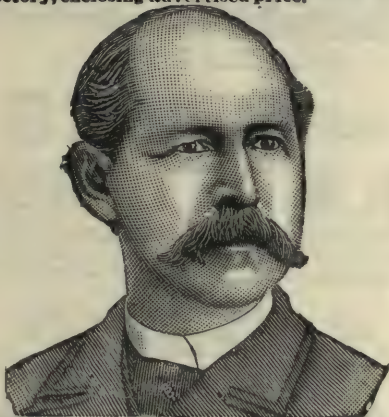
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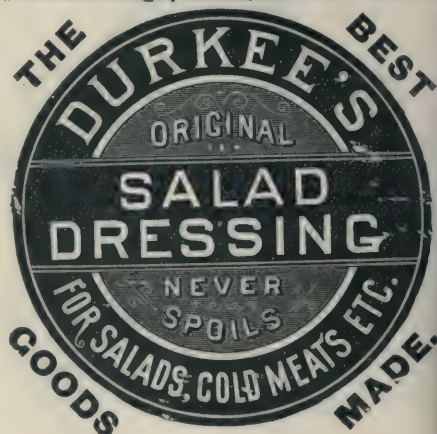
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## A Few Points for those who take Magazines.

---

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY, established twenty-two years ago, has grown with the growth of the State, and has won a national reputation for itself and its writers. Bret Harte named THE OVERLAND. He explained with admirable foresight that the highways across the Continent mean inevitable change and growth, new cities and colonies, and greater industries. The name "OVERLAND," struck home to the most important fact of that decade, and crystallized it into historical expression. It is now known far more widely than many magazines of greater circulation. Letters and subscriptions come to it from all parts of the world, and journals such as the *London Athenæum* speak of it as "one of the best known and greatest of American Magazines."

Another point of its success is in the famous grizzly bear cover. The leather-colored paper used was adopted by THE OVERLAND before the *Atlantic* took a somewhat similar shade of cover, and has always been manufactured expressly for the magazine. Concerning the bear, Bret Harte wrote: "He is honest withal. Take him, if you please, as the symbol of local primitive barbarism. In his placid moments he has a stupid, good-natured, gray tranquility like that of the hills in mid-summer. I am satisfied that his unpleasant habit of scalping with his forepaw is the result of contact with the degraded aborigine, and the effect of bad example on the untutored ursine mind." "Fifty years hence, and he will be extinct as the Dodo or the Dinoris." The *Springfield Republican* lately said that the old *Atlantic* design, the John Winthrop head, and THE OVERLAND MONTHLY bear, were the two best magazine designs in America.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY studies and describes the history, resources, literature and peculiarities of the whole region west of the Missouri. It is the most characteristic western magazine ever published. Wherever the magazine goes, it illustrates and describes the Pacific Coast. It brings settlers here; it tells the world of the resources of the western half of the continent. Whoever wishes to study the far West, the Pacific Coast and the shores of the Pacific, must read THE OVERLAND. Home-seekers and investors read it. Lovers of new and fresh literature find nothing better than THE OVERLAND. Its great support is found at home, but its circulation throughout the United States and in Europe is of itself sufficient to support a magazine. The practical articles, recognized by all business men as greatly advantageous to the community, are yet of far less value than the articles which are the expression of the human interests. Under a new environment, the literature of the Pacific Coast must be measured by high standards, and it must conform to the principles of true literary art. The effort of THE OVERLAND is to bring together the very best work possible, believing that our friends and readers, in California and elsewhere, demand the very best, and will take nothing less. So far the results have justified our confidence. In the long run no other method can succeed. We propose to have the best work attainable; to make the best magazine that can possibly be produced with the means at our command.

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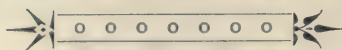


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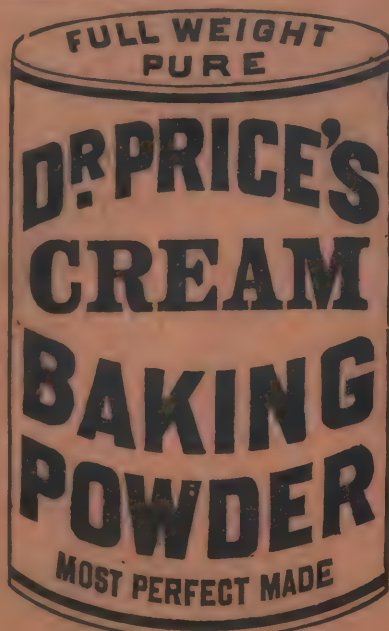


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MAY, 1890.



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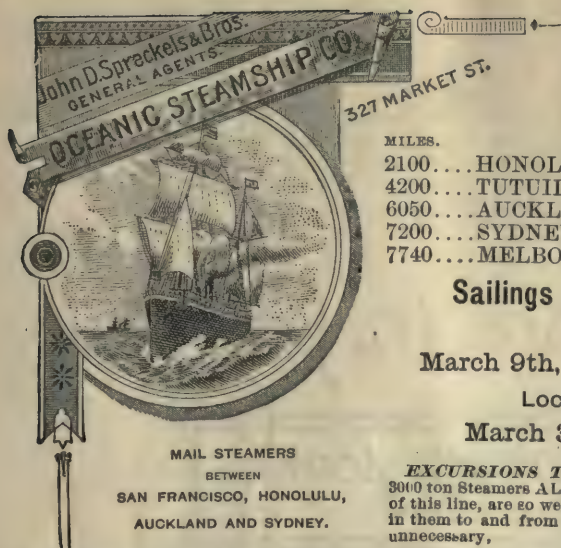
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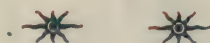
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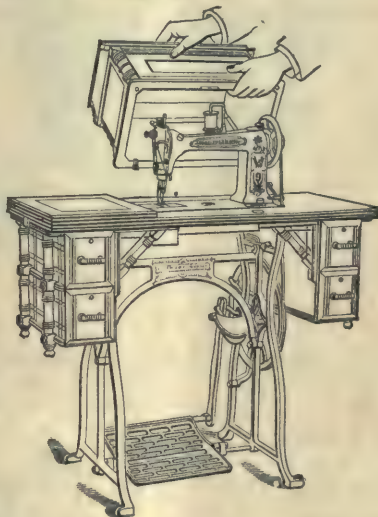
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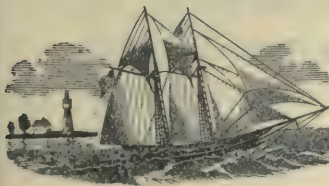
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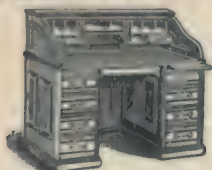
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## CARPETS



# THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

VOL. XV. (SECOND SERIES.)—MAY, 1890.—No. 89.

## CARMEN.



"Be sure you shut the corral gate tight, Carmen. I do' want that pesky burro in the strawberry patch again to-night."

"Yes, grandfather," answered a resigned voice.

"And don't forget to fasten the door of the hen-house. The coyotes stole eight of Hutchinson's chickens last week."

"Yes?" with a rising inflection, as if asking if there were more instructions.

"And don't stay out doors till all hours in the dew," called a querulous voice from an inner room.

The young girl on the porch drew a long breath, and with an impatient gesture dashed down the narrow path, the shining orange branches trembling in the slight breeze, "letting all their lovely blossoms falter down" on her bare head and flushed face. The yellow plumes of the acacia trees flamed in the light of the dying day. The little walk was bordered with rarest flowers; but she was so deadly tired of it all, green trees and grass and flowers. Roses blossomed every day, and roses three hundred and sixty-five days in every year cease to charm. The monotony of beauty is as tedious as the monotony of ugliness, and Carmen hated monotony. The sleepy quiet in which nothing ever happened; the orchard, the corral, the little old-fashioned house. She was even tired of her grandfather and grandmother, the faded couple whose heads had been touched by "Time's white hand," and on whom the paleness of age had settled like a pall. Must she stagnate here all her life till she grew like them?

She flung herself down under a great live oak, whose branches spread out above her like wide, green wings, and fell to thinking of the weeks she had

spent in the city, the grand, beautiful city, bright with lights, with gaily dressed people, with music and laughter. That was life! That was living!

More than twenty years before a worn, ragged emigrant train found its way into a quiet valley in Southern California, where everlasting summer reigned, while snow-capped mountains gleamed white against the blue sky. The jaded, haggard people and emaciated teams told well the story of their terrible journey over mountain and desert. The little train found a few *adobe* houses scattered through the valley, where nearly naked little Mexican babies rolled and tumbled, and big dogs barked and howled.

One of the covered wagons drew up before a house rather more pretentious than its neighbors, where the deficiency in children was made up by the size and fierceness of the dogs. In the cool shadow of the court lounged a dark-skinned young man, whose black eyes were quick to see a pale girl lying in the wagon. With native courtesy he filled the gourd from the *olla* hanging in the tree, and held it to her lips. No words were said, but love finds a language of its own.

When the grapes ripened, and their rich purple and amber shone through the green leaves, there was a strange wedding in the valley. In spite of drawbacks, the courtship had prospered, and the bride and groom were the young Mexican and the fair girl to whom he had given the water. While the rest of the train scattered, her parents settled near the foothills, and made a little home. There were remonstrances and dismal prophecies from the New England parents, and fierce denunciations from the fiery Mexican mother, proud of her ancient Spanish blood, and wild that it should mix with that of "heretics," but love laughs at forebodings.

A half year of blissful happiness followed the wedding; then, one dreadful day, the handsome bridegroom was found dead among the manzanita bush-

es, accidentally killed with his own gun. Another half year and there was a little orphaned baby girl in the new house, a baby with dark eyes and fair hair, whose father had been killed before she was born, and whose mother had only been a mother a few days when death called her.

The little one's first years passed smoothly enough, but as she grew older the thorns of life began to prick her. It was a strange mingling, that of the cold New England blood with the passionate blood of old Spain; and her rearing was incongruous, for her life was divided between the only relatives she ever knew. Her Mexican grandmother regarded her religious state with horror, and in the time allotted her, with the help of her adored Father Francis, filled Carmen's mind with all the creeds, beliefs and superstitions of her beloved church, which were scoffed at, and uprooted and overthrown, as soon as she returned to her Calvinistic grandfather.

Seventeen years went by, and her father's mother (in a cloud of incense and a shower of holy water,) "went up higher," and the only tie which bound Carmen to her father's people seemed broken. At eighteen she had gained all the knowledge the little school in the village two miles away had to give. Then occurred the event of her life; two blissful weeks passed in San Francisco, the guest of a young girl who had spent the summer with a neighbor. Since then, for a year, Carmen's life had seemed all awry, and her sorely tried grandmother was driven nearly to distraction. She had always moaned loudly over Carmen's "father days," when her restive spirit chafed under the slightest restraint.

"How could my sainted Marthy have left such an unnatural child," she would groan despairingly. "How Marthy could ever have chose such a man beats me, after the chances she had; a salaamin' Papist, little better than a heathin, with an outlandish name and a yaller skin. It's





Heavens own marcy the child wa'n't born black ; and she chatterin that gibberish no Christian has any call to know. I wanted to name her Lucindy or Malviny after one of her grandmothers, but no! everything must be of a piece."

So Carmen was Carmen, and sometimes was a very unhappy little bundle of contradictions.

On a hill half a mile away stood a pretty house, more modern and more pretentious than those it overlooked in the valley. Orange and almond orchards surrounded it, and huge oleanders and heliotropes blossomed in the yard. Carmen knew that the owner, "the only son of his mother and she a widow," loved her patiently and faithfully, and only required the slightest encouragement to tell her in words what his actions told her every day. But she scorned the thought. Marry Bertie, indeed ! Settle down into the humdrum life of the valley. Never ! So tonight, under the great live oak, she

was dreaming dreams of a bright future in which he had no share, when suddenly he stood before her.

"Moping again, Carmen ?" he asked, in a cheerful voice, and as she made no movement to rise, he sat down on a rock near her.

"Of course," Carmen answered crossly, "What is there to do in this always-to-be despised place *but* mope."

"I don't see why you dislike it so," he said, looking out over the valley, veiled in a soft light ; at the green of the young barley ; the groves of tall eucalyptus, and the wide vineyards, stretching miles away. "I always look at the mountains when I'm blue, and I'm better directly. I don't understand what the matter is with you."

"I did not expect you would," Carmen answered crossly. "The mountains, indeed," she repeated with scorn. "The mountains are the very worst of all ; everlastingly the same."

"Surely you don't mean that," he began deprecatingly.

"But I do," she interrupted. "Forever the same. When I come out in the morning to unfasten those ever-de-testable chickens, the spots of sun and shade fly across them like mocking smiles. No matter that I have lain awake half the night fretting and fretting, there they stand and seem to say, 'Fret on, little imbecile, but your tears will avail nothing.'"

"You make so much of so little, Carmen."

"So little? 'Tis the littleness that's killing me. I must wash the dishes, and sweep the kitchen, and set all the chairs back as grandmother's grandmother set back hers. When I have done all those hateful things I detest, I come out here and cry, and cry, and cry. When grandmother has called me half a dozen times I raise my head, and the mountains stand there so black and grim in the darkness, and I can almost hear a voice out of the gloom, 'Cry on! We have seen ages and ages of sorrow past, and shall see ages and ages of sorrow when you are crumbling to dust. What can your puny grief avail?'"

"Really, Carmen," the young man expostulated, in rather a vexed tone, "I believe you are losing your mind, reading all that poetry, and fretting so much."

"Are you going to help grandmother scold about my reading? She says my mother's head was half turned with poetry and novels. O, my mother, I wish you had not died!" she said piteously. "What would I do without her books. I know every rock and bush on the ranch. Shall I sit and watch grandfather dozing in the corner, or grandmother and her everlasting knitting? Do you know, Bertie," lifting her head suddenly, "she has five of those horrible knitted spreads now, and yet she never leaves off."

"O, well, it amuses her," Bertie an-

swered, indulgently. "Couldn't you knit, Carmen?"

"*Madre de Dios!* No! Don't I tell you I *loathe* it? I hate it! I hate it all," with a petulant fling of her whole little body. "I hate it, and I'm going to leave it."

"Leave it, Carmen, — what do you mean?"

"I am going away." Carmen sat up very straight now, and spoke impressively. "I am going to San Francisco, and I am going to stay."

"To stay," he repeated blankly. "I thought we would go for a few weeks, and see all the fine sights, if—you—we—"

The little coquette turned away her head; but she knew as well as if the broken words had been the most coherent speech what he meant. With cruel perverseness she refused to understand, careless how much her hard words hurt him.

"*'See the fine sights'*? — you don't understand, Bertie. I tell you I want to be *in* them. I want to be a part of it all; the life, and the gayety, and the beauty."

"What will you do?" he asked miserably.

"I am going into a store," she answered, with great decision.

"Into a store!" he repeated, looking down into the baby face. "Whose store?"

"I don't know," less positively. "Mary Kellar's sister was in a store, and she had the most lovely times. O Bertie! you don't know anything about it, you cannot imagine it. Such gorgeous carriages, such exquisite dresses, such great shining diamonds."

"On the shop girls?" Bertie asked dryly.

Carmen colored, but her lips took a malicious curve.

"And the gentlemen!" with an exaggerated sigh, "such fine looking, elegant gentlemen, with the air that only a city can give."



A belated peacock going to rest gave a loud, scornful scream, as he flew upon his perch. The young man laughed slyly. With a deeper flush Carmen changed her tactics, and rising stood close to Bertie, clasping his arm with her slim hands.

"I know grandfather and grandmother will not let me go, and you must help me get their consent, Bertie," she said coaxingly. "You always bring everything about to suit yourself."

"Do I?" he asked softly. "Then I do not always appreciate my good fortune."

"Of course they'll miss me, for I am all they have," she went on, "and I suppose the coyotes will eat *all* the chickens. Will you look after the old folks, and comfort them a little, Bertie, when I'm gone?"

"Who'll comfort me?" he asked almost fiercely. "Don't you think I shall miss the little girl who is all the world to me? What shall I do?"

For a pitiful moment she turned her fair face toward him, all distorted with emotion..

"Forget me, Bertie," she whispered tremulously, but a pang went through her heart as she said it.

"I shall not forget you, Carmen, and in spite of all the fascinations of all the cities in the world, some day you shall be my wife."

Carmen looked up in surprise at this new tone of command. She saw the flush on the fine face so close to hers, and the light in the resolute eyes, and wondered — after all — if —

"Carme — en."

Her grandmother's voice broke the spell. Snatching her hands from Bertie's with a muttered "*adios*," she fled through the twilight out of his sight.

Carmen conquered, and left her country home half exulting, half fearing; no better fitted to battle with life than the timid little cottontails, which scurried into the chapparal as the train thundered by.

Unprotected beauty seldom lacks attention. Before she had traveled fifty miles Carmen was listening with rapt attention to glowing accounts of city life, narrated by a showily dressed man, whose tongue was equally eloquent in Spanish and English.

When he left her briefly for the attractions of the smoking car, a rough-looking old man behind her tapped her softly on the shoulder.

"Scuse me, miss," he said, "but if I had a little darter in your place, I'd thank somebody to warn her agin that good-lookin' scamp you've been talkin' to. He's a reg'lar raskil."

Carmen lifted her head proudly.

"The señor is of my own nationality and is a gentleman."



"Sho! you aint a greaser, be ye? I should n't have thought it. Beg parding, I'm sure."

Carmen inclined her head coldly. She felt that he was right, but was she not hurrying away from an old man's admonitions, which had fettered and bound her life hitherto?

The old man left the train. Carmen profited by his advice, and when the gentlemanly faro dealer returned, he wondered greatly at the suddenly acquired dignity of the pretty blonde with the black eyes, who ignored him so completely. She had learned one lesson in life, and for the remainder of the journey bestowed her pretty smiles and timid glances upon her own sex. She hovered

near a quiet lady, dressed in deepest black, a lady with a worn face and soft, scant hair gathered under a widow's cap. A dimple dented the pale cheek. Many a romance Carmen wove around her unconscious neighbor. Who had loved that roguish dimple, and had watched it come and go when those sad eyes were bright, and that cheek round and red? Had time forgotten it when he stole away the color and left the wrinkles there? How would it seem, Carmen wondered, to have left all her youth and gayety behind her, and wear somber crape for dead joys? She shuddered, and a dreadful wave of homesickness came over her, a passionate longing for the home she had deserted and for—Bertie.





## II.

A LONG stretch of sea wall, with crowded warehouses and bustling wharves, where huge vessels from far-away ports discharged all sorts of cargoes, and sailors in white jackets and sailors in blue blouses, swore, joked, and chattered in many languages. Out on the bay yachts fluttered their white wings, and little fishing boats, (manned by a single swarthy fisherman,) flew over the water, their one dark sail taking such fantastic curves that certain destruction seemed inevitable. Stately ships rode at anchor, glad to be at rest in the quiet harbor, after tempestuous buffeting from angry seas.

Carmen loved the sea, and spent every available hour at its side. She loved it in all its moods: when the happy waves danced in the sunshine; when the mists came in and the gray sea met the gray sky. Sometimes, hemmed in by dense fog, she looked out miles and miles over the dark water, to a spot where the sun broke through the clouds, and shone on white sails and blue sea, and liked to imagine them fairy ships upon an enchanted ocean. Sometimes she stood in the moonlight and watched a weird vessel, its sails turned to silver, gliding in the track of the moon so ghostly and silent that it seemed a phantom ship guided by wraiths.

One day, a blustering, fussy little tug steamed out through the Golden Gate, past Lone Mountain, with its somber cross guarding the city of the dead, past the fort with its idle guns. The little tug towed in its wake a noble vessel, with sails close furled. Once over the bar, with steam liberated, and its canvas flung to the breeze, the silent monster became a thing of life, and ploughed gaily through the waves like a bird set free.

Some of Carmen's peace of mind was carried away on that bonny ship. Through a chain of circumstances she became acquainted with a sailor in her

crew, a sailor who was little more than a boy, with merry blue eyes, and a face all browned by sun and wind. During the time that he had remained in port he wooed her with such intensity, and pictured such an attractive life in foreign countries, that she had been half frightened, half cajoled, into giving him an irresolute consent to be his wife. Only a half promise, hesitating and reluctant, but one which the inexperienced girl felt to be binding enough to cause her much uneasiness.

Poor little disenchanted Carmen! Every one of her splendid air-castles had tumbled out of her rosy sky. The life from which she had expected so much was such a bitter disappointment. Alas! She was not *in* the good times yet.

She secured the coveted situation in a large establishment, but the reality was so different from the dream. The subordinate position galled her. She had held her pretty head rather high as the prospective owner of a fruit ranch and some fine grazing land, and pointed with pride to her father's brand upon the feeding sheep. There had been many an argument dashed with tears between herself and her frugal grandfather, who added year by year to the flocks and herds, instead of spending the money for the use and benefit of her father's daughter. But the old man's New England thriftiness, bred in the bone, was not to be overturned by a young girl's tears.

She had been in the city several months, and each day her life grew more disagreeable. A hawk-eyed floor-walker, not too well pleased with her airs and graces, pounced upon her for the slightest infraction of rules. Supercilious women, shining in the diamonds she coveted, ordered her about and contradicted her flatly. More trying still were the familiar glances of those male customers who seemed to think that with the money paid for goods they pur-

chased the right to examine her as closely as the articles they bought.

She was more than ever discouraged and disheartened one afternoon, when Sarah Kellar slipped over from the opposite counter and whispered :

"Undo that pucker out of your face, Miss Wo-begone! Harvey has been here with some lovely news. Charming places for ——"

She whisked back to her place to escape detection, and Carmen smiled feebly.

The day wore away, and Carmen gave a great sigh of relief as she pushed the last box into its place, and started out with Sarah, at whose home she lived.

"Heigho! How deathly tired I am of dusting those hateful boxes, and sticking each one in exactly the same place a hundred times a day. Don't *you* hate it, Sarah? Such an impudent fellow came in today for handkerchiefs. If Bertie had heard his impertinence he'd have thrashed him soundly," and Carmen's cheeks burned with vexation.

"You're certainly the funniest girl," declared Sarah. "What's the use of being so thin-skinned? What if that swell did stare, and make a few jokes? That's nothing. Of course he thinks we're only shop girls."

Carmen winced.

"If you're so fussy, you'd better have stayed down in the country. There's another funny thing," she went on after a pause. "You pretend to hate everything down there more than you do the city, but every time you see a fellow with a flat back and broad shoulders you are reminded of 'Bertie,' and go straight into a fit of the blues. Every time you pass a gun shop, you heave a sigh, for the horrid guns make you think of 'Bertie,' and the days you used to go hunting with him. It is my opinion you would never have looked the second time at Aleck Strong, if his blue eyes had'n't been so exactly like 'Bertie's.' Whatever happens, it is

'Bertie' first, and 'Bertie' all the time."

Carmen looked at the speaker in amazement.

"Why, I've known Bertie always," she said.

"It seems as if I had," Sarah answered, unfeelingly. "You talk about him so much, that I am really afraid sometime that I shall become a little tired of his perfections. When *I* have a lover, if he occupies my thoughts as much as 'Bertie' seems to occupy yours, he may consider himself a very lucky man."

Carmen always bore the older girl's admonitions on her own conduct meekly, but if she was going to drag Bertie up for disapproval —

Sarah saw by the angry flash in her eye that it was a part of wisdom to change the subject.

"You don't ask the good news I told you I had today," she said, in a lighter tone. "Harry's going to take us to the theatre tonight to see Martelle, the new actor that everyone is raving over."

All Carmen's troubles and annoyances were instantly forgotten. Her absorbing delight was in the play, the one anticipated joy that had not proven a mockery. She brightened up at once, and hurried to her room to look over her little stock of finery.

She was a pretty sight to look upon as she sat in the theatre; an innocent little maiden, with a flower-sweet face, and a look of rapt exaltation in her eyes, as she watched the play. To her it was all reality. Martelle, gorgeous in his sixteenth century costume, was the glorious creature he represented, and the "leading lady" the object of her deepest envy.

She little dreamed the impression that her appearance made. When in one of his studied attitudes, the glance of the blasé actor fell upon the sweet face raised in such adoration, he was nearly startled out of his most effective pose at that vision of loveliness.

The next day Carmen moved about as



one under a spell, and called down vials of wrath upon her head by her awkwardness and absent-mindedness. Her thoughts had drifted back to that enchanted past, and she was dreaming of a blissful life in a turreted castle, robed in silks, and wooed by noble lords, (each with the face and voice of Martelle) in impassioned blank verse. Was it any wonder, then, that the boxes got mixed, or that the wretched figures would *not* add up correctly, in spite of the polite sarcasm of the cashiers?

"O wretched fate! why must it be my lot to drudge as a shop girl, or die of weariness of life in a poky country village?" she sighed, when suddenly—her heart seemed to stop beating, for her hero of the play walked up to her counter and calmly demanded handkerchiefs.

That was the beginning; but who could see the end? Carmen, guileless, unsophisticated Carmen, never doubted after a few weeks what the end would be; or that all she had ever dreamed or hoped of a brilliant future was surely to be fulfilled.

"Don't say a word to any one, my darling," the handsome scoundrel said to her, as the weeks went on. "It won't be necessary for any one to know that the wife of the great Martelle ever served behind a counter. I don't mind, of course, but the circle in which I move are so particular."

Carmen's situation grew more hateful than ever as she heard this grand talk.

"After our engagement here we're going direct to New York. You shall have a place in the company, and the prettiest dresses money can buy. Then when our New York engagement is finished, I'll take you abroad, and we'll see if there's a lady in all Europe half so lovely as my sweet little bride."

One day, when with tears and blushes Carmen summoned courage to mention Aleck Strong, her sailor lover, she was met with ridicule, and her conscience set at rest.

"Dear little innocent! Sailors always have a sweetheart in every port. Aleck Strong has forgotten you long ago. What absurdity! My little queen the wife of a common sailor! No, no! Yours shall be a gayer, brighter future, little love of mine."

So the days flew by, with stolen interviews, with extravagant little notes, and with much theater going with Sarah and Harry Kellar, who received an astonishing number of tickets from entirely unexpected sources.

The Martelle season drew to a close, bringing trying days to Carmen, who was totally unused to deceit. Her heart ached at the command of secrecy laid upon her by the actor, but his devoted little slave never dreamed of disobeying him.

It was the last day of his stay, and all Carmen's preparations were made for her departure. Although outwardly calm, every nerve in her body throbbed and quivered, as she started for the store for the last time with Sarah, and tried to realize her friend's emotions when she should learn of her treachery.

They stopped in amazement before the front entrance. The door was still locked, and crape floated from the handle.

"O my! Old Mr. Stern must be dead!" exclaimed Sarah. "I knew he was awful sick! He's our Mr. Stern's father, you know. Come away quick! If Johnson sees us he'll have us inside, tagging goods. He caught me that way when the old lady died, and the store was closed. Come out of sight, quick," and she whisked Carmen around the corner.

"What'll we do with our holiday," she asked, as they hurried along, and then answered her own question.

"We'll go to the matinee this afternoon and have a last look at the adorable Martelle. I'd like to see Florence Gibson this morning. Come on; we can take a car."

[[Carmen refused, mindful of the sad

task of writing to her grandfather, which was still before her.

"I don't want to go," she said. "I have something to do at home."

"What makes you so poky, lately? You don't want to do anything," her friend said, a little impatiently. "I suppose you'll go to the theatre, won't you?"

"Why, certainly!" Carmen answered, afraid to refuse, and giving an eager answer, "I'll go anywhere you like."

"Then we'll meet at Lotta's fountain at half past one," proposed Sarah, mollified. "Maybe Florence will come too. Here's my car. Don't go home and mope now."

Carmen walked slowly homeward, pondering on the painful task before her. What could she say to Bertie and her grandfather? How could she explain her strange behavior? Martelle's objections to being married in San Francisco seemed very reasonable to her, but they would be difficult to explain. She had begged for a visit home, but Martelle refused.

"They would not let you leave them again," he argued, "so don't speak of going. Think what it would be if I were to lose you. Why, I could not be happy in heaven without you, my angel," and credulous Carmen had believed him.

When she reached the house, after leaving Sarah, she found two letters awaiting her, which added to her uneasiness. She read the first with dismay. It was signed "Aleck Strong," and with many expressions of love and constancy he said:

"I am coming to claim my little lass. The days are so long, and my heart is sore without you. I shall be with you almost as soon as my letter."

Carmen groaned and hid her face in her hands, as the realization of her perfidy came over her. She might have spared herself those guilty fears. Before she had finished reading his loving words the hand that wrote them was

clenched in a death agony. While she was cowering and shivering over his expected return, the waves were beating out his strong young life. In all his high hope, in all his happiness, he had through a comrade's carelessness been swept into the sea and lost in the dense fog.

With a shuddering sigh Carmen raised her head and recognized Martelle's writing on the other letter. She opened it, and the contents puzzled her sorely.

It was briefly written.

*Dear heart of mine:* Our plans must be changed a little. Instead of going with me, you must follow in a day or two, with a lady whom I shall leave to take care of you. I will see you as you leave the store tonight if you come out alone, and explain everything. Don't be disappointed, little darling, for I am suffering in that way enough for both.

M.

It was a very nervous and miserable little Carmen who took her way to the theatre that afternoon, with Florence and Sarah. A new actress appeared for the first time, and excited much curiosity. A large, stately woman, with great blue eyes and a fair face.

When the curtain fell on the first act, Florence, almost suffocating with importance, began to talk.

"I want to tell you the greatest news, girls. What *do* you think. That charming new lady is Martelle's wife! No one ever mistrusted that he was married. She came from Australia only yesterday. She's been playing a long engagement there. She's a star herself, and just took this part today for a lark. Will Bates is property man here, and he heard some of the actors talking last night, and told me Martelle is such an awful flirt that he and his wife don't get on at all together, but still he makes a dreadful time when she talks divorce. Will says he has n't a particle of principle. He's perfectly infatuated with every beautiful face he sees. He and his wife never play in the same company, for they are always in a quarrel.



They'll travel East together, but she'll play in Washington, while he's in New York. Is 'nt she handsome? Is 'nt she grand? Are n't they a perfect couple?"

She rattled on, full of her subject, but Carmen heard no more.

"His wife, his wife!" The whole audience seemed shrieking the words over and over. "His wife, his wife." Married already,—what was *she* to have been? She arose giddily, with a white, drawn face.

"Why, Carmen! What's the matter," exclaimed Sarah. "Are you sick?"

"Deathly sick," Carmen answered hoarsely. "I shall be better out in the air. Don't come. I want no one."

To get away; to fly from the lights, the waving fans, the sickening blare of the orchestra. To be alone and think out her misery;—this was Carmen's sole thought.

A chill, gray fog had crept in from the sea, while she had been in the theatre. For a short distance she staggered blindly and helplessly, but as maddening thoughts crowded upon her, and she comprehended more clearly the words she had heard, her Spanish fierceness gave her strength.

"*Covarde!*" she hissed through her set teeth. "I will kill him for his lies. I must wait a few days, that I may learn of the lawful wife. He shall die for his treachery."

A hundred wild plans for revenge flitted through her mind, as she hurried recklessly on. She rushed madly through the street, careless where her feet should take her, till she was faint with exhaustion.

Then the reaction came. O the shame of it! How could she go back to that old man, proud of his pure New England blood and his good name? How could she meet Bertie, manly, upright Bertie, the very soul of honor? How could she tell them she was shamelessly ready to desert them for a man who would have made her a plaything?"

"*O, Dios en los cielos!* Who will help me? What shall I do?" she moaned.

Unconsciously, her steps had carried her toward the ocean, and the ghostly sound of the fog bell, and the hoarse boom of the fog-horn fell upon her ear.

"There is one way to wring your false lover's heart. Hide your misery under the waters of the bay."

She started as though a voice had whispered the thought out of the gathering darkness.

With a settled purpose in her set face, she walked firmly and steadily now down to the beach. She knew the very spot, the very rock where she sat a week ago and watched the flash of the sunset gun at Alcatraz, with Martelle. There was no weakness now. Straight down the sands she went, till the crawling water curled about her feet. This should be her bridal, and the bridegroom,—Death.

The sound of the roaring waves was in her ears; the doleful bell was tolling her death knell, and the groans of the fog horn came out of the gloom. On, straight on she went, looking neither to the right nor the left. A little further, and the hungry waves will snatch her slight form away. The water clasped her slender waist. The salt drops dashed into her face. Another step, and she stopped, frozen with horror. There, swept almost into her very arms, his stark, rigid face upturned to the gray sky, his dead, staring eyes wide open, was the dead body of Aleck Strong.

A moment before, death had looked very lovely to Carmen. Now, she saw it in all its hideousness, and lifting her arms high above her head, and gathering all her strength, she turned and fled from the frightful, frightful thing; falling, rising again, stumbling, almost dying with terror; and the dead lips behind her seemed shouting as she ran:

"I am coming to claim my little lass; I am coming to claim my little lass."

The heavy fog gathered into a driz-

zling rain, and night had fallen, when, her strength all spent, she reached the Kellar cottage. A tall form was passing through as she staggered up to the gate.

"Carmen! Is it possible that this is you, in such a state? We have been nearly frightened to death about you. In heaven's name, what brings you home in such a plight?"

It was Bertie's voice, and at the familiar tones she closed her eyes, and was at home in the little cottage by the foot-hills, and the smell of the orange blossoms was in the air, and the pink of the almond bloom around her.

"O Bertie, Bertie! Is it really you? Thank heaven that you have come. O, take me home and keep me with you always," she sobbed.

Her tired head sank upon his shoulder, and a blissful sense of rest and security came over her.

"Of course I'll take you home," he said. "I came on purpose, and I came to fulfill my vow,—that you should be my wife," and he gathered her closely in his arms.

Carmen raised her head. "I think I must have loved you all the while," she answered, simply.

He would have kissed her, but she laid her hand softly on his breast.

"Not yet. Not till I have confessed everything," she said, "and have told you of my folly that so nearly became a sin."

"I'm not afraid of any confession my girl with the true heart may make," he answered. "This makes you mine."

In the dim light of the corner street lamp, encircled by a halo of mist, she

caught the flash of a diamond, as he slipped a ring on her grimy finger.

"O, Bertie, how can you be so good to me, when I have been so wicked," she cried, penitently.

"I'm the happiest man in the world, now that you are found," he answered, joyously, "and happy people are always good. But what a fright you gave us. The whole Kellar family are hunting after you now. Where were you, dear?"

"At the beach," she answered briefly, with a shudder. "When are you going home, Bertie?"

"Whenever you like. Fortune has been very good to me since my little girl deserted me, and we can choose our own way now. If you like, we will go to New York and Washington, and all —"

"O, no, no!" Carmen interrupted, impetuously. "Take me home. I want to go home and see the valley and the mountains again. Do you think Bonita has forgotten me?—and the chickens? Do the pigeons coo as softly in their little house as they used to? Are the roses in blossom—and the magnolias?"

"Everything at home is waiting for its little mistress."

"You're sure you'll love me when I've told you all?"

"The love that has been my life, I shall carry to my grave."

He clasped her in his arms again, wet, muddy, and bedraggled; her hat soaked, and the straightened feathers dripping disconsolately. Heaven's tears fell copiously upon their wooing, but they were blissfully unconscious. Love opened wide the gate of an earthly paradise, and they passed through.

*Josephine T. Hunter.*



## THE OLD MISSION INDIANS.

It has been something of a fashion in almost every community in Southern California, and as far north as Santa Cruz, to have some very aged Indian as a sort of feature of the place. It is a mistake to attribute to these old Indians any such surprising longevity as is customary. Santa Cruz had an instance in the person of Justiano about thirteen years ago. He was one of a choir of Indians, who had been trained in connection with the mission church. I well remember seeing and hearing them there in 1852. Mariana, Isidro, and this Justiano were then the three oldest Indians in Santa Cruz, and had been captured in a wild state during childhood, brought to this mission, and there taught to labor. Some years since Mr. Thomas Wright made the remarkable discovery that this old Justiano had attained the age of one hundred and twenty years, and that his full name was Justiano Roxas. Mr. Wright therefore had him photographed, and sent the photograph to his Holiness, the Pope at Rome,—perhaps to serve in lieu of a silver brick. The same thing has been done in other cases with the photographs of these old Indians. An account of the sending of this photograph to Rome was published in a local paper, together with a description and biography of the old man, his genealogy, and date of birth, and so on.

Mr. Wright's zeal and the article in the paper aroused a great interest in poor old Justiano, and the inhabitants of Santa Cruz felt their town made quite famous by numbering among its residents perhaps the oldest man in the world,—they had not then heard the higher claims of age for Gabriel of Monterey,—and also dignified by the link, slight as it was, to His Holiness.

I asked Mr. Wright soon after if Justiano knew his own age, or how he had obtained the knowledge of it. He answered that Justiano did not know his age, but that the baptismal register of the mission church had been searched, and it had been found that he had been baptized eighty years ago by the name of Justiano Roxas. and that when baptized he was forty years of age.

The sum of addition was correct, for 80 and 40 make 120, sure enough. But the conclusions were all wrong.

In the first place, the records on the baptismal register are rarely, if ever, those of Indians. It is safe to say never. They were not of sufficient importance to induce the reverend fathers to encumber the record. In the next place, no Indian was ever given both Christian and surname. They were simply named Tom, Dick, or Harry, or what not, as a farmer names his horse or dog. And there never was a person baptized at the age of forty years, so long ago as eighty years, unless it was some white person,—not an Indian,—who at so late a time of life had become a convert from Protestantism or some other faith to Catholicism, an occurrence entirely improbable at that date. It was one of the most binding duties enjoined on parents to have their children baptized as soon after birth as they could be carried to the church: this charge devolved on the godmother, and was always carried out within twenty-four hours after birth.

There was undoubtedly a boy baptized by the name of Justiano Roxas, or it would not be so entered. Roxas was the name of one of the colonists,—as is supposed,—who came from Mexico to live at Branciforte. The child was probably a descendant of this old Roxas family,

and not our Indian Justiano, at the age of forty years.

Our Justiano, poor and honest old chorister, was for years in the habit of visiting my home. He came regularly about once a week with staff and wallet, for he was supported by charity. At one of his last visits occasion was taken to ask him his age and where he came from.

He said he did not know his age, but he had been brought from the Tulare plains to the mission of Santa Cruz when about "so high," — measuring upward from the ground with his hand, and indicating the height of a child of about twelve years. On further inquiry, he said that the name of the Father in charge of the mission when he was brought there was Andreas.

Now among some old papers relating to the time when Father Andreas was in charge of the Mission at Santa Cruz is the following :

MONTEREY, May 14, 1810.

*To the Commissioner of Branciforte :*

At six o'clock this morning Ignacio Acedo presented himself, and at ten o'clock, having received your letter, I caused his arrest, and now he is in prison.

So soon as the Reverend Father Andreas Quintaria arrives, go to him and ascertain when will be commenced the work upon the road to Santa Clara, as I have before advised you. I have in this answered your two letters of the 13th instant. May God protect you for many years.

JOSE M. ESCHANDIA,

Secretary to Jose J. de Arillaga,  
Military Commander of Alta California.

The point in the letter is that there was, or was about to be, in Santa Cruz a padre named Andreas, sixty-seven years before the conversation I had with Justiano. To these years is to be added the age given by Justiano as his own when he first knew the Padre Andreas, twelve years. This would make seventy-nine. And in truth, the poor old Mission Indian was not over eighty-five years old when he died, instead of upwards of one hundred and twenty.

I have been particular, and perhaps rather tedious in inquiring into the true age of Justiano, because his experience has taught me that whenever you hear of some Indian that is one hundred years old, it is safe to deduct twenty years ; and if he is reputed one hundred and twenty, then take off forty years. It is very rarely that an Indian lives in this country to the age of ninety years ; and whenever there is a case to the contrary reported, an examination into the alleged proofs will disclose a state of facts similar to that in the case of Justiano. Privation and exposure make them seem older than they really are.

Justiano's arrival at the mission as a captive, in childhood, has been once or twice spoken of. In old times, the Californians used to make incursions into the interior of the State, descend upon the rancherias of the Indians, and bring away with them the young children. These were baptized, and then distributed among the Spanish families at Monterey and elsewhere, and grew up to be the household servants of these.

Later, the wild Indian parents and relatives brought the young children to the settlements voluntarily, and the families who took them into their homes as young heretics had them baptized, clothed, and educated to the duties of house servants. The men took the rough work about the household, and the women the lighter labors.

There was a family in Monterey that had nine of these Indian servants, — three men, named Tiburcio, José, and Juan, who were baker, cook, and house boy ; and four women, named Nolberta, Gabriela, Lorenza and Marina. All these nine Indians were under seven years of age when brought to this family, and had grown up in it. All that they had ever received or expected for their services was enough to eat, their clothing, and an occasional small gratuity. Thus provided for, they were perfectly contented and happy.



It was the custom to entrust to each of the women servants one of the little daughters of the family, to be taken care of in respects requiring no especial judgment or authority, — to be her especial waitress and handmaiden. They called the mistress of the house "Ama," — a word meaning mistress. Their manners at all times were kind and docile, their demeanor respectful. When grown, these women servants were married to men of their own class; and at such times the mistress would give away the bride. Their children were sure to be cared for by the family, and the god-mother to the first-born of one of these Indian women was always that one of her mistress's daughters whom she had herself waited on and sewed for in childhood. Their love and respect for the members of the family in which they had been brought up was very sincere, their fidelity unquestionable.

The family of which I speak, in the course of time left Monterey to live upon their rancho in the southern part of Monterey county, seventy-five miles away. At that time, the great highway of travel from the south passed the door of their house. Many Indians were to be seen daily, who had come on foot all the way from different parts of Mexico. Their only clothing was brown or unbleached muslin, which in the hotter climate of their own country had been sufficient for them; but now the poor creatures were suffering bitterly from cold, as well as from hunger. Like many others of a superior condition and race, they were braving and enduring everything to reach the fields of gold.

A party of these Indians from Sonora abandoned near the house, in passing, a boy about four years old. He was almost dead from exposure and sickness. He was found by the people of the house, taken in, and cared for kindly by the lady of the house. It was two years before the little fellow fully recovered his strength. He had by some mishap lost one eye,

and they named him from this peculiarity "El Puerto," the one-eyed, which is the only name he has ever had. When the kind lady who had rescued him died, the boy, now grown to manhood, entered into the service of her son, whose tried and trusted servant this poor cast-away has been for more than twenty years.

The Salinas river in that part of the country rises very rapidly during heavy rains, and sometimes the smaller animals, such as sheep and calves, are caught in the freshets, or in attempting to cross the stream are swept away and lost. On one occasion there were a large number of these animals in just such a predicament, much to the dismay of the owner and his household. The stream was a fearful torrent, and the struggles of the drowning creatures were not pleasant to witness; but there did not appear to be any help for them. The men at hand did not know how to swim, and did not dare to venture into the current. Just then there came in sight a squad of Indians, trudging along, as had the others, who had preceded them. Seeing the plight the animals were in, these Indians promptly plunged into the stream head first, and rescued them all. It was astonishing to see the strength and expertness they displayed in their efforts against the power of the stream, dodging from time to time, — burdened as they were with each a calf or sheep rescued from the water, — the trunks of trees that came lunging and rolling down the torrent with railroad speed.

These Indians proved to be of the Yaqui tribe; from near Guaymas, on the coast of Sonora. They were pearl divers from the Gulf of Lower California.

The good lady I have spoken of sickened at the rancho, and was taken back to her Monterey home. It was not expected that she could recover. The members of her family were surprised one day by the visit of two Indians, husband and wife. They had many years

before been her household servants ; had been taken by her into her house when they were children, and grown up in her service, married there, and had since been living at the mission of San Miguel. There they had heard of her illness, and that she could not live, and had come on foot from their home, a distance of one hundred and fifteen miles, to see once more and for the last time their "ama."

They were admitted into her bed-chamber to see and speak with her, and afterward stationed themselves outside at the door, with heads bowed down in sorrow ; and neither threats nor persuasion could get them away from there ; and there they remained two days and nights. When they were told that their ama was dead, they made no noisy lamentations, but the convulsive working of their features and their silent tears told the genuineness of their sorrow. They attended the funeral, and then took their departure, as they had come, on foot. The Spanish government regarded the Indians of this country as its wards, and tried,—not at first, but later,—to civilize them, and teach them by the aid of the missionaries to be self-sustaining. One hundred and ninety years ago the Queen of Spain sent out the following decree.

*The Queen's request to the Duke of Albuquerque :*

My Cousin, Lord of my Bed-chamber, My Viceroy, Governor and Captain General of the Provinces of New Spain, and President of the Royal Audience of Mexico :

The provincial of the Society of Jesus in Toledo has represented to me that it is about five years since some missionaries of his order undertook the spiritual and temporal conquest of California ; and that in August of the last year, 1701, they had reduced the Indians for the space of fifty leagues to a settled obedience, and founded four towns, with no less than 20,000 adults, and above 600 Christians, and that without any expense to the royal revenue, until there was assigned to each of the missionaries last year \$600, to be paid them from the treasury. And although in my warrant of 17th of July, in the year 1700, very particular orders and instructions were sent to the government concerning what was to be done, for the better success of the conquest of California, I am now resolved by my royal order of the

11th of this month to renew the like directions to you.

You are hereby directed to assist the missionaries of the Reverend Society, and countenance them upon all occasions that may conduce to their relief and satisfaction, and the accomplishment of the holy end to which their indefatigable labors are directed ; which I expect from you as a duty to God and the Crown.

You are likewise to take care that they be occasionally assisted by all persons in office and others. You are to send me an account of all your proceedings.

Given at Madrid the 11th of December, 1702.

I, the QUEEN.

By Her Majesty's Order,

MANUEL APPAREQUI.

When the Spanish government was about to colonize Branciforte, (adjoining Santa Cruz on the east,) Diego de Borica, then Governor of California, writes under his own hand from Monterey, June 16, 1796, to know "whether there will be caused any damage or hurt to the Indians, should there be established a town on the opposite side of the stream [San Lorenzo] from Santa Cruz." On July 2d, Alberto de Cordoba, civil engineer, replies as follows :

With respect to the wild Indians of the country, they have neither captains nor chiefs, and live where best they can, seeking herbs and wild fruits, upon which they subsist ; so it is not practicable to bring into the settlements their captains, and in such way be assured of the fealty of the tribes ; and the only mode there remains by which to civilize them is to locate a certain number at the various missions near towns and set them to work ; so that in time, learning from us Spaniards, they may be able to govern and maintain themselves.

The Marquis of Branciforte, Viceroy of Spain, writing from the city of Mexico January 25th, 1797, says he has

received a communication from the Governor of California, in which it appears the colonists destined for Branciforte are making good progress ; that there have been made mechanics of all the trades quite a while since. In fact, they know how to weave, to make saddles, also shoes and other manufactures. And some of the Indians in that far-off country have taken instruction ; and in this way use has been made of them, without having to solicit the assistance of others.

Hermangildo Sal, Secretary to Gov-



ernor Borica, writing from Monterey, March 27th, 1797, to Gabriel Moraga, the government commissioner at Branciforte, says, (speaking of some stationery sent,) "The other book, containing one hundred pages, is to be used in entering your accounts and contracts with the colonists, and such of the Indians as contribute with their labor." From which it appears that the government kept accounts with the Indians, and paid them for their services. And again, on the 14th of December, he writes that he sends "by Machuca some woolen stuffs to make capes of because of the cold weather," showing that the Indian could be entrusted with goods of value.

The Indian did not always peaceably acquiesce in the dominion of the Spaniard, as shown by many a bloody struggle, in which, however, the invaders always triumphed. Advancing as they did, and encroaching on the fishing and hunting grounds, they came with sword in one hand and cross in the other, — the native might choose. Some fled, and some died, while others submitted and were baptized; and thus, in the belief of the conquerors, were thousands saved from eternal damnation. And as another means to that end, it was not omitted to immediately utilize their physical powers; and so from that time they belonged body and soul to the church. The treatment of the Indians by the missionaries was very different. The missions of Alta California were under the charge of thirty-six Franciscan friars, supplied from the college of San Fernando, City of Mexico. These men, self-banished from the world, devoted themselves to the task of taming the wild Indians; they introduced marriage among them, taught them to cultivate the ground, and to practice some of the more simple of the arts; "assisted their wants, reproved their faults, and transplanted among them the doctrines of Christianity; using no arms but the in-

fluence which religious zeal and kindness, united with extreme patience, had over their sluggish natures." In the archives of the college of San Fernando there still exist papers bearing witness to the hardships which these good men underwent, and the zeal with which they applied themselves to the study of the different languages of the tribes; and containing their descriptions of the physical and moral state of California.

The Indians when refractory were punished, sometimes by flogging, but not severely; generally by confinement. The woman mentioned in the following communication from the governor, or military commander of California, to the commissioner at Branciforte, had apparently committed a petty larceny upon one of her own class; and it is curious to note how active the highest officer of the government becomes in this trifling matter, and how energetic he is to prosecute her:

MONTEREY, April 9th, 1811.

*To the Commissioner of Branciforte:*

When you were told by those sent to you from here that the Indian, Luisa, had robbed Cayuca when asleep, you should immediately have sent two or three soldiers upon her trail, and they would easily have caught up with her. It is necessary that you should without delay, and cautiously make search and inquiry for her among the Indians of Soquel, [four miles south of Santa Cruz,] who gave the information to the reverend Fathers; and also do the like among the Indians who were with Cayuca, and inform me of the result, without delaying a moment.

JOSE M. ESCHANDIA,

Secretary to Jose J. de Arillaga,  
Military Commander of Alta California.

The Indian name Cayuca, by the way, has lately been given to a post-office in San Diego County. It is a nick name given to Indians in Cuba by the Spaniards when the island was first occupied by them, soon after its discovery by Columbus. They applied it to any Indian who had had the head compressed when young, so as to flatten it on the sides, making it narrow and long.

The punishment in comparatively recent times of drunken and disorderly

Indians in Monterey was really less merciful than the padres' floggings. They were shut up for the night in an apartment of the town jail called the *calaboso*, a room on the ground floor, with no opening but the door, and absolutely alive with fleas. I once pushed open the door a little, so that a ray of light was let in, and started back in amazement; so thick were the fleas that the commotion among them caused by the light let into the darkness appeared as do the motes dancing in a sunbeam. Into this room the culprit would be put almost naked; and he was generally delirious with fever when let out in the morning.

I have been asked whether the California Indians learn Spanish or English more easily, that is, which can they best pronounce. They undoubtedly learn Spanish the more readily. Spanish, I believe, is more easily acquired by any foreigner than any other language, because of its few and inflexible rules of pronunciation, and because it is essentially a vowel language. In the case of the Indians in particular, it is to be remembered that up to twenty-five years ago they never acquired any other language than Spanish, for lack of any opportunity to do so. The early missionaries taught them Spanish the first thing after they were brought under subjection at the missions. For this purpose, the fathers composed a vocabulary of the many different languages spoken by the various tribes. In the distance of five hundred and forty miles from Cape San Lucas, at the southern point of Lower California, were spoken nineteen different dialects, by as many different tribes, when the missionaries first effected a settlement in Lower California. Vizcaino, when voyaging along the coast of Alta California in 1602, landed at fifteen different places between San Diego and the Columbia River, and treated with as many entirely different tribes. It is an attested fact that at Carmelo, four miles from Monterey on the coast, the Indians

that inhabited that small cove and its tract of land were unable to converse with the Monterey Indians except by signs.

In the course of years the Spanish language became the common medium of intercourse among the Indians, so much so that the Indians who had been brought up in Spanish families would forget they had ever known any other language, and even resent the idea.

In some instances they were taught to read a little, and a few of the most trustworthy were instructed in writing: indeed, in some Mexican towns, where the Indian population predominated, they would elect an *alcalde* of their own class, who of necessity had to know how to both read and write.

They were also taught music, both vocal and instrumental, and composed the choir at all the mission churches. I have spoken of seeing in '52 the Indian choir to which old Justiano belonged, at Santa Cruz. The instruments of this choir were the violin, guitar, triangle and drum. Their music was carried before them, as band performers carry it now, and the notes on the sheets, copied by themselves, were very large and of a red color, on bars very far apart.

The only Indian I have ever heard speaking English\* was a woman about fifty-five years old, named Maria, living at Santa Cruz. She speaks the language sufficiently to transact her business, which is that of a washerwoman; but she does not pronounce it as well as Spanish. In her way she is quite a character, and a great gossip. She was brought from the Tulares by her relatives about the time the missions were secularized. They lived at one time where the "Centennial" mill now stands, in Santa Cruz, on the way to the beach. There they raised pumpkins, corn, beans, and potatoes, upon which, with barley and wheat, grown on the uplands, they lived. They ground the grain between two stones, and made the meal not into bread, but tortillas.

E. L. Williams.



## A DEAD MARCH.

Be hushed all voices and untimely laughter,  
Let no least word be lightly said  
In the awful presence of the dead,  
That slowly, slowly, this way comes,—  
Arms piled on coffin, comrades marching after,  
Colors reversed, and muffled drums.

Be bared all heads,—feet, the procession follow  
Throughout the stilled and sorrowing town,—  
Weep woeful eyes, and be cast down;  
Tread softly, till the bearers stop  
Under the cypress in the shadowy hollow,  
While last light fades o'er mountain-top.

Lay down your burden here, whose life hath journeyed  
Afar, and where ye may not wot.  
Some little while around this spot  
Be requiems sung and prayers low-said,  
Dead leaves disturbed, and clammy earth upturned,—  
Then in his grave dead Love is laid.

Fling them upon him—withered aspirations,  
And battered hopes, and broken vows;  
He was the last of all his house,  
Hath left behind no kith nor kin;  
His bloodstained arms and faded decorations,  
His dinted helmet—throw them in.

And all the time the twilit skies are turning  
To sullen ash and leaden gray.  
Place the sods on him,—come away,  
In vain upon his name you call,—  
Though you all night should cry with bitter yearning,  
He would not heed nor hear at all.

Pass homeward now, in musing melancholy,  
To find the house enfilled with gloom,  
And no lights lit in any room,  
And stinging herald-drops of rain.  
Your empty heart be choked with anguish wholly,  
For Love will never rise again.

*M. C. Gillington.*

## THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DIVORCE QUESTION.

So much has been said and written recently in denunciation of modern divorce law, that one at first thought might be persuaded to imagine that it involved one of those questions which, in the language of Charles Sumner, "has no other side to it." Yet I think that a careful analysis of the objections to it will show that there is but little force in most of them, either from an ethical or an ecclesiastical standpoint.

It may be justly claimed that modern divorce law, like undenominational education, is of American origin, and that until within recent years such laws were limited to the United States. Within the last decade, however, not only England, but France, Italy, and other European countries have undergone great changes as to divorce laws, in some cases imitating the most liberal provisions of our Western States. This is no doubt due to the fact that ecclesiastical influence in these countries is on the wane, and the question of marriage and divorce is becoming recognized as a matter of civil contract rather than one of religion. The same influence which retarded the progress of divorce in Europe has caused the State of New York to cling to old traditions, so that it alone of all the Northern States refuses to permit absolute divorce for any cause, except the so-called canonical ground of *crim. con.*

California divorce laws may be taken as a fair sample of the legislation of the majority of the States on this subject. To those readers whose ideas of divorce laws are derived from the denunciation of their opponents, these provisions may not seem so unreasonable after all. In addition to the canonical cause above mentioned, the Civil Code of California

permits divorce for the following six causes: extreme cruelty, desertion, neglect to provide, habitual intemperance, and conviction of felony. The second, third, and fourth causes must continue for one year; suit may be brought in any county, but the plaintiff must have first resided for six months in the State. There is no limited divorce here, as in New York and some few other States.

Besides California, thirty-six other States allow divorce for desertion, while twenty-eight of them permit divorce for either drunkenness, cruelty, or conviction of a felony. Only twelve, however, allow "failure to provide" as a good cause for divorce. Contrary to popular opinion, Kentucky seems to have the most generally liberal provision; for among its causes for divorce is "such settled aversion as tends to destroy all peace and happiness." Conservative South Carolina has no divorce laws. Only those who are rich enough to pay for a special divorce act by the legislature can indulge in such luxury in that State.

The causes that are now revolutionizing the marriage laws in Europe are undoubtedly the same as those that have produced our American divorce laws. The doctrine that marriage is a civil contract logically results in the doctrine that such contracts should be regulated according to civil, rather than canonical rules, to promote the temporal happiness of the governed — which is the only object of our government. After having once proclaimed that marriage is but a civil contract, provisions are in order to declare what extent of its violation by one of the parties will entitle the other to have the contract dissolved. This is a necessary sequence, and indispensable to all legislation thereon; for every con-



tract, even that of partnership, has some law to provide for its dissolution, where one of the parties flagrantly violates it. If it were not for the principle that there are three parties to every divorce suit, — the wife, the husband, and the state, and for the additional reason that the care and custody of minors are frequently involved, the rules providing for the dissolution of contracts generally might be held to apply. In England, the interest of society in divorce matters is protected by an officer called the Proctor ; but with us this duty devolves upon the judge who tries the cause. The object of this, as also of the provision that forbids a divorce being granted by mere default of the defendant, or on the uncorroborated testimony of the plaintiff, is to prevent collusion. As a matter of practice, however, where both parties desire the divorce, the prevention of collusion is an impossibility. Parties often prearrange any apparent cruelty or desertion, and succeed in getting a divorce thereon. It need hardly be said that such practice, involving as it does falsehood and prevarication, cannot be too severely censured. As a matter of fact, however, as every lawyer knows, such vices characterize nearly every trial, both civil and criminal, that comes before the courts. Neither the courts nor the bar can prevent this.

From the purely ethical standpoint, there are a number of reasons urged against divorce ; foremost among which is, that too common divorce degrades the institution of marriage. Now it goes without saying that the institution of marriage is the foundation of all our social system. It is, so to speak, the *unit* from which all social ties and cohesion are derived. A blow aimed at it is a blow aimed at the very heart of all the institutions of our civilization. To its decay, in older times, may be traced the decline and fall of more than one great nation of the past. To its influence may be justly traced the success

of all the Germanic races. On its integrity will, no doubt, in the future largely depend the future of ourselves and of our nation.

Does the existence of our divorce laws imperil this institution of marriage ? If so, then abolish divorce laws, — the sooner, the better. But how can divorce laws militate against this institution ? The cutting off of the rotten branches cannot injure the tree. The destruction of false coin cannot injure the national currency. The abrogation of that which produces misery cannot surely undermine the happiness of the prosperous. Take an ordinary example : Two persons intermarry. Afterwards the husband, without cause, deserts the wife and children. He fails to maintain even the outward show of marriage. His wife and little ones are thrown upon the charities of the world. After both the appearance and substance of marriage have been already destroyed, can anyone show how the institution of marriage is honored by keeping up this status ? Can anyone show how it can be injured by freeing the injured wife from the incubus of a tie that in reality has already ceased to exist ? Or take the husband who, for some felony, has been consigned to a state prison for life. Can anyone explain how the maintenance of the marriage relation between him and the wife he has thus disgraced encourages the institution of marriage ? Nay, in such cases, the divorce operates as a furnace to destroy the dross, purify the marriage relation, and limit it to what it should be, — an actual union of man and woman. Of course, to those who estimate the marriage relation for its *form* alone, or as a partnership between the sexes, this argument has no weight. Nor is this intended to meet their idea.

If it is said that divorces injure society, the answer is that society cannot be injured by that which but separates the false from the real. The scandals and

miseries of unhappy marriages reflect far more upon our social life than do divorces. Marriage, as a symbol of what is best in our lives, cannot be injured by the elimination of that which is but its spurious counterfeit. As well might it be said that an army is weakened by sending away the sick and the disaffected. Divorce, by lessening the number of existing unhappy marriages, increases the proportion of existing happy marriages, and this is surely beneficial to society.

Assuming, however, that divorces sometimes injure our social fabric, it does not follow that divorce should be abolished. No one will deny that there are those who are so miserably mated that either death or divorce would be a relief. In other words, it must be conceded that divorce sometimes relieves from much misery, which is only another way of saying that divorce in some cases promotes happiness. Now, as the sole object of government is to promote the happiness of the governed, it is difficult to see how divorce laws are improper. If it be said that divorce laws ought to be discouraged because they are injurious to society, this is but begging the question, by assuming one of the points in dispute.

The most serious aspect of the divorce question is that which relates to the children of the marriage sought to be dissolved. Divorce nearly always makes them as badly off as if half orphans, — sometimes worse. When there is any community property, the law intends that it shall be devoted to their support, — a good intention that, like many others, is often doomed to defeat. It must be admitted that the divorce of its parents is often a terrible blow to the moral nature of the child. Yet the state of affairs which renders divorce necessary is often more demoralizing to children than either divorce or its results. Take, for instance, the case of the father who habitually beats or other-

wise abuses his wife in the presence of their children; or the case where the wife is addicted to the use of strong drink, or even where the parents live a "cat and dog life" — it may be safely said here, that even for the little ones the divorce is the best thing that can occur.

The confusion resulting from a conflict of authority, the absence of all parental respect, the evil example of continued quarrels or even of vicious indulgences, are something worse than half orphanage, or even the fate of being the children of a divorced couple. This side of the matter has somehow been persistently ignored by those who have treated on this topic; but nothing is more apparent than that miserable domestic discord has the most serious result upon the children, an effect which some think is even prenatal in its influence.

It remains to observe the effect of divorce upon the parties themselves. I think it is generally conceded that the limited divorce known as "divorce from bed and board" has a demoralizing influence. Under it the woman is "neither maid, wife, nor widow," and becomes a social anomaly. As before remarked, there is no such divorce in California, and it exists in only a few states. Divorce in California and in most of the western states severs the matrimonial ties as effectually as death itself. Whatever may be the theoretical argument to the contrary, the actual result shows that women made widows by divorce hold their own in every way with those who have been made so by death. It is seldom that a divorced woman is found to be mixed up in any of the scandals so common in our time. It may be that experience has taught them to be cautious and discreet. The social status of a person does not now seem to be affected by the knowledge that he or she has been through the divorce court. Perhaps the fact that divorces are common



has caused all distinctions of this kind to be removed long ago. Many among them who again venture upon the sea of matrimony seem to bring with them that ripened experience which they have learned in the sad school of misery, and, it may be, makes them more appreciative of kindness and affection from their new spouses. Anyhow, it cannot be said that the general effect of divorce upon the moral natures of those who obtain it is at all demoralizing.

A movement has recently been inaugurated in the East, professedly to have divorce laws made uniform, by having them relegated exclusively to the federal government. In a country like ours, where public opinion is so diverse as to have seven causes for which divorce may be granted in one state, and no divorce law at all in another, the experiment of attempting a uniform law would be disastrous to political concord. Perhaps time may itself bring about greater uniformity, but any attempt to produce it now is simply premature. Besides, the reasons seeming to call for a national divorce law are more notional than actual. The federal courts are not peculiarly adapted to the trial of divorce matters. They are too far removed from the people. Their costs are excessively heavy, as has been shown in the last national bankrupt law. Any law, however good, so administered that its benefits are not easily accessible to every one, rich and poor, is at best but class legislation. If the object of the movement is to diminish divorces, by making divorce courts less accessible, it may be attained in this manner, but it will surely be securing the object by most unworthy means.

Some believe that the public sentiment that upholds our divorce laws is the result of the growth of irreligion. This pessimistic view of the matter will hardly be borne out by the facts. Nor is it yet true that divorce laws are the result of lax morality. Rigid divorce laws are no index to public morality.

The most immoral countries in Europe are those that have no divorce laws whatever. It might be correct to say that the growth of divorce laws in both Europe and America is commensurate with the decay of ecclesiastical influences. This does not necessarily imply any decay of religion, but rather a skepticism as to ecclesiastical interpretations of certain passages in the bible. Thus the doctrine that, except for one single cause, divorce is contrary to the scriptures ceased to be generally believed, in like manner as the belief in a material hell of fire and brimstone. In both cases, "the common sense of most" triumphed over scholastic argument, and revolted against conclusions, one of which consigned the victim to a hopeless life of torment here, and the other to an endless life of torment beyond.

To hold that outside of violating the seventh commandment a spouse can commit no villiany, can do no act, can contract no habit however disgusting, can inflict no cruelty however great or humiliating, that will warrant a dissolution of marriage, is to hold that one of the objects of government is to "perpetuate cruelty in certain cases."

To hold that the founder of Christianity ever so taught, is to put such a forced construction on His words as no modern court would ever dare to apply to the language of a statute. Because He, in commenting upon a barbarous law which permitted a man to drive away his wife and call such expulsion *divorce*, declared it to be no divorce at all, the dogma is deduced that all divorce (except for a single cause) is forbidden in the Scripture. The condition of affairs, the circumstances, the occasion and the reason which by every canon of hermeneutics ought to be considered, in construing the language of the speaker, all are ignored apparently for the sake of securing a clean-cut decision. Ordinarily it would appear that the words used were intended to apply only to the arbitrary *mode* of

divorcement, which violated the fundamental maxim, "That no man can sit in judgment in his own cause." This principle is the corner stone of all government, for it is only in the most savage state that men redress their own wrongs by either penalties or reprisals. Its palpable violation, in permitting a man to drive off his wife, was doubtless what called forth the denunciation of the Nazarene. Divorce, as we understand it, could not be referred to, because it did not exist in those days. Many biblical critics, and recently Count Tolstoy (in his book, entitled "My Religion") call attention to the fact that the words "*saving for the cause of fornication*" are spurious, as there are no such words in the oldest New Testament manuscripts. This is not improbable, for it must be remembered that death and not divorce, was the penalty of fornication, under the Jewish law. If this view is correct then the position I have taken becomes yet stronger, by reason of the necessary absurdity of the opposite position.

As well might the denunciation of a Russian patriot against his government be construed as a fling at the constitution of the United States. If the dogmatic construction of the language of Christ is correct, then the same mode of construction would allow a man to drive away his wife for a certain cause, and by simply giving her a letter to that effect, be free to marry again without further ceremony. Reason revolts as much from one interpretation as from the other. It is not argument, yet it is a curious fact, that those who rail most strongly against divorce in the abstract, when their own happiness requires it, seem as ready as any one else to avail themselves of the liberality of our divorce laws, by having their own matrimonial knots severed; no doubt, too, with entire conscientiousness. It is noteworthy that the ecclesiastical method adopted in construing this portion of scripture has

formerly been used also with great effect in upholding the doctrine that human slavery was authorized by the bible.

If divorce laws were injurious to marriage, then they would lower the tone of married life. But it will not be disputed that compared with European countries, where divorces are rare, America stands favorably as to the proportion of marriages where conjugal love reigns supreme. European parents, as a rule, exhaust on their children all their affection — a beautiful instinct, but still only an instinct, common to the animal kingdom. But genuine love, as the poets describe it, is there much rarer between husband and wife than with us. This may be due to the lesser appreciation of women, or it may be due to the more stolid or commonplace character of both men and women; which is but another way of saying that our people have keener sensibilities, and greater capacity for conjugal love.

It has been said that the present tendency towards a broader education and enlargement of the industrial sphere of woman tends to make her sex less fitted for married life. This is probably true so far as it relates to maternal duties; but so far as it relates to wifely companionship it is wholly false. Contact with the outer world makes a woman wiser and better than the old fashioned seclusion of the home. It teaches her self-reliance and self-control, something not always taught elsewhere. It broadens her ideas, it deepens her knowledge of life, and destroys that lack of sympathy and of responsiveness towards her husband and his affairs, which drives so many men to spend their leisure moments away from home.

The so-called incompatibility of disposition that so often leads to the divorce court is more often acquired than natural. After the honeymoon is over, the married pair settle down to a humdrum existence, from which all those little personal attentions towards each other,



that won each other's hearts before marriage, are cast aside. This is gradually succeeded by indifference, and subsequently by aversion. The total absorption of the husband in business, and of the wife in household cares or society, are perhaps oftenest the primary cause of marital disaffection. Other causes follow. In addition to this, a change frequently comes in tastes and ideals in either one or the other, which undermines the original attachment, and leaves the marriage a mere household partnership. All this of course is very wrong, but it is not always plain who is to blame. The worst evil of today in relation to marriage is the fostering by rostrum and press of the morbid passion of jealousy. I say passion, because it clearly comes from the animal side of human nature, as may be seen in its exhibition among all the wild beasts of the forest. It is certainly not the product of the brain. Yet it is so highly cherished that its absence is accounted as bad as the absence of patriotism. As a matter of fact, it has caused more blood to flow than even patriotism. There is this difference—that jealousy has never been of any benefit to any one, or any class of persons, whatever.

In ancient time it was a sufficient excuse for the murders perpetrated by our druidical ancestors to say that they were sacrifices to the gods; so in our times it is in nearly every case considered a sufficient excuse for murder to claim that it was caused by jealousy. Thus jealousy has become the Moloch of the nineteenth century. The man who has killed his fellow for any cause has only to show that the killing was in his opinion a just sacrifice to the great god of jealousy. However thin the pretext, the verdict will probably be the same.

It cannot be said I think that our divorce laws are not a partial antidote for the brutalities and murders that grow out of domestic infelicity. To those who consider violence better than divorce, I

have nothing to say. To those who consider divorce laws as tending to relieve the pressure that causes such crimes, I need add nothing further than to remind them that, after all, numerous arguments can be used on the other side of the divorce question.

There is beyond doubt room for reform in our divorce laws, but in my opinion, more in the direction of property than of personal rights. In some cases also, perhaps as to the custody of children. As it now stands, a wife can by a divorce gain more of the community property than she can by the death of her husband. In many cases the party getting a divorce receives two-thirds of such property, however large it may be. In some instances all, or nearly all. Of course such a law promotes divorces, and creates an incentive in these days of gain—sometimes far stronger than personal dislike. Analysis of the reason given for the law, as it now stands, shows it to be more sentimental than rational. An equal division of property ought in all cases to suffice. Anything more, simply places a premium on divorce.

The doctrine that after a wife has secured a divorce she may compel her whilom husband to support her from his subsequent earnings, even after he has remarried, is another absurdity of the laws of today. To say nothing of its injustice from an ethical standpoint—a matter that has been denounced by one of the ablest Justices of the Supreme Court,—it tends to encourage unnecessary divorce, and should be abrogated. No doubt the object of these legal provisions is partly to punish the guilty party, but as a general rule civil courts ought not to be made the instruments of punitive decisions, for this is the province of criminal jurisdiction. If their adoption is intended to discourage divorce,—the actual result is as I have shown, to defeat their own object, and promote a desire for divorce from the most unworthy of all motives.

*A. Burrows.*

## MODERN JOURNALISM.

MODERN Journalism is a modern development. It is only within a comparatively few years that the newspaper has become the journal ; that the presentation of news has become of less importance than the exhibition of journalistic enterprise. The journalist, or as he prefers to be called, with a Jeffersonian affectation of simplicity, the "newspaper man," has standards of his own by which he judges everything, and these standards do not always correspond with those of the public. The trade of journalism is something like the theatrical profession, in that the performer is separated from his audience, and can but imperfectly know how his performance impresses them. The actor is apt to mistake the empty-headed applause of the gallery for the sober approval of the dress circle, and to exaggerate that which is worst in his art, because it calls forth a ready response from the noisy portion of his audience. The journalist is even more completely isolated. He cannot come into touch with the reader except through the imperfect medium of the business office.

Thus it was inevitable that an artificial habit of thought should fasten itself upon him ; that he should look upon everyday happenings from the newspaper man's point of view, and cannot see them as they impress ordinary humanity. An item of news strikes him as important in proportion to its opportunities for a sensation. A hanging is not for him an expiation of a wrong against society, but a column-and-a-half sensation ; a cyclone is not a disaster rendered tragic by the destruction of life and property, but a "four-head story."

It is claimed that the modern journal is an instantaneous photograph of the doings of humanity during the twenty-four

hours preceding its publication. All the inventions of science, all the powers of nature, are called into its service ; the news of the city is collected by an army of reporters, the news of the world is brought by the telegraph from the four quarters of the globe, trained writers are there to present well-matured opinions on the happenings of the day, the whole is arranged and systematized by one of the most perfect machines of modern civilization. Yet when all is done, and the result comes before the people, the view of the activity of humanity that is presented is warped and distorted by reflection from the journalistic mind, as from the uneven surface of a mirror.

To judge from the relative prominence with which events are presented in the modern journal, the most important, and therefore the highest, activity of humanity is a prize fight, a horse race, or a baseball game. The well-digested plan of some leading statesman, a discovery of science or a work of philosophy, is dismissed with a few obscurely placed lines, though it may be destined to influence the thought of the world. The spicy details of a divorce, or the sickening particulars of a murder, are spread out over a column, illustrated by pictures whose artistic deficiencies constitute them an abuse of the liberty of the press.

Not only is the perspective thus distorted, but the class of news that is gathered with most care is just the class that it would be better not to publish at all. "What the public want" is the test in determining what shall be published, as well as in deciding the space that shall be given to it ; and like a pampered child, the public is fed upon the sweets of sensation until it is surfeited. It is from this principle that the public should



have what it wants, that many of the worst features of modern journalism arise. The details of private scandals, that formerly were the exclusive property of slender-witted country gossips, are now considered legitimate subjects for newspaper discussion. The public, with a morbid, vulgar curiosity which has been fostered by newspaper sensationalism, desires to know why Smith and his wife have separated, and therefore the *Morning Enterprise* sends a reporter to interview both parties. "The public wants to know" is supposed to be a key to unlock the lips of both, and it is amusing to note the virtuous indignation of the reporter when Smith or his wife refuses to disclose their private affairs.

It is upon the same ground that the newspaper man justifies his delving in the dregs of society. Details however prurient are dragged forth with savage exultation, and exhibited to the public gaze as examples of journalistic enterprise. Does it ever occur to these purveyors of scandal and brutality, that the same excuse may be offered by those who sell obscene literature? The pandering to the lowest passions of humanity is always profitable from a purely material standpoint. What higher right has the newspaper to cater to the brutish side of humanity than the vendor of prurient literature? Is a disgusting and degrading detail purified by the fact that it is part of an actual occurrence instead of the creation of a diseased imagination?

And to cater to this depraved appetite for sensation, the newspaper man is seldom restrained by the necessities of truth. Interesting details are easily manufactured, and the report can be made so much more readable by the addition of a little fiction. A recent writer, imbued with the spirit of modern journalism, declares that this fictitious garnishing is the only real ground for objection to sensationalism: that if the

sensation is true, it is the best possible news. And this is typical of the wrong point of view of the modern journalist. The best possible news is the most important news, not the most sensational.

So far from the fictitious element being the only objectionable feature of this modern sensationalism, it is the least objectionable. In fact, the more fictitious element enters, the less harm the sensation does. The pain and suffering that have been wrought by this relentless search for sensation are incalculable. Many a life has been ruined by the publication of facts with which the public had no concern; many a heart has ached because of the efforts of a reporter to crowd in by the deathbed of a father or husband, in order that the public might see the dying moments of one whose misfortune it was to be famous. By all means, if we must have such journalistic enterprise, let it expend its force in the production of fiction.

But the truth is that the public do not want these things. The noisy portion of the public, the "gallery element," may desire them; but the sober, respectable part of the community is disgusted, by them, and would gladly avoid having the chronicle of vice thrust upon them with the news that they really desire to know about. They buy the paper with all its defects, because it is a lesser evil than to go without the news.

Another feature of modern journalism is less offensive, but scarcely less of a nuisance. This is the Sunday edition. To be obliged to search through the Sunday edition of a city paper to find the news is a positive misfortune. The Sunday edition occupies a position between the daily paper proper and a cheap, low-class magazine. The news is there, if you can find it, to the same extent that it is on week days. But mixed with it is a vast amount of matter, of varying degrees of merit. There are fiction, history, science, travel, humor, fashions, and "fakes," in inextricable confusion.

The worst feature of this distinctive Sunday edition element in the papers is the attempt to interest the public by making them feel that they have some part in making up the paper. This feature will be most easily understood by referring to the "What is your Ideal?" series now running in the Sunday *Examiner*, and started some time ago in the New York *Morning Journal*. The scheme has been worked longer in the New York papers than it has here, the New York *World* being the worst offender. During the World's Fair excitement in that city, the *World* had column after column of suggestions for a feature of the fair that should rival the Eiffel Tower in novelty. Most of the suggestions were stupid, and the whole made very uninteresting reading. The latest example of this class of journalistic enterprise is a ballot to discover the most popular policeman in the vicinity of New York, about four columns being devoted each Sunday to giving the list of the names of policemen, with the vote that each has received.

The advantage to the newspaper of this class of enterprise lies in the probability of each person who has written to the paper on the subject buying the paper until his contribution has been printed. It is also very useful on the score of economy, because nothing is paid for the department except the salary of the editor who manages it, and, of course, the time of the reporters who are detailed to fill in readable letters to relieve the dreary waste of contributed matter.

To the outsider, whose contribution to the paper amounts to five cents a copy, it does seem as though something better might be accomplished. Mechanically and administratively, the modern newspaper approaches perfection. But in fulfilling the purpose of its existence it falls far short of what it should be. It is of course trite to speak of the mission of the press. But it has a duty to the

community by which it is supported, not less than the duty owed by every individual in the community. The newspaper, not less than the individual, owes it to society that it shall be respectable, and that it shall do the greatest possible amount of good while doing the least possible amount of harm. It owes to its readers the duty to serve them as well as possible, and to be honest in its presentation of the news. Opinions it should have, and these opinions should emanate from the editorial department, not from the business office. It would probably surprise some newspaper managers to know how little a subscriber is deterred from purchasing the paper because of his disagreement with its editorial opinions. Just one example of this may be presented. There are in San Francisco two rival papers, one professing to be republican, and the other democratic. The former is outspoken and courageous in its political opinions, though partisan, and has its news columns arranged systematically; the other fears to alienate subscribers by expressing political opinions, and sacrifices arrangement to sensation. From a somewhat extended investigation among personal acquaintances, I should say the republican paper has more subscribers among democrats than has the democratic paper, while certainly the latter is more despised.

But the object of this paper is not to discuss what a newspaper should be, but to point out some of the most glaring abuses of modern journalism, and it may be closed by mentioning one of the worst of these. This is the license given to reporters to satisfy their personal dislikes in the columns of the press. This of course does not occur with the consent of the editor, but that it does occur is known to every person having any acquaintance with the papers of this city. And it is the duty of the editor to prevent it by efficient supervision, as can be done if the stand will be taken.

H. Elton Smith.



## A PLAN FOR THE RELIEF OF FARMERS.

THE agricultural interests of this country at one time overshadowed all other interests to such an extent that the attention of statesmen was directed to schemes for the development of other branches of industry. The most conspicuous result of these efforts was the establishment of the protective system of taxation. By raising the price of manufactured articles, manufacturing interests were developed throughout the country, and the desired variety of industries was secured. This result was gained perhaps at an earlier day than it would have been secured had natural laws been allowed to operate, but it was at an expense to the community that overbalanced any gain from the anticipation of the development, and it has required all the wonderful resources of the country to ward off the disastrous effects that might have resulted.

But in one way the protective system has been more than successful. The farmers, as consumers of all classes of manufactured articles, have had the natural profits of their industry cut down, because the increased price of what they buy has decreased the purchasing power of what they produce. In this manner the farmers have become steadily less prosperous, while the manufacturers have steadily become more so. Thus the prominence of agricultural interests has been wiped out, and to this extent the plans of the protective statesmen have been successful.

But it was not long before they saw that they had been too successful. The farmers were becoming poor, and it was proposed to extend to them the benefits of the protective tax. In order to accomplish this, taxes were levied on raw materials and the products of the farms. Protective taxation had fostered manu-

factures in establishing the desired equilibrium between agricultural and manufacturing interests? So reasoned these statesmen, but they failed to take into account one important factor. A tax on imports is effective only when the production of the taxed article in the country is less than the demand. The price of an article is fixed by the cost of the most expensive part of the supply that meets the demand. Where a part of that supply comes from foreign countries, the government may increase the price of the whole supply by taxing the imported portion. This principle is elementary, it is true; but like many elementary principles it is often lost sight of in the discussion of economic problems. Its application in the present case lies in the fact that we produce a surplus of agricultural products.

And where a surplus is produced another elementary law comes into operation, which is also frequently ignored. Take the case of wheat, and let us take small numbers in order to avoid the confusion that always lies in millions and billions. Suppose the demand for wheat in the United States to be represented by 1,000, and the production by 1,600.<sup>1</sup> The excess of supply would result either in each farmer being left with forty bushels of wheat unsold out of every hundred that he produced, or in a reduction of the price until the demand would equal the supply. As long as the price was higher in this country than in foreign countries, none would be exported to secure the lower price there. But in order that the demand should absorb the 600 bushels of excess, the price would have to fall below that in foreign countries, and before this price was reached the excess would be exported.

<sup>1</sup> The percentage of wheat exported in 1880 was 40.18, according to the report of the Bureau of Statistics.

By the inevitable operation of this simple law, the price of all articles that we produce an excess of is regulated by the price of those articles in foreign countries ; while by the action of the tariff the price of articles of which we produce a supply just equal to or less than the demand is regulated by the price in this country. In the case where we just meet the demand, the cost of production here fixes the price ; where we produce less than the demand, the price is equal to that in foreign countries, plus the tariff duty.

We produce an excess of agricultural products each year, and thus the price of what the farmer sells is fixed by the price in foreign countries ; while of most of the articles that the farmer buys we do not produce an excess, and therefore to the extent of his purchases he is harmed by the protective tariff. These facts are obvious to any one who will but think, but many of the people, including even the farmers themselves, deny them.

The fact that the farmer is not prosperous is, however, too patent for denial. Who ever heard of a farmer making a fortune from his farm, such as the barons of industry frequently make from their manufactures ? And in order to overcome this condition of affairs, what is claimed as an entirely new system of finance has been proposed by a senator from this State.

Briefly stated, Senator Stanford's scheme, as outlined in his resolutions, and the remarks made by him at the time of their introduction, is as follows : Money is to be advanced by the government to the farmers, secured by mortgages on the farms. The loan is to be equal to not more than one half or one quarter of the assessed value of the farm, to draw one or two per cent interest ; is to be paid in paper money, which is made a legal tender, and may be called in at any time by the government, upon reasonable notice, to avoid an over-issue.

In effect, the plan amounts to an unlimited issue of legal tender notes, secured by the agricultural land values of the country ; but it is to be issued to one particular class of the community, to the exclusion of all others.

This plan has been hailed by a part of the press, and by an even more extensive part of the community, as the great financial discovery of the century ; combining as it does a solution of the problem of finding a suitable substitute for the national bank note circulation, and also a plan for the relief of the farmers.

From the point of view of originality, it is interesting to notice one or two somewhat similar financial schemes, familiar to any person at all acquainted with history. In 1705, John Law issued his " Money and Trade Considered, with a Proposal for Supplying the Nation with Money," in which he proposed the issue of legal tender notes by the government, to be lent to land owners to the extent of one-half or two-thirds of the value of their land. The assignats of the French Revolutionary government were the same in effect, their payment being secured by the confiscated estates of the church, and they were to be redeemed as the land was sold. Frederick the Great issued land mortgage notes, bearing interest, but inconvertible. There have been other similar schemes from time to time, proposing different plans for securing the redemption of paper money by land, but these are the principal ones. The originality of Senator Stanford's scheme, therefore, lies rather in the combination of the schemes of others, than in the evolution of any new system. The history of the French assignats, which depreciated to one-half of one per cent of their par value, would be instructive reading for those who have hailed this new financial scheme with such delight.

But let us glance at some of the effects of the adoption of Senator Stanford's scheme, to see if the changed condition



of modern times would affect it favorably. The value of farms in this country according to the census of 1880 was \$10,197,096,776, and they have undoubtedly increased in value during the decade that has elapsed since then. But on this valuation, loans of one-quarter the value of the farms would necessitate an issue of \$2,549,274,194, paper money. And as the interest proposed is from one-third to one-quarter of the current rate, it is not probable that any land owner would refuse to avail himself of the opportunity to obtain money on such favorable terms. If he did not need the money for use on his farm, he might employ it to engage in some other business, or to loan to others who were not so fortunate as to possess farming lands. Of course, this state of affairs would cause a largely increased demand for farming lands as the basis for obtaining such favorable loans, resulting in an increase of the value of such lands, and a consequent expansion of the volume of the land-secured currency.

It may be urged that the provision allowing the government to call in its loans at any time would counteract this. But this provision could have no such effect unless the government refused to make loans to some land owners, while advancing money to others. If the privilege is to be extended to all alike, there is nothing to prevent every owner of agricultural lands demanding a loan equal to one-quarter of the value of his land immediately upon the act going into operation. If any part of the loans are called in within less than six months or a year of their issue, the proposed benefits of the act would be nullified as to such loans, because the land owner would either have to refrain from making use of the money in any permanent way, or would be obliged to go into the market to raise money to repay the loan. To expect any farmer to refrain from negotiating such a loan from the government, in order that other farmers

might derive benefit from the act, is of course absurd.

The issue of paper money under this proposed scheme being over two and a quarter billion dollars, let us see what effect it would have upon the currency of the country. The largest volume of outstanding legal tender notes issued by the government was \$432,553,912—about one-fifth of the amount of paper money proposed to be issued under this new system. At that time \$100 of gold was equal in value to \$144.25 of currency. The uncertainty of redemption then influenced the price of the legal tender notes, but the security for their payment was based upon all the values of the country, not upon a fraction of the land values alone; and this uncertainty would arise at the present time should an attempt be made to increase the volume of paper currency until it was five times the amount outstanding at the close of the war. Thus a depreciation in the value of the proposed legal tender notes would be the first effect of an adoption of Senator Stanford's scheme.

The effect on the circulating medium of the country would not be less disastrous. The total amount of circulating medium in the hands of the people is a little less than one and one-half billion dollars. This includes all the gold, silver, and paper money in circulation. The fact that there is more money to go into circulation whenever required, proves that this amount is sufficient for the needs of business. The effect of the issue of the new legal tender notes would be to more than double the amount of money in circulation, and to give a little more than two and one-half dollars for every dollar that would be needed. Two things would flow from this. The prices of every commodity, expressed in terms of the currency, would increase about one hundred per cent, and the metal would be withdrawn from circulation, owing to the increased price of bullion expressed in terms of the paper money.

The fact that the volume of paper money in circulation would still be over sixty per cent more than the needs of business required would leave prices apparently inflated, even after all the gold and silver had been withdrawn from circulation, and would cause a period of wild speculation. But confidence in the paper money would soon be shaken, and the government would find it necessary to contract the currency. In order to do this, loans would be called in from the farmers. The least amount that could be called in would be one billion dollars, bringing the amount of paper currency down to the actual needs of the community.

It would be at this point that the farmers would realize most seriously the failure of the scheme proposed for their benefit. As the distributors of the paper currency, they would have enjoyed an appearance of extreme prosperity, and would have been most affected by the spirit of speculation. They would therefore have acquired extravagant habits, and to be thus called upon to repay one billion dollars would simply prostrate them. In the majority of cases they could not do so, and the foreclosure of the mortgages on their farms would become necessary. Thus a vast amount of farming land would be thrown on the market, and the inflated value of their lands would vanish away into thin air. When the storm cleared away they would find themselves poorer for the experience by the amount of the extravagances into which they had been led, and also by the serious disturbance of all commercial values resulting from the inflation of the currency.

Such schemes as this arise from an ignorance of the most fundamental prin-

ciples of finance. It is astonishing that so thoroughly able a business man as Senator Stanford undoubtedly is should have been guilty of such a statement as the following, "An abundance of money means universal activity, bringing in its train all the blessings that belong to a constantly employed, industrious, intelligent people." This fallacy that plenty of money issued by the government means plenty of employment, and consequent prosperity for the people, is a very common error. An increase in the circulating medium of a country is not an increase of its wealth. If all the gold and silver in the country now used in the arts were melted down and coined, the community would not be one dollar richer. A man produces a commodity, not for the sake of the money he gets for it, but for the sake of the commodity he can buy with that money. Money is simply an instrument to facilitate the exchange of goods, and is wealth only when considered as bullion. Senator Stanford instances the case of twenty men, each owing the other one dollar, and a single coin passing from hand to hand until it has completed the circle and extinguished twenty dollars of debt. Does he not see that the dollar is merely used as the evidence of the debt which existed before? The debt was incurred for some goods produced by each of these twenty men, and wanted by one of the others. Had there been no money, these twenty men would have been obliged to meet together and make their exchanges. Further, not one of these men would have been one cent richer had the volume of currency been twenty times as great, and the debt of each been represented by twenty dollars, instead of by one dollar.

*F. I. Vassault.*



## OUR REFUGEE.

## I.

"'N' DEN he come! Lan' o' Canaan—he come! Deh he is! Deh he is!—"

Uncle Enoch threw his quivering hand toward the sawbuck, become instinct and terrific to him; its legs plunged deep in the saw dust, its horns flung wildly aloft.

"Deh he come! Rip he come! Nose rubbin' 'e groun'! Snawtin'! Roarin'! Blowin' up 'e grass by 'e roots! Kickin' 'e clods high 'n—high 'n"—his eyes leaped to the top of the beech tree by the lane bars, but with a sudden air of calculation fell to the hennery—high 'n dah hen-coop.

"Deh I wah, flat on m' back lak a stick o' co'd-wood. On comes ole bull! Roarin' lak a Feas' o' Trumpets! Now—now he swoop squash astride o' me! O stahs! I luk up in hi' wil' eyes!"—Enoch distended the lids of his own eyes until a yellow penumbra showed clear around the mud-black iris.—"Now clah down I luk in hi' smokin' t'roat!" (Through his rectangularly stretched mouth Enoch's puffed breath smoked faintly into the morning air; which unexpectedly happy illustration he repeated.) "'N' den, I says, says I, 'Enoch, jis' soon's old bull git by he'll tu'n 'n' git *you*, 'n' den *you'll git* to King'om Come. See dah tail?" I says, 'dah tail's all in *dis* yearth atween you 'n' 'e oder side o' Jordon. Kotch dah tail!"

"'N' I done did. Jis as it kem gin in' face I grobbed it. 'N' did n't I hole on, hole on lak a buhdock buh! My lan'! old bull mad. Roun' he swing, 'n' roun', 'n' roun', 'n' roun', 'n' *den*! Den *out*! kem dah tail! 'N' *way*—I flew fah 'n' clah oveh 'e fence into 'e gyardin'! O, haw, haw! he, he, he! O Lan'!"

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I let Enoch's laughter run out into hysteric sobs and tears before saying, with an air that fell on his perfervid soul like a draught on a baby in a warm bath.

"Enoch! Enoch!"

A fine hypocrite I was, like many another Cassius or Swift, for my own laughter was trembling as violently under my diaphragm as a nest of kittens smothered under a blanket.

The old simpleton lifted his face with a look of grieved apprehension in his eyes, which were slowly blinking themselves dry. Whatever young Enoch may have been, old Enoch was only reminiscent in his grotesque fictions. The myths moved through his foggy cranium indistinguishable from the most substantial images of memory. It was, therefore, with unfeignedly hurt honor that he asked:

"What foh you say, 'Enoch! Enoch!?' Don' you believe dah na'tive?"

"Believe that narrative? Come now, Enoch. 'Out kem his tail 'n' way you flew obeh 'e fence'! Believe that!"

"But, Misseh Hawley, it wah a voh *low* fence. *Veh* low. No higheh'n dat." He leveled his palm at his hip.

"Don't care, Enoch."

"'N' I wah a *little* coon, *pow'ful* little, din'nt weigh nuthin' scarcely."

"Well now, Enoch, then the tail would n't have come out," I answered him according to his folly.

"It would n't?" he replied, catching at the straw. "Well mebbe, *mebbe* it *did* n't. Mebbe it wah jis 'e *harkem* out."

As he spoke I caught a glimpse of white and green baby-clothes coming through the raspberry bushes. So I said with an air of concession:

"Well, Enoch, if that is n't a yarn it's an indubitable prevarication, sure."

With a sigh of utmost relief the old man exclaimed :

"Yessseh, Missseh Hawley, it wah *dat*. It wah *dat*, suah. Dats *jis'* what I says as I wah goin' obeh 'e fence holdin' dah tail. 'Enoch,' says I, 'dis am a pow'ful *close* prevar'cation, *pow'ful* close.'"

My pretty baby was now importuning a "hoss 'ide." Enoch, putting his palm for a stirrup, lifted her to his huge-boned neck and away they went, the child of three years and the child of three-score years and ten.

## II.

SUCH was our refugee.

He had taken refuge with us about two years before this sketch opens, and but a few days before the — yes, *the* — baby came. It was therefore in 1851 — it must have been ; but as I unfold the memory of that first sweet summer it seems much too fresh in tint and odor for one that has so long lain away.

It was the fourth of July. How distinctly rises the memory. It is early morning. On the wide south porch sits the hale, elate young hoosier farmer — fresh-washed but redolent of the new milk, for chores are done, and on the table by which he sits Kate is laying the generous breakfast. How the brows arch over the eyes that wander, feasting, over the shorn, yellow grain fields, (forty bushels to the acre !,) over the rich dark waves of corn, and down through the "hill pasture," where the beautiful Devons are munching the dewy clover, to the gray mist-filmed water of the Ohio.

Into the possession of this estate I had come just before it and I passed into the possession of that little woman there, so complacently dripping the gravy on the glossy brown dismembered chicken. And that transference of myself and of all my worldly goods was made on the day of which this is the first anniversary.

This day, therefore, was to be duly observed, but, for reasons, quietly. The

result of much planning was to be simply a picnic of two at Chain Mill Falls, whither, as soon as *we* were through the dishes, we took our happy way, with a basket of lunch and a big watermelon.

Plunging the melon into the spring, we laid the basket in the old mill, decrepit and lichen-gray, leaning on the ledge through which the waters laugh, as they leap down the mossy buckets, with a sweeter and wilder grace than those of Hiawatha's story.

And indeed have they not a legend, too? Was it not in the dusty gallery beneath them that Kate picked that fateful yellow hair from her shawl and let it fall — into my out-reached palm? Did I not coil and knot that gold thread, and, slipping it on the decorously resisting finger, say, "With this ring I thee — betroth"; and, when we climbed the path, was not the gold coil still — but this is to be Enoch's story not mine.

Having placed our basket in the mill, on the shelf thick with white dust, we wandered out to fill the wire stand of Kate's with ferns and vines.

The mill-roof was our sun dial, and when the shadows of the beech trunks were straight across it, we climbed down to eat our lunch. Kate was ahead, and as she turned the corner of the mill by the spring, she cried, "There's a man!" and pressed back to me with an air that made me wish to see something more formidable to protect her from than the poor creature lying in murmurous slumber on the moss by the spring.

Like the old mill, his huge-beamed frame spoke of strong toil in days past, but now, like it, looked decrepit, and gray, and deserted. His features, — except his cheeks, which were of cherubic plumpness, — were shrunken and marked with a timorous sadness.

The cause of the roundness of his cheeks was apparent through the open mouth. Several pieces of biscuit lay on his lap, beside which was our half-emptied basket. The picture was a little



pathetic and very ridiculous. But my rights had been violated, so shaking the old man into consciousness, I demanded:

"What are you doing here?"

After many efforts he succeeded in getting his throat clear for his dry but musical voice, and answered doggedly:

"Wha' I doin' heah, sah? I wah jis' eatin' outen dis heah —"

"Yes, well, I see that," I interrupted; "but who told you to help yourself to other people's things, you vagabond?"

"Misseh," he replied, — he still was crouched at our feet, in which position his up-cast eyes were very entreating, — an't you a fren' o' poah ref'gees?"

"Y—es," I answered, "but that depends."

"Miseeh, 'e *Lawd*, He tole me to take dis — dis manna in 'e wild'ness."

"My dear," I said to Kate, who was smothering her laughter in her shawl on my shoulder, "he is more complimentary to your biscuits than to my farm."

"To *our* farm," she corrected, adding, to the negro, "How did the Lord tell you that?"

"*Heah!*" said the old man devoutly, and spreading his palm on his shirt front, but by no means on the cardiac region. Kate's laughter rang out uncontrollably.

"Yes," she at length said, "I think it was *there*."

"So," I said, "You're a refugee, are you?"

The pale eyes rolled in vacancy some while before he replied:

"Yesseh."

"Where did you come from?"

"Oveh deh," he replied, pointing his thumb toward the Kentucky shore. "I neveh jis' 'quired 'e *exack* name o' 'e town. Twah on 'e swamp road."

"What's your master's name?"

"Twah *she*," he replied.

"What was your mistress's name?" I persisted.

The old man's eyes were again in vacancy, out of which he replied:

"He' name Ca'line."

"Caroline!" interposed Kate. "You did n't call her Caroline?"

"He' *full 'n entiah* name — Ca'line Ellen And'son."

"And *your* name?" I asked.

"*My* name?"

"Yes, your name."

"My name — Enoch. Mostly *jis* Enoch."

"And partly what else?"

"Enoch Jeff'son."

The old man now slowly lifted his huge worn frame above us, revealing a presence that with the dignity of bulk and age showed also a dignity of nature, a certain mastiff-like native magnanimity made quaint and winsome by his senile childishness, and evidently chastened by humble sorrows.

Kate and I came, by a glance, to a tacit agreement, not only to condone the trespass of the evidently exhausted "refugee," but to share with him what remained of the lunch. While we were eating we continued our ineffective questioning, and, — when the great red heart of the melon, with its sweet, icy blood, was finished, — we walked apart to consider what could be done with this unexpected ward. He, as soon as we left him, sank into weary slumber.

It is sufficient to say that we concluded to take him home with us over-night, and that in the morning, on his pleading against our proposal to send him farther on, we suffered him to remain. Kate soon found him very useful about the house. When Patty came, he assumed with delight and aptness the function of nurse to her, and as she grew older, became also the most congenial of playmates.

### III.

THE measure of mystery that hung about this lowly life we suffered to remain unviolated, except by conjecture. But on a day of the week in which our story opened, the thin veil fell at the touch of God, and on this wise:

On Thursday of that week, Kate, and Patty, and I were returning from the pleasant village of Hanover, where we had been in attendance upon the college commencement, when, about a half-mile from our home, we were met by Enoch, hobbling toward us with all his feeble energy. We had left him in charge of affairs.

"Why, hello Uncle," I asked, "What's up?" "Robbehs!" panted our refugee. "Deh's two niggahs gwine steal 'e ma'h —"

"Going to steal the mare!" I repeated, with an effort to appear concerned. "What makes you think that?"

Enoch slowly climbed into the back of the light wagon, and feeling that he was safe whatever lot fell to the "ma'h," answered more composedly.

"I wah hoein' in 'e gyardin, we'n I see two black coons comin' in 'e gate. Dey go 'n' batteh on 'e side doah, 'n' den on 'e front doah, lak dey batteh 'em down. 'N' den dey wah comin' 'roun' 'e house we'n one o' 'em seed me in 'e co'n row 'n' say—'Deh's a niggah.' 'N' dey luk at me, standin' stock still, I wah so mad, 'n' 'e odeh one he say—'Dat's no niggah, dat's a scar' crow,' 'n' he frowed ole ba'hl stave he wah holdin' tow'd me. It mek me *dat* mad to be tuk fuh a scar' crow, my teef jis chatteded in my head."

"You were n't *scared* more than mad, were you, Uncle?" Kate asked.

"Scar't! Scar't at niggahs!" he exclaimed.

"Well, what did they do then?" I asked.

"Den dey went down tow'd 'e bahn 'n' I'm no kin' o' doubt dey gwine to steal 'e ma'h, no kin' o' doubt."

We drove briskly on, and as we entered the gate saw, seated on the wash-bench by the woodshed, the objects of uncle Enoch's wrath. As we drove near them they arose and walked toward us. Enoch, who had alighted to open the gate, took a dignified attitude on the op-

posite side of the wagon, where he stood wiping his brass spectacles with much hauteur.

The men respectfully bowed to us. The younger, a fat, kindly-looking fellow, moved past us, saying:

"I jis' want to see Enoch hyer."

"What foh you want to see Enoch," replied the old man with haughty air, "I lak to know. Enoch don't cah to see you."

"You so fine-lookin', ole man," said the other merrily, "dat's *one* what foh."

A look of recognition slowly filled the vague eyes of the old negro, as he adjusted to them his spectacles.

"Ah dat you, Ab'm?" he asked in a tremulous tone.

"Yep, guess it ah me," replied the other with a rippling laugh.

"What foh you come, Ab'm?" asked uncle Enoch, the timorous lines deepening in his venerable face.

The voice of the other sobered as he replied:

"Mam,—she's dyin', daddy."

"Mam dyin'!" repeated Enoch.

"Mebbe she dead," said Abraham.

"Mebbe she dead!" again echoed the father. "Mebbe mam dead!"

Leaving his words to slowly work their intelligence into the bowed head of the old man, Abraham turned to us and explained that Enoch's wife was daily expected to die with consumption, and that having known for some time his father's place of "refuge," he had come to induce him to return to the dying wife and mother.

"Uncle Enoch, then, is n't a slave?" Kate asked, to which the son replied, with a deliberative air:

"No 'm, no 'm. You would n't jis' say dat. Twa' n't jis' dat 'e ole man wah. But mam,—she cur'us. She ter'ble sot gin 'e ole man."

Leaving Abraham and his father in earnest consultation, I put up the team and went into the house. In a little while Enoch came in to tell me that he intended starting back with his son.



For such a tramp he was wholly unfit, and as I had some occasion to go to Madison, and would enjoy a visit to friends in Garbersville, where Enoch's home was, I proposed to drive over with them in the morning. To this they gratefully consented. The negro who accompanied Abraham was in search of a "job," and I engaged him to work while we should be gone, Kate's brother coming over to stay with her.

After an early breakfast we drove down the rutty hill-road toward Madison, where, after a lunch, we took the ferry for the Kentucky shore. It was late in the afternoon when we arrived at the hamlet of Garbersville, at whose small hotel I left the team.

We then walked down toward Enoch's house, it being his earnest desire that I should go with him. The house was a mere shanty, its decayed and unpainted sides covered with a film of moss and lichen, which, with a gnarl of dusty hop vines at one corner, softened a little the ugly look. On the slab roof were several wonderfully ornate birdcotes. To these Enoch's eyes lifted with evident pride, but seeing them tenantless, with disappointment.

"Wha's 'e pigeons, Ab'm?"

"Mam — she biled all 'e squabs, 'n' 'e ole uns she druv away," replied the son.

"Guess dey kindeh 'minded her o' me," soliloquized the old man, as with a cautious air he stepped on the rickety porch. Several negro women within observed us and nodded a very friendly greeting to the returned refugee.

But the old man's eyes saw nothing but the dying woman, who lay with her head turned from the door, her eyes shut in stupor.

After standing several minutes on the threshold, Enoch shuffled softly over the bare floor to the bedside, where, having wiped his spectacles, he gazed long and solicitously at the shriveled face. Then, slowly bending to the dirty, flat pillow, he said, softly:

"Ca'line."

The tight-drawn eyelids half opened.

"Ca'line, honey," repeated the old man.

The mummy-like lids stretched nervously, and quick intelligence came into the pale eyes, like the glow of coals when the ashes are blown away. The withered neck writhed on the pillow till the eyes shot a fierce look into the startled eyes of the husband.

"You come hyah?" she cried, with hoarse, strained voice. "Did n't I tole you — you come hyah I cut you' heart outen you?"

"Yes, Ca'line," he replied, when he had shuffled back to my side. "You done said dat, you suah did. But, honey, I *ain't* come back, I ain't come to stay. I jes kem, Ab'm he axed me, to see you —"

"To see me die!" she interrupted, with a crazed grin.

"O, mammy!" exclaimed Enoch, stretching his trembling hand deprecatingly. "I suah —"

"Shet you' mouth," she cried. "You kem to see Ca'line die, but you *sha'n't*. You jes' *sha'n't*. I *nebeh* die wid ole fool bag o' bones lak you 'round."

"O, Ca'line, why you ole honey —"

"Git out!" the vixen gasped. "I 'li spit fieh at you."

With a husky laughter, in whose intervals the death rattle was distinctly audible, she watched the old man hobble out on the porch, and then fell back exhausted.

Following Uncle Enoch to the yard, I tried to persuade him to go to some of the neighboring shanties, to wait until Caroline should be safely and soundly dead. But he replied:

"I lak to kindeh hang 'round hyeh, suh. Ole woman she sorteh 'xcited now I kem on he' too sudden lak."

I left him seated on the edge of the porch cracking the joints of his fingers, his eyes looking dreamily through tears toward the yellow sunset.

It was perhaps ten o'clock when I left Judge S—'s home for the hotel, declining his hospitable offers, as I wished to get a very early start homeward on the next morning. I took my way around by Enoch's home to see to his welfare.

As I drew near the shanty, I saw him standing alone under the hop vines by the side window. Hearing my step, he turned toward me, and as he came fuller into the dim light from the window I saw that he was trembling violently. His body was covered only by the gingham shirt, still damp with perspiration, which he had worn during the hot ride.

Realizing the peril to his feeble and fatigued body of this heavy chill, I compelled him to go with me to the hotel, whose proprietor I shocked by a request for a room with two beds.

"You think I'd have a nigger in one of my beds?" he asked indignantly.

"It's a warm bed or a cold grave for him, one or the other," I replied.

"Can't you take him to some of the niggers' houses?" he asked.

"I might," I answered; "but if he goes I go."

I trust that humane feeling mixed with the prudential motive which finally led him to consent to put a cot in my room. Into its feathery depths I soon had the old man laid, where, after a hot drink of brandy and quinine, he seemed to fall asleep. I was soon in deep, grateful slumber.

It was nearly morning when I awoke. I listened for Enoch's breathing. The room was silent. Going to his bed, I found it vacant. As I sleep lightly, I knew he had crept out stealthily, and with much irritation I dressed and went out to find him.

As I approached his shanty I saw Enoch at his former post by the window, his head bowed, his look intent, his lips muttering.

"—Intody han's I commen' he' spi't, he' poah spi't—" I heard before interrupting him.

"Uncle, what do you mean by—"

"Sh!" he chattered. "Ca'line heah you, Misseh Hawley."

I was so close by the window that my voice could be distinctly heard within. Fearing lest I had aroused her crazy wrath, I glanced in to the bed, which lay full in the moonlight. But Caroline gave no sign of having heard me. Her lips and eyes were partly open, but motionless.

One of the old women, noting her unconsciousness of my voice, arose and put her ear to the parted lips and then to the shriveled breast.

"You' ole woman," she said quietly, looking out toward us, "you' ole woman's dead, Enoch."

"She dead!" he repeated, shaking more violently, his strength well nigh gone.

It was with difficulty that I got him around to the door and into the house, where peace had come at last.

We stood apart from the bed while another old mammy, with an air of consciously superior qualification, applied various mysterious tests to the limp body. After several minutes she slowly raised her eyes over her spectacles, keeping her ear still close to the parted lips, saying,

"She's dead, dead as dah nail in 'e doah."

I have smiled since then at the softening of the tense lines of his face, and the long, faint sigh of relief with which Enoch followed the woman's finger to the clenched door-nail.

But with the slow lifting of the long-borne burden of fear came more heavily the burden of unfeigned sorrow. Loosening his hand from mine he moved to the bed, and sinking heavily buried his face in the pillow beside that of the dead, and wept silently save for the childish sobbing.

Then, as not before, I understood what that love is that lives not on the requital of other love, but feeds itself like the



sun, and though despised "faileth not;" without which the faith that moveth mountains is "nothing."

It was some minutes before my cooler judgment asserted itself, and made me mindful of the excessive strain on the old man's shattered powers.

But that strain had already exceeded the remnant of strength. To my words he gave no response, and when, with Abraham's help I got him into the other room of the cabin, he sank on the dirty

pallet quite unconscious.

The village doctor was at once sent for, but when he came the faithful soul had passed beyond human care.

Husband and wife were laid side by side, where they slept under one coarse shroud, until on the morrow the undertaker laid them both in one grave.

When I reached home it was to bring to Kate a personal sorrow, and to Patty her first taste of the cup of Grief.

*William H. McDougall.*

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#### A MODERN PRODIGAL.

WORSE was mine than the Prodigal's wandering  
 (He who in rioting ran to waste),  
 I who have been love's birthright squandering  
 On the dry sands of a life of haste.

He for women and wine and laughter  
 Flung the yellow adown the wind;  
 But I—I was only groping after  
 Further blindness, who now was blind.

Siren's kisses nor blood-red chalices  
 Wooed me wander, nor gave excuse;  
 Not e'en with the plea of Pleasure's fallacies  
 Argues my heart for its wasted use.

Only working—working and blundering  
 On in the treadmill of every day,  
 Proud of the slavery—never wondering  
 If *hearts* could live "in a business way."

And now too late when the skies are hardening,  
 I turn for a light that has ceased to shine.  
*He* could go home to his father's pardoning,  
*I* must stay with my husks and swine!

*Chas. F. Lummis.*

## TWO YOUTHFUL OLD BOOKS.

THE general reader finds in ancient books of great fame a fertile field of disappointment. It is a common experience, upon taking up a work that has been a landmark in the history of literature for centuries, to wonder how it acquired its reputation.

In the case of argumentative or controversial productions, whether political, religious, or social, the explanation readily suggests itself. The world has simply moved up bodily to the position of the then reformers. The heresies of today are the commonplaces of tomorrow. If the progress of right opinion rivals the glacier in sloth, it also resembles the movement of the glacier in that it bears along, without perceptible effort or strain, all things and institutions on the surface, conveying them under a new sky and into a different environment, without any realizing sense of change. The books that seemed to our fathers so revolutionary, so infidel, so diabolical, we dismiss with a smile, feeling as if the author were fighting windmills. Why is he endeavoring to prove, at such expenditure of logic, what no man in his senses would ever for a moment dispute? As an illustration, re-read Milton's *Areopagitica*, with profound reverence for the author, and commiseration for him that his earthly lot was cast in such times.

Literary productions, where the artistic purpose is the dominant one,—poems, dramas, novels,—fall into a different category. Here, usually, the bar to sympathetic enjoyment is the reader's lack of dramatic sense. Works that portray the men or lay bare the hearts of a past age, require one to put himself back in imagination into such age, and become for the nonce its citizen. It is impos-

sible, for instance, to appreciate Dante, or account for him as an overshadowing literary phenomena, until you have to an extent become Dante, and looked out through his eyes on the fourteenth century.

It is the purpose of this paper to treat of two old books, which in an exceptional manner attract the modern reader. They are widely different in character,—Boccaccio's *Decameron* and Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*. The reason for associating them is that they appeal to us with the same living interest as the latest novel or treatise.

The introduction to *The Decameron* contains a graphic description of the plague in Florence in 1348. "It has been observed also, whilst two or three priests have walked before a corpse with their crucifix, that two or three sets of porters have fallen in with them; and where they knew but of one dead body, they have buried six, eight, or more; nor were there any to follow and shed a few tears over them; for things were come to that pass that men's lives were no more regarded than the lives of so many beasts." In this condition of affairs it chanced that "Seven ladies, all in deep mourning, as most proper for that time, had been attending divine service in the church of Santa Maria Novello, where they formed the whole congregation." They conceive the idea of retiring to a suburb where they may be comparatively safe from infection, and also, by cheerful and normal living, further avert the danger of disease. Very opportunely, while their plan is forming, three young men, acquaintances of some of the ladies, enter the church. After some characteristically feminine misgivings, these gentlemen are invited to join the pro-



posed community, and accept with alacrity. In order to kill time during exile the ladies and their escorts narrate the tales which make up the Decameron. The yarn-spinning is interspersed with songs, most of them perfunctory love canzonets, trite both as to sentiment and language. It is not related whether or not Boccaccio, with the proverbially perverse self-estimate of authors, thought himself a great poet, and, incidentally, a fairly good *raconteur*. Posterity, while forgetting all about his poetry, has justly pronounced him the greatest story-teller who ever lived. His only possible rival is Scheherezade; and no juster praise could be accorded the Decameron than to call it the Arabian Nights for Grown Up Children. Without drawing upon the supernatural, and though depicting the ordinary men and women of his day, Boccaccio exercises the same enchantment upon the mature reader that Scheherezade sways over the little ones, with all the resources of Wonderland at her beck. This alone is what preserves the Decameron in perennial youth.

When we come to test it by the standards of today, we find that its merits are sterling, but elementary. It evinces three of the primevally important literary qualities, invention, or the power of plot-building, humor, and pathos. Certainly many later works have surpassed the Decameron in pathos, and not a few subsequent productions have excelled it in humor. In the power of simple invention, however, it still stands unequalled. The fact is not overlooked that Boccaccio, like Shakspere, adapted and re-told many tales that in somewhat similar forms existed before he was born. If he had not re-told them they would never have come down to us. It was just in the re-telling that the immortalizing genius came out. The writer chanced some time ago upon an edition of Boccaccio which had been condensed for the cheap market. The stories had been pruned in such a manner that noth-

ing but the narrative of bare facts remained. They constituted only a prosaic account of so many intrigues, adulteries, and murders; and nothing could be more monotonous or disgusting. But, if we turn to the real Decameron, we find that, while there is similarity, there is never sameness, and that we could never possibly mistake one novel for another. Nearly all of them deal with lovers' intrigues; and yet what infinite variety, how absolutely is each episode differentiated from all the others! This result is not due to any marked difference in the characters. They are the same throughout. There is the gay, unfaithful wife; the jealous, stupid husband; the brilliant young gallant; the incontinent, hypocritical priest; the stern parent, loving the honor of his family. These are the types recurring again and again; and rarely are any individual traits evolved to distinguish members of the same type from each other. The power of characterization, as we understand it, is a modern development. Even in such a standard work as Tom Jones there is only one real character,—Squire Weston. He, while of course a representative of a type, is also a flesh and blood man. He was comparatively easy to draw, because pronounced and animal like, with no intellectual aspirations or complex emotions. The other characters of Fielding are like those of the Decameron, mere specimens of a given class without any real personality. By the higher form of literary invention, then,—by here a bright bit of conversation, there an unusual, but not unnatural, incident, again original reflections by the author, which give complexion to acts performed by the persons represented,—a boundless variety and freshness are imparted to several scores of tales. Men of genius of all nationalities have paid the greatest possible tribute to Boccaccio's one remarkable faculty, by borrowing his novels as the foundation for later works.

Boccaccio's humor has already been mentioned. There is much humor, as well as sparkling wit, in the incidental dialogues; but as the novels are not dramatic in form, the conversational humor is not of as fine quality as that displayed in placing characters in ridiculous situations.

The young priest may be the same person in two distinct tales; but the circumstances of his separate amours are so different that one would hardly suspect his personal identity. The greatness of Boccaccio's humor is, therefore, in direct proportion to his literary invention. There is this also to be said for his humor, that, although he lived in a lewd age, he never reveled in mere obscenity. In such respect his work is in commendable contrast with that of Congreve and his contemporaries. Boccaccio's tales are often salacious in plot, incidents, and even in dialogue; but, if our moral sense is utterly ignored, at least our æsthetic sensibility is never shocked by vulgar nastiness. Boccaccio was a gentleman, and it was impossible for him to be anything else when he took up his pen. If he had lived at a later period, he could be justly condemned as a guildler of vice. As it is, he must be regarded as a faithful painter of the social life of his day, except that he probably adorned with comparative decency everything he touched. He has certainly extracted the loathsomeness from vice; and this in itself is a great service to the literary student, as well as to the general reader, who, bound by the spell of its literary and humorous inventiveness, will never lay the *Decameron* away unfinished.

Boccaccio's pathetic tales are his most widely known works at the present day. This does not by any means prove that they are the greatest of his novels, but merely shows that, being freest from broad incidents and talk, they are least objectionable. Even in the best of them, animal propensity is never quite sub-

limated into human love. The lovers are faithful to one another to the extreme of desperation. Juliet-like suicides abound. But such violent amatory demonstrations are but an additional indication of the brutish passion at the foundation of every lover's feeling. As the sweetest and most nearly pure of the pathetic episodes, should be mentioned that of Federigo and Monna Giovanna, which Longfellow has versified under the name of *The Falcon* of Sir Federigo; the story of *The Basil Pot*, which forms the basis of Keat's *Isabella*; and the narrative of the love and sad fate of the daughter of Tancred, Prince of Salerno, which has, perhaps, been most popular of all with subsequent romancers and poets. The first of these tales is as free from pruriency as anything Boccaccio ever wrote. There is even a flavor of romantic tenderness in the sacrifice of a falcon the gallant loved for a lady he loved better. In the history of both *Isabella* and Tancred's daughter, the semi-savage nature of the bereaved damsel is shown by the fact that she cherishes her dead lover's heart, which in each instance she has been able to procure. The final conversation between Tancred and his daughter also stamps the production as one of a rude era. She excuses her intrigue with her lover by a recital of motives, in which the sentimental and the frankly sensual are inextricably mixed. Nevertheless, *The Decameron* contains many hints of unselfish devotion, and some instances of conscientious loyalty in attachment, which indicate that even then better times were heralded by the clean lives of exceptional people.

The history of literature shows that the construction of imaginary commonwealths has been a much favored occupation. Human nature fortunately has always had ideals, and this species of composition offered a natural form of expression for them. Of one class of such works Plato's *Republic* is the most



famous example. He does not construct a new world as a dramatic poet writes a play. He is analytical rather than synthetic. He criticises existing affairs, and describes the different though corresponding institutions that should prevail in an ideal government. There is, however, a second group wherein much dramatic and creative power is evinced, and all the externals of the imaginary community are portrayed. Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* is the acutest and most valuable of these productions.

It was written before every nook and corner of the world had been explored, and its underlying fable, which so many subsequent authors imitated, was therefore sufficiently plausible to support the fanciful superstructure. A voyager came unexpectedly to an island hitherto undiscovered, where he was introduced to the perfect State. Sir Thomas More possessed sufficient invention to give objective existence to the community of *Utopia*. The dramatic illusion is well preserved throughout. We abandon ourselves submissively to the recital which the traveler Raphael gives of his observations, without being jarred back into prosaic actualities by any chance anachronism. Still, this is comparatively a small achievement, and moreover, there are other works that in creative ingenuity surpass the *Utopia*. Swift imagines four new worlds, physically very different from, yet analogous to, the real world. In points of mechanical inventiveness *Gulliver's Travels* excel not only the *Utopia*, but all other productions of what might be termed the quasi-dramatic school. But this concession leads naturally to the contrast between the thought and purpose of *Gulliver* and of the *Utopia*. If one writes a fable for grown-up children, the inevitable test to be applied is, not how much does the fable amuse, but how much pith is there in the *fabula docet*. On this score the palm would be without hesitation awarded to More. There is in *Gulliver* much

cynical, often acute, criticism of existing institutions. The King of Brobdingnag, for example, points out many absurdities in English life. But rarely does Swift rise above the level of the trenchant satirist. In the *Utopia*, on the other hand, we find as a rule positive suggestiveness, instead of bare condemnation. From the particular fact narrated generalizations are drawn, as valuable to the modern reader as to the author's contemporaries. There is even a keener analysis than Swift's, but free from the Dean's caustic sting. And there is always a vein of sympathetic, progressive thought, which stimulates without embittering. To sum up More's great qualities in a phrase, he was an original thinker about practical life. After the lapse of three centuries he continues to be an eminent member of that school of writers which includes Montaigne, Bacon, Chesterfield, Addison, and Curtis. A few illustrations taken at random will show the prevailing character of that thought.

"One rule observed in their council, is never to debate a thing on the same day in which it is first proposed; for that is always referred to the next meeting, so that men may not rashly, and in the heat of discourse, engage themselves too soon, which might bias them so much that, instead of consulting the good of the public, they might rather study to support their first opinions, and by a perverse and preposterous sort of shame hazard their country, rather than endanger their own reputation, or venture the being suspected to have wanted foresight in the expedients that they at first proposed."

"They wonder much to hear that gold, which in itself is so useless a thing, should be everywhere so much esteemed, that even man, for whom it was made, and by whom it has its value, should be thought of less value than this metal."

"A life of pleasure is either a real evil, and in that case we ought not to assist others in their pursuit of it, but

on the contrary, to keep them from it all we can, as from that which is most hurtful and deadly; or, if it is a good thing, so that we not only may but ought to help others to it, why then ought not a man to begin with himself?"

"Nor can they comprehend the pleasure of seeing dogs run after a hare, more than of seeing one dog run after another; for if the seeing them run is that which gives the pleasure, you have the same entertainment to the eye on both these occasions; since that is the same in both cases: but if the pleasure lies in seeing the hare killed and torn by the dogs, this ought rather to stir pity, that a weak, harmless and fearful hare should be devoured by strong, fierce and cruel dogs."

"If any man imagines that there is real happiness in these enjoyments"—*i. e.*, pleasures of the table, etc.—"he must then confess that he would be the happiest of all men if he were to lead his life in perpetual hunger, thirst, and itching, and by consequence in perpetual eating, drinking, and scratching himself; which anyone may easily see would be not only a base but a miserable state of life."

Speaking of unbelievers in the orthodox religion of the Utopians, it is narrated that

"They never raise any that hold these maxims, either to honors or offices, nor employ them in any public trust, but despise them, as men of base and sordid minds: yet they do not punish them, because they lay this down as a maxim, that a man cannot make himself believe anything he pleases; nor do they drive any to dissemble their thoughts by threatenings, so that men are not tempted to lie by disguising their opinions."

It would be difficult to find any words uttered in a past century which sound more like a voice of today than the simple phrase "*A man cannot make himself believe anything he pleases.*" The practical, if not avowed, theory of the theolo-

gians was that a man was to be held more responsible for his opinions than for his vices. If I grasp my left wrist with my right hand and strike, the blow is the act of the right hand, though the left hand comes in contact with the thing struck. By a similar process the human will was supposed to be capable of handcuffing the intellect, and making the latter act and believe as impelled. The idea that the intellect is to admit truth with the same open hospitality with which the eye takes in light, and say without coercion what colors the world wears, is something distinctively modern. The germ of our latter day thought-freedom is wrapped up in the aphorism, "*A man cannot make himself believe anything he pleases.*"

There are many things that suggest a comparison between More and Francis Bacon. They were undoubtedly the greatest abstract thinkers upon practical life in England in the sixteenth century. From such category must of course be excluded Shakspeare and other dramatic poets, the pointedness of whose reflections upon particular phases of life is due to the suggestiveness of the concrete models before them, although the same were also their own creations. Bacon and More were men of affairs; observers and students of men. Bacon also wrote an Ideal Commonwealth, the New Atlantis, which contains at least one direct allusion to the Utopia. We miss from Bacon's production the absolute impersonality, the almost machine-like judiciality, which make the Utopia read not like the utterance of a man, but as the deliverance of an oracle. Furthermore, in its reflections upon human nature, the New Atlantis is inferior to the Utopia, both as regards acuteness and profundity. The New Atlantis contains much outgrown, dogmatic theology, which does not become valuable through the fact that it is stretching out tentacles towards science. The dreams of scientific advancement were



remarkable for the day, but the actualities of our present life have far outstripped Bacon's forecast. The reader may, however, be a little startled to learn that he was far-seeing enough to advocate vivisection.

"We have also parks, and enclosures of all sorts, of beasts and birds; which we use not only for view or rareness, but likewise for dissections and trials, and thereby may take light which may be wrought upon the body of man. Wherein we find many strange effects; as continuing life in them, though divers parts, which you account vital, be perished and taken forth; resuscitating of some that seem dead in appearance, and the like. We try also all poisons and other medicines upon them, as well of chirurgery as physic."

But if in the New Atlantis Bacon had a different purpose in view, in his essays he meets More on common ground as a social observer and analyst. The thoughts about life both in Bacon's Essays and the Utopia are so crystalline in their truth that they have the appearance of having been quite obvious, *after* one has read them. Very soon, however, the realization comes that here is offered a proof of Lowell's fine assertion,

"Get but the truth once uttered, and 'tis like  
A star new-born, that drops into its place,  
And which, once circling in its placid round,  
Not all the tumult of the earth can shake."

Truth is the soul's foreordained affinity; they greet one another with the lover's query, "Where hast thou stayed so long?" The average man is accordingly prone to appropriate truth, as if he had come into part of his own, without allotting due credit to the originality of the thinker who supplied it. It seems like irony of destiny that More, such a large portion of whose voluminous writings were upon polemical subjects of transitory interest, should have contributed practically as much to the world's stock of current literature as Bacon, the

philosopher and scientist. One would be deficient in sense of proportion who contended that in the history of the growth of the human spirit Bacon is not the larger figure. Bacon, if not the father, was at least the rediscoverer of the inductive method of thought. His services to exact science at its very foundation are immeasurable. But it was of the essence of his teachings that his own works should be superseded. It was inevitable not only that new experiments should change the whole aspect of science as he knew it, but that even his theoretical principles, as to research and ratiocination, should suffer gradual modification until their original identity was lost. Our debt to him is none the smaller because most of his writings are superannuated. As well might it be argued that Political Economy owes nothing to Adam Smith. Fortunately Bacon considered the meditations upon practical life, known as his Essays, worthy of preservation. Many of them were rewritten, and added to in his later years; and these sublime distillations of common sense have preserved him as a tangible power, and saved him from fading into a mere name.

The most difficult problem of the Utopia is how to reconcile its authorship with its author. Reasoning *a priori*, the argument would be much more convincing that More could not have written the work, than any of the similar arguments advanced by the advocates of the Shakspeare-Bacon myth. We are told that "More was at heart a monk. He wore a prickly hair shirt to mortify the flesh, he scourged himself with a knotted cord, he practised the penance, and he appeals to miraculous relics as the evidence of his faith." He left abundant writings to show that he was a theological bigot; and so far from believing in thought-freedom in practice, he seems to have regarded with complacency the burning of heretics. The greatness of the Utopia consists largely in a quality

which is the very last one to be expected from such a man. It is untrammelled by prejudice of any sort, uncolored by any system of theology, unhampered by any authority. It is the product of penetrative, analytical thought turned upon practical life as with the white rays of sunlight. D'Israeli has forcibly observed that in composing the *Utopia*, More "was writing not only above his own age, but as it afterward appeared above himself."

The author of the *Amenities* offers some help in explaining the apparent contradiction between the man and his masterpiece: "The sincerity of his notions may be traced in his own simple habits, his opinions in conversation, and the tenor of his invariable life. His contempt of outward forms and personal honors, his voluntary poverty, his fearlessness of death—all these afford ample evidence that the singularity of the man himself was as remarkable as the work he produced."

These considerations would sufficiently account for the personal temperament behind the book, but it is a temperament which the most narrow minded enthusiast and the loftiest stoical philosopher might have in common. How could such clearness of mental vision be displayed by one whose other writings and practical principles show him to have been a fanatic? Lord Bacon had deplorable weaknesses. He was vain, fond of place and display, and loved to be a conspicuous object of adulation. Still, it is easy to see how his failings of character could exist side by side with his thinking faculty without vitiating it. They are superficial vices, and do not necessarily affect the source of intellectual life. But how could a man that felt anything but abhorrence for punishing people for non-conformity in opinion think the thoughts of the *Utopia*, even though he regarded them as mere speculations? Here is an instance of that duality of self within the same human consciousness which has al-

ways been a favorite theme of moralists, and with another phase of which Mr. Stevenson's celebrated romance deals.

We know that More was a constitutional jester, indulging in mirth at seasonable as well as unseasonable times. The humorous element crops out occasionally in *Utopia*. Contrary to the usual rule, it was probably a gain for it that it was written in Latin. The fact that More could not in a dead language be quite spontaneous must have tended to restrain his jocose vein. Its criticisms are often pointed with humor, but there is not enough of the comic to prevent one from taking the book seriously. Judging from the wayward fancy displayed in many polemical passages in English, it is probable that if More had used the vernacular in his greatest work, he would have lowered its dignity and detracted from its thoughtful serenity by cracking jokes. It is possible, however, that his humorous disposition affords a hint towards the solution of the psychological anomaly above considered. Beyond a doubt More had a phenomenal faculty of perception and abstract thought. But in addition to this, his love of fun must have kept his heart perpetually young, and therefore his mind ever open to new views of life. A strong sense of humor, in conjunction with other faculties, often helps materially in making its possessor judicial, by constantly correcting his prejudices. Certainly, much of its author's immortally youthful nature passed into the *Utopia*.

In one of his pithy digressions, Mr. Lowell remarks that he had long ago satisfied himself, "by a good deal of dogged reading, that every generation is sure of its own share of bores without borrowing from the past." We may even dismiss from consideration the out-and-out bores, and go further. How difficult it is to read, except from a sense of duty, or to satisfy curiosity, many of the world's acknowledged masterworks! Lack of capacity or frivolity of tempera-

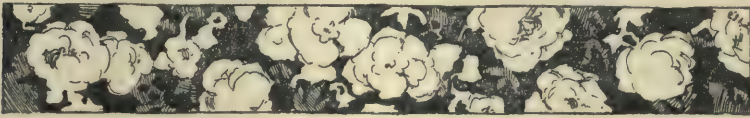


ment is by no means a fair explanation of the absence of warm appreciation of some of these books.

The books in question may have accomplished great results or charmed thousands in their day. But in all probability the present reader stands abreast or ahead of such results, or his standards of taste are utterly different from those of his grandfather. There are so many writers whose title to the niches they

occupy in the Temple of Fame we all believe it would be sacrilege to question; yet we do not wish to have their productions at our elbow, as we do the books in which we find thoughts fitted to our own needs, or sympathetically recognize our own life. But if the Decameron or the Utopia were taken from us, many of us would feel that the too narrow circle of beloved, confidential friends had been irreparably broken.

*Wilbur Larremore.*



## MARTIN.

CAST away indefinitely at some isolated frontier post, — cut off from all the variety that make life worth living, my mind, in my twilight musings, reverts to the scenes of my youth, rose-tinted by the morning sunbeams. It ceases to speculate in that mystical lore of age which sees coming events cast their shadows before, and fond memory loves to bring back the dear friends of the long ago, who, like the days in which they lived, are dead. From among the thick layers of the fast accumulating mist of years dim eidola grow into shape, and the sound of loved voices comes from afar, growing stronger and stronger as they come nearer and nearer through the corridors of time.

Tonight the western sky is lurid with the lightning's flash, and the rumbling of thunder afar off, still muffled by the distance, comes nearer and nearer. The sighs of the evening breeze have changed into howls and shrieks, as the hurricane sweeps in headlong fury over the almost boundless solitudes surrounding me, and

the strife of the elements overshadowing my meditations imparts a somber hue to my recollections.

I stand anew upon manhood's threshold, beholding through the wide-opened portals of fate the uprising of the North to accept the gage of battle, and decide on stricken fields whether our country shall remain a nation, with a destiny of promise for mankind, or become a mere agglomeration of petty sovereign states, pregnant with future woe in their antagonism. The rush of the storm is the martial tread of innumerable feet striking the ground in unison, and the cohorts of the Union, dim and spectral like an array of ghosts, defile before me, elbow to elbow and shoulder to shoulder, with colors waving, fronting with stern resolve towards the coming foe. In the lulls in the storm I hear the hum of a multitude of voices, sounding like the roar of the ocean lashed by the wind, or the sonorous notes of a powerful organ in some vast cathedral, commingling in a national anthem whose burden is the

hail of the Roman gladiator entering the arena to die: *Ave, ave, — morituri te salutant.*

Here and there, scattered through the solid phalanxes steadily advancing, I recognize the forms and faces of school chums and college classmates; and as they beckon to me with extended finger I take my place by their side in the closed-up ranks, and move forward with them,—an infinitesimal part of a mighty whole. The rumbling of the thunder becomes the roll of musketry, swelling louder and louder as the storm advances, and the lightning's bolt is the crash of batteries opening all around, tearing bloody lanes through the serried ranks as they move forward with the flag above them. The haze of the tempest is the smoke overhanging the field, and through it as it rises or settles I see the swaying to and fro, like a strong man reeling, of the long lines of battle as they advance cheering to the charge or fall back sullenly. The voices of the storm are shouts of victory and cries of despair blending in my ears, and in the steam rising from the ground as the cool rain strikes the parched earth, I smell the fumes of hot blood permeating the air. Oh! how thickly they fall all around me, the playmates of my boyhood and the friends of my youth, torn up with gaping wounds! And yet how calm and peaceful they look under the lightning's flash, with their pale faces upturned to the sky in the long swath of death—as if they had lain down to rest when their duty was done. But while they rest, others fill their places, and the task goes on to a safe ending; for across and over the long rows of the dead, lying as they fell through the storm of shot and shell, the hurrahs and the yells, sturdily borne aloft by strong hands and brave hearts, the flag still waves and moves on. From Mill Springs to Nashville, from Atlanta to the sea, on the Atlantic and the Pacific; above the clouds on Lookout's stormy brow, and in

the fever-haunted swamps of the Floridas and the lower Rio Grande, it moves victoriously onward all along the line; leaving in its wake the graves of those who died that their country might live.

Many years have already passed since then. Tended by loving hands, the green grass grows, and the flowers bloom all over the land, on the graves of friend and foe. The dead past has buried its own dead, but the voice of lamentation is not yet hushed in Ramah, and memory still weeps like Rachel over the graves.

Mine are scattered all over the far South, and the last resting place of many a dear friend and brother-in-arms has become obliterated with time. But the nooks in the sheltered vales, the sunny slopes on the hillsides, the narrow benches in the miasma-laden swamps, where we laid them to sleep their last sleep under the tall sycamores, hung with pendant moss, are as fresh in my mind now as then. And in that sleep of theirs there must be dreams in which they too remember, for they come back to me as often as I go back to them. They have not grown old like me, for they look as young as when I saw them last. Their eyes are undimmed by age, and the time has left no spiderwebs upon the dear faces. There is no mumbling in the strong young voices that once rang like clarions on the field; and the laugh whose reckless mirth made light of hardship and danger, and cheered the camp-fire at night, is as contagious as ever. The same old idiosyncrasies that were the spice, and sometimes the bane, of our lives still cling to them. Tom joins issue with me, and I crack jokes with Dick, while Harry, the jolly mischief maker, gets us all at loggerheads with one another. "Old Silurian" John fossilizes me with his geology and the long lives of toads in the old red sandstone. He sees remains of glaciers in every moraine and morass we come across, and when I am half frozen with



his north pole stories, he thaws me again with a punch on the ribs. "Regulations" Sam takes me out grand-rounding, according to the book, and when some greenhorn of a sentry, on post near some old graveyard, and half frightened to death, takes me for a ghost, and drives at me with a minie ball which carries off a lock of my hair, he blows him up for not being a better shot after all his target practice, and threatens to court-martial him for neglect of duty in not making a real ghost of me,—which the scoundrel faithfully promises to do the next time he catches me fooling at midnight among other people's tombs. "Fiery" Martin, my old staff chum, red-faced and red-headed, despite his efforts to make us believe that his hair was auburn, and that the glow on his cheeks was the rosy hue of health, still teases me with his practical jokes, in which, from the commanding general down to the drummer boy, we all came in for our share, with an impartiality worthy of admiration.

O, days of my youth, come back, O come back to me, with the dear friends of old, with Mart, dear Mart, like the Douglas, tender and true, my favorite among them all.

When the fall of Sumter fired the northern heart, and the grand rally was made around the flag, Martin and I found ourselves on the staff of an Indiana regiment, he as quartermaster and I as adjutant. We were both young, hardly out of our teens, but we thought ourselves old enough in mind and body to act according to our convictions, and render service in the field for the country under whose care we had been fostered.

After all these years my first meeting with him is still vivid to my mind.

The headquarters of the regiment, then in process of formation, had been established at Indianapolis, and I had just reported to pay my respects to the Colonel on whose staff I had been appointed, when the office door was thrown

open, and a fine, soldierly-looking, tall young man, of about my own age, with reddish hair and glowing cheeks, and a bold, decided appearance generally, rushed in impetuously with :

"Good morning, Colonel, how are you this morning, sir?"

And saluting briskly with the tips of his fingers to the visor of his cap, he threw it on a desk near at hand.

"Very well, thank you, Mr. Martin. Let me make you acquainted with your fellow staff officer, Mr. T—, the adjutant."

Mr. Martin reached over with his strong right hand in the gladsome impetuosity that appeared to be his normal state, and took hold of mine with a grip that brought tears of anguish into my eyes, for it felt as if wedged in a split log.

"How are you, old chappie—glad to see you—how's your conostrophy this fine morning?"

Before I could make any reply to this strange query, which puzzled me exceedingly, the Colonel, who noticed my embarrassment, and who could hardly keep from laughing at us two,—for I stood dancing now upon one foot and then on the other, grimacing with pain and staring open-mouthed in my astonishment at the quartermaster still torturing my hand, wondering what he meant,—interposed with the remark :

"Mr. Martin's ways, Mr. T—, are peculiarly his own as well as his vocabulary, to both of which you will doubtless become accustomed with time, if you have enough patience. He is hurting you now, but he does not mean it."

Mr. Martin abruptly ceased his pumping and squeezing, and my feet became stationary side by side, while my left hand rubbed my right, trying to bring it back to its original shape.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. T—," stammered the quartermaster exculpatingly and somewhat sheepishly, as he noticed my action and the frown on my brow,

while his ruddy face grew redder and redder in his confusion. "I forget how strong I am in my gladness at meeting a new friend. Please accept my apology and forgive me." My right hand was temporarily paralyzed and unfit for duty, but my left did its best to return him his squeeze. I liked him already.

After impressing upon our minds what he expected of us in the performance of our respective duties, the Colonel, an old officer of the regular army, added with that courteous dignity that knows no refusal—"By the way, gentlemen, I have taken the liberty of selecting your mounts, having had some experience in the cavalry before you were born. As you now belong to my military family, I hope you will accept them with my compliments and good wishes. Yours, Mr. Martin, is the bay one. You will find him hitched up to a post in the back yard. Would you oblige me by taking a look at him, and tell me how you like him?"

While Martin was away inspecting his future charges, the Colonel enumerated for my benefit and guidance some of the many peculiarities of my coadjutor, dwelling especially upon his good points, which were even more numerous than his eccentricities. He had just ended when Martin came in from his inspection with a long face.

"Why so glum looking, Mr. Quartermaster," asked the Colonel, "Does not the horse suit you?"

"As to that," replied Martin with a knowing wink at us both, "I was brought up on the old saying never to look a gift horse in the mouth, so I only saw his back. Do you expect me, Colonel, to ride him without saddle or bridle?"

While I stood dumbfounded at the fellow's matchless impudence, the Colonel, after staring haughtily at him for a moment, broke into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, during which he managed to say while catching his breath:

"Our team mules will never starve in

the field, Mr. Quartermaster, while in your charge, and I hope that you will keep the same sharp eyes over our mess. Thank you for the reminder. It will be attended to. The deficiency was an oversight, for which please pardon me. Good day, gentlemen."

And we left the dear old gentleman wiping the tears out of his dear old eyes.

"Mr. Martin," I asked, when we reached the sidewalk, "Don't you think, to say the least of it, you were a little cheeky?"

"Not at all, Mr. T—," was his answer, "we are each a saddle and bridle ahead of the game, which is quite a costly one with all the outfitting we must procure for the field. The more the old Chief gives away out of his abundant means the better pleased he is,—so that, after all, I am the one who deserves thanks, don't you see? I'll pay him back his horse, bridled and saddled, in loyalty and devotion; and I have seen enough of you to take my oath that you will do likewise. In the meantime, what do you say if we go to the theatre together tonight with the *et ceteras*? We will not have many more chances, and I'll foot the bills."

Such was my first introduction to the man who was to become the dearest friend of my life.

Organizing the regiment and getting it ready for the field kept us pretty busy for some time; Martin, who as quartermaster and commissary had to look out for the outfitting of the outer and inner man, especially so. Things were pretty well mixed, owing to the haste attendant upon the rushing of troops to the front as soon as possible, and he was kept on his feet from morning till night, running from one office to another to procure his supplies and get them together.

He did not mind the hard work, but he detested the restraints of discipline; and the punctilio of the regular army officers in charge of the different equipping bureaus,—selected for those duties



on account of their experience,—was not only ridiculous but absolutely abhorrent to him.

As he expressed it, he was unable to see why business could not be transacted in a business-like manner, without going down on all fours and salaaming like a Turk to a man because he wore an eagle instead of a bar on his shoulder straps,—forgetting that in the military hierarchy the eagle himself must look up at the star looking down upon him like a king at a cat.

General W——, a martinet of the old army, had supreme control over all military matters in the State at that time, and Martin, in the performance of his manifold duties, was brought more or less in contact with him. He was a strict disciplinarian, and when sitting at his desk in his office he was there to transact official business and nothing else. Outside he invariably held to the same rule reversed.

One day Martin, rushing to and fro in great hurry ran against him in the street.

"Ah, General, well met. You are the very man I wanted to see. Have you approved my requisition for shoes?"

"Who are you, sir," replied the General, stiffening up.

"Me? why you know me as well as I do. Quartermaster Martin,—regiment."

"Sir," angrily retorted the General, showing his teeth, "when you desire to see me on official business, call at my office, sir; and don't you ever dare again, sir, to stop me anywhere else for that purpose." And turning growling upon his heel he left Martin gazing at his fast disappearing back.

Not long after this the General happened to be in great haste about something or other, and meeting Martin in the capitol park he forgot his own rule, and buttonholed him abruptly.

"By the way, Quartermaster, what about those mules?"

Martin stared at him perplexedly as if trying to remember where he had seen

him before, and finally asked, "Who the deuce are you, anyhow?"

"Me?" thundered the General, "me? What do you mean, sir? I am General W——, and you know it."

"Ah," drawled back Martin languidly, as if exhausted by his survey of the General's face, "I recognize you now. But, begging your pardon, General, whenever you desire to see me on official business, don't stop me on the street, but call on me at my office—Number 10, Fifth avenue, Camp Morton, in the old Fair grounds. Take the street cars—pass right by the door. Good day, sir."

And raising his hat politely he turned his back upon the General, and left him looking at it like a bull at a red flag.

"You bet your life, Tom," said Martin, still chuckling over it, as he related the occurrence to me soon afterwards "that old conostrophy got my tit for his tat that time, and he won't forget it, either."

There was a difference with a distinction, however, between the General's tat and Martin's tit, and sure enough the General did not forget it, for within an hour Martin was placed in arrest for disrespect to the department commander, and it took all the influence of our old Colonel to get him out of the scrape he had got himself into, simply, as he said, for following the General's example,—forgetting once more that circumstances alter cases, and that he was the cat and not the king.

We passed the winter of '61-'62 near Bardstown, Kentucky, taking part in the field exercises of a large camp of instruction commanded by this same General W——, preparatory to the advance of the army upon Bowling Green, the great western bugbear, at that time, of the Southern Confederacy.

The reports we received from our spies in regard to the strength of its fortifications were enough to make a man run away as fast as his legs could carry him, in preference to butting his

head against them, no matter how much he loved his country. One had seen abbatis here, *cheveaux de frise* there, and masked batteries everywhere. Another described a chain of forts surrounding the place so close to one another that even the smallest cat could not get in between without leaving his tail behind him. All agreed that mines which would blow our army sky-high were as thick thereabouts as burrows in a prairie dog town; and between them all we were half frightened to death at the bare idea of having to tackle such an infernal machine.

They were loaning us trouble, however, which we were altogether too eager to borrow; for when we came to it some months afterwards, and found Beauregard's Quaker guns grinning in our faces in derision of our credulity, I was so disappointed in my ambitious dreams of winning military laurels by being made into mince meat, that I could have cried with mortification. And of all their vaunted military mines, with their galleries, and shafts, and other devilish contrivances, so scientifically described, the only one that Martin came across was an old disused, brush-covered well, into which he fell headforemost while rooting around in search of military engineering knowledge, coming within an ace of drowning in it, like a cat in a sack pitched head over heels into a muddy, slimy pond. A nice kind of death that would have been, after all our dreams of glory, for an ambitious young soldier! He did not get over it for a week, and even after that he took very little stock in the reports of spies.

I have forgotten whether General W—— was as much disappointed as we were at not getting his head knocked off his shoulders at Bowling Green, but I still remember with a shiver that he did his best at the camp of instruction near Bardstown to prepare us for the emergency. We had drills of all kinds from morning till night, and it took nearly all

our pay to keep us in shoe leather. We formed line of battle in front of our camps, to guard against surprises two hours before daylight every blessed morning, and we remained in ranks at order arms, as still as we could be, watching for a supposed enemy, who never came, until dawn became strong enough to enable us to distinguish whether a gray horse two hundred yards away was a cow or an ass. Early to bed and early to rise may make people healthy, wealthy, and wise, but if any one wishes to see how beautiful the rule is in the working, let him try it as we did on cold winter mornings, and see how he likes it, — especially when the early to bed is left out of it, and he has to burn midnight oil in order to pass a board of examination as to his qualifications to go for wool and come back shorn, — as happened more than once in our after-experience.

Not satisfied with teaching us Spartan sobriety, and how soldiers in the field should try to live like gentlemen, and get fat and grow strong on a little pork and fewer beans, General W—— compelled Martin and me to assist at a hanging, very much against our inclination, and the lesson was so deeply impressed upon our minds that I have ever since carefully avoided all others in my way. It happened in this wise:

A young soldier belonging to a Kentucky regiment, while hunting in the vicinity of the camp, shot a hog rooting in the woods. The owner of the hog, a man nearly seventy years of age, reproved him for it, saying that he was always willing to oblige the soldiers in the way of milk, and butter, and garden truck, such as he could spare from his own needs, but that he did not want his hogs shot down in that way. As he turned to go back to his house, near by, the young man shot him through the back, killing him instantly.

The soldier was arrested, tried before a general court martial, and sentenced



to be hanged. His regiment petitioned the general to have the sentence changed to shooting, saying that it would be a disgrace to them to have one of their number die such an ignominious death. General W—— was inflexible, and refused to make any change in the sentence—shooting was too good for the scoundrel! Very soon after his refusal reports began to spread among the troops that some lively times might be expected at the hanging, as the Kentucky regiment had made up their minds to have the best of the matter by shooting the murderer themselves, even if they had to do so on the scaffold. The only effect of these rumors upon the General was to strengthen his determination to give the Kentuckians a taste of regular army discipline.

When the time came for carrying the sentence into execution, he caused a scaffold to be erected on their own parade ground, in front of their camp, and directed our regiment to turn out in fighting order, with forty rounds of ball cartridge to each man, proceed to the Bardstown jail, bring the murderer to the place selected for his execution, and hang him then and there by the neck, according to law and precedent, until he was dead. When we reached the camp on our return with the prisoner, we found the whole division drawn up, closed in mass without arms, formed into a great square around and facing the scaffold, with the Kentucky regiment right in front of it.

The prisoner, supported on each side by two executioners, regularly detailed by name in special orders for the performance of a military duty, ascended the scaffold, took his place on the trap door, and while the necessary preparations were going on our regiment formed into a hollow square, with the scaffold in the center, facing outwards towards the rest of the division. All the arrangements having been completed, our old Colonel's voice rang out sharply:

“Load with ball cartridge — Load!”

The ringing metallic sound of the rammers striking against the rifle barrels in driving the bullets home and returning to their places in the gun stocks after the loading was done, came back in answer.

“Ready!”

The whole regiment, one thousand strong, cast about as one man, making a quarter face to the right, and the rifles were brought to a full cock with two sharply defined clicks.

A short pause and the voice was heard once more, not quick and haughty as in the word of execution of a military command, but solemn and mournful:

“Executioners of the law, perform your duty.”

The sound of a sharp blow with a hatchet upon wood was heard. The trap door upon which the prisoner stood gave way from under his feet, and he shot through the open trap with a sudden, jerky tightening of the rope around his throat sickening to behold. A peculiar, horrible snap, as his neck broke, a few convulsive movements of the legs drawing themselves up and down, and all was over. Justice was satisfied: the murderer had been hung in accordance with the law of the land, and not a man in the vast assemblage, hushed in solemn silence, dared to even wink, with our loaded rifles staring them in the face.

The formation of our regiment with a hollow square ready for action, enclosing the scaffold and facing away from it, had brought its line officers in firing position in rear of its double ranks, with the field officers and the staff, — Martin and myself, — back of them, and still nearer the scaffold. We stood, in fact, within a few feet of the platform, and could have touched the murderer as he swung in his death agonies underneath, after falling through the trap. Neither of us two had ever seen a hanging before, and we were interested lookers on. We wanted to see all there was in it, and we did so with a

vengeance. As the sickening snap of the breaking neck struck our ears, and the convulsive movements and tremors of the suspended body began with a gyratory motion even more horrible than the snap, I saw Martin's face grow white as chalk, and I felt myself sickening with my ears buzzing and all the world about me turning upside down. We reeled like drunken men, and had to clasp our arms around the posts supporting the platform to keep us from falling.

It so happened that the curiosity of a burly six-footer of an Irishman, in the rear rank of the line in our immediate front, got the better of his discipline; and turning his head over his left shoulder to look at the struggles of the dying man, he discovered our predicament and the white faces we were trying so hard to hide.

"Be jabbers!" he muttered loud enough for us to hear, "and it's a nice set of staff officers we have to lead us into a battle with the inemy, keeling over like school girls at a hanging! To hell with them, I say!"

Neither of us replied: we were both too sick to do so; but I saw a wicked flash in Martin's eyes, as he turned his head to take a good look at the man as if to remember him.

When the murderer was pronounced dead by the medical officers detailed for that purpose, a deep grave was dug under the platform, in which he was laid coffinless, the grave refilled on a level with the ground, and the scaffold taken apart and carted off. All the regiments in the division, ours leading, then wheeled into column of companies at the word of command, and with the bands playing a quickstep, marched over the grave before breaking off to their respective camps. But long before the last regiment had passed over it, the freshly turned up soil, packed solid with the tramp of so many feet, was fresh no longer and the grave had disappeared forever from the eyes of man.

Some time after this, when we got beyond Bowling Green and struck the retreating enemy's rear, our regiment happened to be in advance, holding the skirmish line. The firing was sharp and the bullets buzzed like swarms of bees about our ears. It was all that we could do to hold our own, and more than once the line came near breaking. The field and staff were on foot, and in the very hottest part of the fight Martin broke away from my side with a yell and made a forward dash at one of our men breaking for the rear as fast as he could go. The roar of the musketry was almost deafening, but above it I heard Martin's voice plainly, shouting at its loudest:

"Go back to your duty, you long-legged scoundrel; this is no hanging spree, but good honest fighting!"

And with the butt of his revolver whisking the man's ears, he drove him forward clear beyond our line, almost into the enemy's hands, and left him there to hold his own as best he could until our skirmishers came up with him.

"I say, Tom," he asked as he leisurely joined me again with his hands in his pockets, "do you remember that fellow? None other but our Irish friend at the hanging, and I gave him my tit for his tat. I wonder if old W—— will put me in arrest this time?"

After following General Bragg through Tennessee and Kentucky in his dash on Louisville, where we got in ahead of him by sheer hard marching, and foiled his plan of invading Indiana and Ohio, compelling him to turn back whence he came empty-handed, our regiment was switched off temporarily to Texas.

At New Orleans, while awaiting steamship transportation to Indianola, Martin, who made friends everywhere he went, had a pretty good time, as he generally did when opportunity offered, which probably accounted at that time for the rosy hue of health, as he called the glow on his cheeks, and sometimes, very much to his dismay and disgust, on



the end of his nose. But the novelty of seven colored *pousse-cafes* and ingeniously mixed cocktails and gin slings had soon worn off, especially after he began to notice in himself some unpleasant symptoms of after-conviviality, which he had once before in his life experienced.

He became quite nervous over it, and made up his mind to take the pledge of total abstinence as an excuse to enable him to decline his friends' urging; and as a staff officer I administered the oath, giving him the most iron-clad of them all. For a year and a day not a drop of intoxicating liquor could pass his lips without rendering him liable to go before a general court martial and be dismissed from the service. He kept it longer than I had expected or required, for from that time on to the last day of his life he never drank again.

The steamer that took us down the Gulf of Mexico was crowded and the officers had to sleep on shakedown, and mattresses laid side by side on the upper deck, but as it was summer and the nights warm and pleasant, we rather enjoyed it, after sleeping so much on the bare ground in our campaigning.

The first night out after leaving the Mississippi and entering the Gulf was beautiful, and we made the most of it. War songs and lively Mexican *cancions* and *arietas* rose upon the balmy evening air, under the yellow beams of a glorious harvest moon shining down brightly upon the smooth blue waves, and, as usual, Martin was the very spice of life in the party. After smoking our last cigar, the mattresses were laid upon the deck, and Martin and I occupied the same one as bedfellows, as we always were at that time. Sleep soon gathered all on board under his wing, with the exception of the soldiers and sailors on duty, and Martin with heavily drooping eyelids was gazing upward, lying on his back, at the bright constellations shining above his face, and listening dream-

ily to the regular monotonous strokes of the steamer's beam engine, and the whirl of the propelling screw, when, as he was gradually falling asleep, a ship rat on his travels ran over and across the mattresses and shakedown lying all in a row across the deck near the after rail.

"Tom!" he called, nudging me, already dozing off, with his elbow, "did you see that rat?"

"What rat?" I asked, sitting up and rubbing my eyes.

"Why, the big fellow that ran across us just now."

"Nary rat did I see," I answered, as I lay myself down once more to sleep.

It was not long before the rat on his return trip crossed over the sleepers again, and as he whisked off swiftly under Martin's nose, he sat up and gave me another punch in the ribs with his elbow.

"Tom, did you see that rat?"

"Hang the rat," I yelled back, angry at being roused out of a pleasant dream. "No, I did not."

Before long the rat, evidently endowed with an inquiring mind, or laboring under a fit of restlessness, again crossed over us.

"Tom," asked Martin once more with another punch, "did you see that rat?"

Now this time I had seen the rat well enough to swear to it, but I also saw a chance of getting even with Martin for his repeated interruptions of my sleep, and I answered, "No I did not;—there's no such thing on this deck."

"Great God!" murmured Martin horror struck, as he fell back on the mattress, "I've got them again."

"Got what again?" I asked, thoroughly awake now.

"Snakes in my boots!" moaned back Martin from under the blanket in a tone of penitent horror. "Tie me up, Tom, before I jump overboard—hang New Orleans!"

But although he had a pretty bad night of it with that guilty conscience that makes cowards of us all, and the awful

shadow of dread that hung over him, there was no need of tying him up the next morning to keep him from jumping overboard to escape from those horribly fantastic creations that are conceived in alcohol and born in "delirium tremens," especially after I assured him, — which I had some difficulty in doing, until I used the sacred official formula "on honor," — that the rat was not one of the illusory kind. His nerves soon recovered their pre-Louisiana tone, and he was all right again, but he never forgot what he considered a very narrow escape from the "jim jams."

The outcome of this episode in Martin's life surprised me very much. In those days he and I were nothing if not agnostics, and two such doubting Thomases could not have been duplicated in the Army of the Cumberland. While in Texas he became very serious, and threw away all his former doubts about religion and a hereafter, attending all religious meetings with a zeal at which I wondered.

"Martin," I asked him one day, "what has become of all your fine rhetoric about the irreconcilability of science with the Bible, of geology with theology, of nature and common sense with the blind superstition of religious systems constructed by man? and what has become of the admirable moral courage of acknowledging one's self an infidel despite all contumely? Have you given Voltaire, Rousseau and Tom Payne the go-by?"

He pondered for a moment, and answered: "I am still of the same mind concerning a frank avowal of one's honest opinions in all things, especially so in religious matters, when any good can be accomplished by so doing. I therefore announce to you, my friend, that I have exchanged 'I don't know' for I believe,' and that I have felt much better in every way since I traded off. As to the fellows you have mentioned, I have had enough of them. They have

poisoned my life ever since I began to read them. We groped in the dark together looking for a nail on which to hook our speculations. Now that I have found a peg to hang my hat on I propose to keep hold of it, even as a speculation. What would become of friendship if one had faith in his friends only so far as he can see; if he did not judge the inside which he cannot see from that which he can? But I am not good at parables. Let us look at the matter from a business standpoint. Suppose I live up to the requirements of the religion I profess, and suppose you don't profess any at all. If what mine teaches is not true, and there is nothing beyond our present life, then you and I will be even when we get across the river — well off one as the other. But suppose it is true, then I will be right side up with care, but where will you be? Don't you see that investing in religion, even as a speculation, is good business foresight?"

Now this may appear foolish and somewhat profane reasoning to many, but it was common horse sense to me, and I took a great deal of stock in it. It has paid me dividends since then.

Martin and I took part in all the battles of the Army of the Cumberland, — Perryville, Stone River, Chicamauga, Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge and all the others, — never having the chance of missing one of them. We were both wounded several times, recovering from one hard knock just in time to get another, and while others more fortunate were having all sorts of fun between the battles, we were generally laid up groaning and moaning in some vile field hospital. Such a dog-life in catching cuffs and kicks and getting ready for others had never been seen before, as Martin used to growl when down on his luck.

During the long Atlanta campaign, when for months the whistle of the bullets and the shrieks of the shells were never out of our ears, it was our fate to



be in the front line in storming Kene-saw. When the early part of a June evening came, on the last day of the enemy's holding of that important position, we had reached within two hundred yards of his last breastwork, and it became imperative for him to dislodge us or give it up and fall back. Massing in our front, he charged us thrice, being repulsed each time, leaving the narrow space between us covered with his dead. As the shades of night began to fall he gathered himself for a last effort, and maddened with rage and despair he fell upon us like the wolf on the fold. It was the only hand-to-hand fight I saw during the war, and for months afterwards it was the pandemonium of my dreams. Almost before we knew it he was in our midst, and the bayonets clashed in attack and defense. In the deepening dusk it was almost impossible to distinguish between friend and foe. All at once, emerging from the ground it seemed to me, a gigantic rebel loomed up before me and made a thrust at my breast. His bayonet, swerving, passed through the sleeve of my coat to bury itself in the heart of my orderly fighting at my side, who fell dead at my feet, breaking the bayonet in his body as he fell. Clubbing his musket, the giant sprang at me again, and my skull would have been cloven from brow to chin had not a bullet struck my right knee, causing my leg to give way, and as my body leaned over to the right the stroke glanced off the left side of my head, but the blow was still powerful enough to kill me for the time being.

When I came back to life once more, it was some time before I could realize where I was. The night, it seemed to me, had grown bitter cold. I could not open my eyes, and the skin over my face felt as if drawn tightly, almost painfully, over the cheeks. It was the blood of the wound in my head, which had coagulated over my face, sealing my eyelids and gluing my lips together so that

I could hardly breathe. I felt no acute pain, but I was unable to move as I lay on my back, and a solemn silence had succeeded the terrific sounds of the battlefield. Once since then I have been, while sick, under the influence of a powerful opiate, and I experienced precisely the same feeling. I was in a dreamy stupor, while still retaining my consciousness. A partial lethargy had overpowered my body, leaving my mind relatively free, and the senses of feeling and hearing were almost as efficient as before.

A slight dragging noise, like some one or something crawling cautiously up the hill towards me, came to my ears, and I felt a hand passing slowly over me until it reached my face, as if somebody was trying to identify me. And then, as if coming from afar, I heard a voice :

"Tom, are you alive?"

I tried to answer, but my voice would not respond to my will, and my lips remained sealed.

Then the voice came again, broken and sobbing.

"Great God! he is dead!"

And I felt an arm clasping me around the neck, and a warm cheek laid against my cold one. A pleasant feeling of warmth came gradually over my face thawing the frozen blood over my lips; and I was able to speak :

"Is that you, Mart?"

The form lying at my side gave a slight start, and the voice spoke very low in my ear :

"Yes. Speak low; the rebels are lying down in line of battle close by, behind our old breastwork; they could almost touch us. I am going to drag you by the feet down the hill out of hearing distance — ready?"

"Yes."

Martin took hold of my heels and began to pull, and at the same time a yell of anguish came from between my lips and rang through the woods; I had forgotten the bullet in my knee.

As the echoes of my cry died away in

the darkness among the trees, we heard a voice close by us saying, "There is another d—d Yank passing in his checks!" And then I must have fainted, for when my senses came back to me, I was in Martin's arms, on my way as usual to a field hospital.

After the fall of Atlanta, we drove the Confederate army under Hood, with our spurs in its flanks, as far as Lovejoy Station, when we left it to continue its retreat farther south, and returned to Atlanta to rest for a few weeks, in order to recuperate for more work to come next. At Jonesboro', between the two places, where we had a sharp little battle, Martin met with an adventure, in which, as he told me afterwards, he got two tits for one tat, and came out ahead of his favorite game.

The enemy's skirmishers in advance of his line were sheltered in "gopher" holes, extending in a straight line some twenty yards apart, and covering his whole front, — the gophers being large holes dug in the ground four or five feet deep, and large enough for seven or eight men, more or less, to stand in while firing. Our skirmishers were ordered to charge them, and Martin happening at the time to be on the skirmish line charged with them, making straight for the gopher hole in his front with half a dozen of our men. The garrison of this particular gopher consisted of a Major and about the same number of men that Martin had with him. The whole outfit surrendered at once.

The Major happened to be just such another bunch of eccentricities as Martin; the similarity between them, physically and otherwise, as we found afterwards, was close as that between two peas out of the same pod, and they became hail fellows well met, like the Dromios, at first sight of one another. After he had delivered up his sword to Martin, the firing being still heavy, and the bullets thickly flying, they all remained chatting at the bottom of the hole,

waiting for a lull in the fight, when it would be safe for them to come out and pass on to the rear.

In the meantime, just when Martin and the Major had about closed up the rear and reconstructed the whole country in the most amicable manner imaginable, the rebel line charged back and drove our skirmishers home again a great deal faster than they came; and as the last of the blue breeches skurried pell mell between the gopher holes, the Major got up, and forgetting that he and Martin had just sang a "Te Deum laudamus" over a re-united country, politely requested the return of his sword, which he got back again right away, together with Martin's own sword, as interest on the forced loan.

Poor Martin never was so dismayed in all his life before. From a conqueror he had become, so to say, a chained captive, to be held for the Major's triumph, in the twinkling of an eye,—just time enough, he told me, for the major to say boo to a goose. He had gone for wool and came back shorn — if he came back at all; all through his own fault, too, in not making sure of the Major's fleece when he should have done so and it was his to give away. But the Major was a good fellow, and as it was still unsafe to get out of the hole, they remained in it, continuing their chat the same as before, with the difference that the Major bossed the ranch and Martin, instead of host, had become guest.

All at once the pattering of the skirmishers grew into line volleys, and the whole rebel outfit came back on the run, with the Yanks after them as fast as their legs could carry them, and away they went all mixed up over the holes, with the whole Union army following in a general advance.

But Martin had no flies on him this time, for as soon as the last grayback had passed over him he jumped to his feet, grabbed hold of both swords, and "yanking" the rebels out of their hole



he marched them in double quick time to the rear, where he turned them over to the provost marshal, after recommending the Major to him as his very best friend.

Martin soon had his own peck of trouble to worry him, however, and from the quarter least expected—the rear.

Now, as I have said, he, like a true American citizen of those days, at least, did not like the trammels of strict military discipline,—although he did not deny their necessity under certain circumstances,—he absolutely despised the red-tapeism of the bureaucracy at Washington, which seemed to him not only absurd but ridiculous; dangerously so, he thought, for it always impeded the course of business that required prompt transaction in the field to keep things from getting mixed.

“Now,” said he to me one morning, while complaining about it, “look at that transportation matter of mine some months ago, in which I saved the government five hundred dollars, and prevented the loss of a lot of public stores. Instead of thanks for my action I got a rap on the knuckles by this day’s mail for overlooking some ridiculous peccadillo of no account whatever, by which, had I complied with it, Uncle Sam would have been out that much in hard cash, and any amount of valuable stores besides. Hang such a way of doing business, I say.”

“But, Martin,” I remarked, “you do not look at it in the right light. Cannot you see that your action, if approved, would establish a dangerous precedent, and that it is safer for the government to lose five hundred thousand dollars in a regular way than to save five hundred irregularly?”

“Your light, Tom,” replied Martin, “is that of an adjutant. Wait until you hold the candle as a quartermaster, and see how the shadow of that red tape fiend at Washington will darken your soul and make your life a curse.”

The system of accountability of the quartermaster’s department of the United States Army is very intricate, being composed of check upon check until these is no end to them, requiring a multiplicity of papers, many of which could easily be dispensed with for the good of the service. Even in those days, when it was much simpler than at present, I sometimes wondered how we could spare enough time from our desk duties and “*paperasses*,” as the French so aptly called them, to fight the battles of the country. In times of peace it is bad enough, but it becomes far worse in war times, when so many more important duties must be attended to. It kept Martin in a perpetual stew, for he no sooner got hold of a competent clerk from among the soldiers—for he was not allowed to engage the services of an expert civilian employé—than the fellow, contaminated by the vicinity of the commissary whisky, then kept by the government for issue to soldiers and sale to officers, would get on a howling spree, leaving all the papers half completed to take care of themselves as best they might, just at the very time they were due. If he succeeded in securing the services of a sober man, with a few of the necessary clerical qualifications required, and trained him sufficiently well to get along anyhow (I use the expression “anyhow” advisedly, for I have noticed that in the army the most inveterate drunkards are generally the best penmen when sober), the chances were ten to one that just when he got so that he could be depended upon, some untoward circumstances would occur, in which he was either gobbled up by the enemy, or his head shot off in the very next battle, and the whole thing would have to be done over again. Between drunkards and others otherwise unfortunate, Martin was always experimenting in new material, and his papers suffered accordingly. Official snubs and “State-

ments of Differences" were far more numerous than love letters in his mail.

Finally one day, his clerk having just been carried to the hospital with a bullet in his leg, received from some bush-whackers while foraging for apple-jack—as a variety from commissary whisky diet—too far away from the camp to be safe, and another snub having come in the mail—he got mad. He procured half a dozen empty nail kegs, bundled all the vouchers he happened to have on hand at the time into them, renailed the heads back again, and shipped the whole lot to the Quartermaster General at Washington, with the following letter of transmittal between the proper heading and signature :

I have the honor to transmit to the Department, by Adams' Express for greater security, all the vouchers in my possession, showing that I have properly expended in the interests of the service the public funds and stores for which I am responsible to the United States, and that I have not absconded to Canada with all or any part of them. The returns to which they pertain will be transmitted just as soon as the enemy in our immediate front will give me a chance to make them out in the manner and form and specified time required by the Department. So far, after many trials, I have found it utterly impossible to secure clerical aid that will remain long enough on my hands to complete a set of papers in accordance with your directions, without becoming either confirmed drunkards on commissary whisky, or getting crippled or killed through excess of misdirected patriotism. Reasoning from analogy in regular sequences would almost lead one to the belief that, possibly, the papers may have something to do with their untoward fate. I am informed that you have five thousand clerks, more or less, in your office, out of reach of the enemy's projectiles and the other chances of war, with more time on their hands than they know what to do with ; and if you will direct one of them to be detailed to make head and tails out of the papers forwarded herewith, you will confer a favor on your humble servant ; for it is, and ever will be, more than he is able to do, not having been brought up as an expert in Chinese puzzles. Please acknowledge receipt."

Receipt was acknowledged by the following communication ; which, however being on the wing in the field, did not reach us until some time afterwards, and

when many more vouchers had accumulated on Martin's hands.

J.B.S.	OFFICE MARK.	S.B.J.
Letter Sent Book, 186—		
No. 1,999,998.		

\* WAR DEPARTMENT, Official Business.

Quartermaster General's Office,

Washington, D. C., ..... 186 .

*First Lieutenant Martin,*

Quartermaster Reg't Indiana Veteran Volunteers.

SIR :

I am directed by the Quartermaster General to inform you that you have been reported to the Honorable the Secretary of War, for failure to return your returns of Quartermaster's funds and stores within the time specified by law, and he directs that you be ordered to report in person at Washington, in order to settle your accounts. You will report as directed, without delay, on receipt of this communication.

By order of the Quartermaster General.

(Signed) \_\_\_\_\_

Colonel and Deputy Quartermaster General.

To which Martin returned the following answer, now on file in the proper archives of the United States :

Office Mark—None.
Books—None.
Number—None.

QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE, Regiment Ind. Vet. Vols.

(A ragged old tent full of bullet holes, leaking like a sieve. In the field, on the run, somewhere in Georgia, ..... 186 .)

*The Quartermaster General, U. S. Army,*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SIR :

I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your communication, directing me to report in person at Washington, D. C., for the purpose of settling my accounts. I have always desired to visit the city of magnificent distances, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to accept your kind invitation, had you not forgotten to enclose a check to pay my traveling expenses. As the paymaster has not been in this section of the United States for over eight months, I am compelled, very much to my regret, to decline it for want of funds to travel on.

Very respectfully,

(Signed) MARTIN,

First Lieutenant, Reg. of Ind. Vet. Vols.,

Regimental Quartermaster



"There," said Martin, after sealing the letter and throwing it into the mail box, "put that in your pipe and smoke it, you old conostrophy."

But all the same, he was very much disturbed over the matter, when, in one of his bright flashes, he was struck with an idea in regard to it, which he forthwith proceeded to carry into execution.

Luck had been partial to me, and I was already a full colonel, commanding the regiment, while Martin had remained a first lieutenant on my staff. One morning, during a lull in the field operations, where I held the extreme right of the Union line, he came to my tent, and after saluting, began the unfolding of his plan, in which, — unknowingly, of course, I was to act as *particeps criminis*.

"Colonel, I should like your permission to send some of my teams to a cornfield not very far from here to our right. I am told there's lots of corn in it, and our mules are sadly in want of some. They are eating up their harness now for the want of something to chew on."

"Quartermaster," I remarked, "is it not rather dangerous in our exposed position to send out teams in that direction. My spies report it chuck full of guerillas."

"Our left and rear, sir, are as bare of forage as a sucking babe's cheek of beard. The whole country except on our right is completely cleaned out, and even that part will soon be like the rest of it. As to the spies, Colonel; you and I should know how much reliance is to be placed in their reports. Bowling Green gave us a chance to verify some of them, and we were of one mind then as far as they are concerned. The whole section for twenty miles at least is as safe as a bomb-proof, and the field is only four miles away :—So safe, in fact, I am told, that the teams will need no escort; the teamsters will be enough for all that is required."

"Well," I answered, after thinking

over the matter a moment, "if you are sure, you can risk it. Send out the teams, but warn the drivers to be careful and keep a sharp lookout."

Martin saluted, and turned upon his heel to go out of the tent, but something struck his mind just then and he came back.

"Colonel, would you mind giving me the order to send the teams out in writing? Some cavalry patrol may come across them, and they would have to show their authority to be out."

"You are getting to be very particular all at once, Martin," I replied laughing; "but it is a good fault, and if you insist on it you may tell the adjutant to issue the order and furnish you with a copy."

While the teams were being hitched, I happened to pass near the corral, and in one of the wagons I noticed several coverless boxes filled with papers, which had no business there, as the space they occupied would be required for the corn; but thinking that in all likelihood the teamsters would take them out before the teams left, I paid no further attention to the matter.

Some hours afterwards I was startled out of a short nap by a clatter of hoofs and chain harness rushing into the camp. Before I could get my feet into my boots the general sounded quick and sharp as if there was no time to lose, and on opening the flaps of my tent I beheld the regiment springing for their arms and forming into line to repulse an attack, although I could see no enemy in sight.

The staff reported, and gave me the key to the enigma. The guerillas had jumped the quartermaster's teams on their way to the cornfield, and the teamsters had barely avoided capture by cutting their animals loose and running away with them back to the camp as fast as they could, leaving the wagons as trophies in the hands of the enemy.

The loss was insignificant, but very much to my surprise, Martin, who, as a

general rule, took things as they came very coolly, was almost wild about it.

"It's of no use crying over spilt milk, Quartermaster," I said to him, "the thing is done and cannot be undone. A few wagons more or less will not ruin Uncle Sam at this stage of the game."

"Hang the wagons, Colonel," replied Martin, tearing his hair out by the roots, "they don't worry me. It's my papers that I cannot replace!"

"What papers?"

"My returns and vouchers, all ready to be mailed to the Quartermaster General. All gone, sir, originals, duplicates, triplicates, and quadruplicates, retained copies, office copies, war copies, treasury copies, and all the other infernal copies, with their beautiful red ink cross lines and their copious notes of how to do this and how not to do that. Gone, sir, to light rebel camp fires, after all the trouble I took with them. I told those stupid mule-whackers to be sure and take them out of the wagons, in which they were stowed away to keep them from getting wet, before the teams went out, but they forgot all about it, they tell me. I've a good mind to hang the scoundrels up by the thumbs, but that would not do me any good as far as my papers are concerned."

"I presume you can get over the loss somehow, and make things all right with your department, can you not? Surely some proviso has been made to cover unavoidable occurrences of this kind?"

"O, as far as that is concerned, I can take the affidavits of the teamsters as to the capture of the papers by the enemy in line of duty, and forward them to the Quartermaster General. That is the only way of straightening the matter up now. It is the authorized mode of procedure, as laid down in the army regulations and the revised statutes."

"Well," I remarked as we went back towards my office tent, "I hope you will come out of it all right, Martin, but all the same, I wish I had ordered the team-

sters to take the boxes out of the wagons when I saw them there just before they started."

"What!" shouted Martin in answer, stopping short in his tracks, and catching hold of my arm in his excitement, "did you see them, Colonel? the boxes in the wagons, and the papers in the boxes?"

"Yes, I did—just before the teams went out. I remember distinctly that I was on the point of ordering the boxes taken out of the wagons, when the thought struck me that the teamsters would probably do so before starting out."

Martin cut a pigeon wing with both feet in the air.

"How lucky for me, Colonel, that you went rooting around among those mules and drivers. Your affidavit will be worth more than those of fifty bull-whackers in the estimation of the department. I'll have it all ready for your signature, and the adjutant, as a staff officer, can administer the oath, and fix it all ship-shape. I don't care a picayune for the others now, and the 'rebs' might just as well have gobbled them up as not, as far as I am concerned."

And he got it, too, for he had me "dead to rights"; and I knew, besides, that he was honest as the day was long, and that if he lived a hundred years, even as a chief quartermaster, the government would never be the poorer for any dishonesty on his part.

And that is the way he got even with the Quartermaster General, and settled his accounts with him once for all,—for he transferred with the adjutant within a month,—without accepting his invitation to come to Washington, and enjoy the hospitality of the Secretary of War.

A murky December morning, cold and dismal, ushered in the onslaught at Nashville, the last pitched battle of the Army of the Cumberland in the war for the Union.

"Martin," I remarked to my adjutant as we rode at daylight at the head of our



regiment to take our place in the front line of battle, "this will be the last battle of the war for us, whatever Grant may still have on his hands in the Virginias. I hope, old man, that we will come out of it all right."

"No such luck, Tom," replied Martin promptly, as if he had made up his mind on the subject, "it will turn out as usual as far as we are concerned, for I feel it in my bones. While the other fellows will be drinking their Christmas eggnogs and guzzling down home-bred turkeys, you and I will probably be gritting our teeth in some wretched field hospital."

"Let us hope, Mart, that your prediction will not be verified, and that Providence will treat us kindly this time. We cannot afford to receive many more hard knocks without leaving some of our feathers on the field, and it would be too bad to lose either one or the other of our wings thus late in the day, when the thing is about over. As to the fate of the coming battle, our cause is just and God will protect the right."

"Amen!" replied Martin. "But those gray lines yonder standing so grimly under arms are probably of the same mind as to their side of the question. Thank God, this fratricidal struggle is nearly over, and in the meantime"—uncovering his head—"let us pray the Lord above to hold us in his holy keeping!"

Hood's army surrounding the city had drawn its lines so close to ours in our front that we formed for attack almost among the houses in the outskirts of the town. Martin, while in Nashville, had fallen in love with a young Tennessee lady, to whom he was engaged to be married, and it so happened that our regiment, while waiting for the word to advance, stood in line at a halt for a short time immediately in front of her home, and dismounting we both went into the house to shake hands with her before going into battle.

As I pressed her hand with a farewell

bow, intending to leave Martin alone with her during the few moments still remaining, she murmured in my ear with a pale, anxious face:

"O Colonel, take care of him, and bring him back to me."

"I will if I can, Miss Annie," I replied. "At any rate I shall, if I live, send you word how we are getting on," and I went back to my regiment.

The evening of the first day of the battle found the Union army three miles from Nashville, in possession of the enemy's positions of the morning, with Hood's army held firmly in our relentless grip. The loss of life had been heavy on both sides, and our regiment had suffered like nearly all the others, but Martin and I were still unharmed.

During the forenoon of the second day we were in line, with our men lying flat down on the ground in a large, fenceless peach orchard, then the center of the Union line, which here bulged outwards. There was a lull in the storm of attack and defense in our immediate front and vicinity, but away on the right and left the firing was heavy, as the enemy resisted the advance of our wings.

The orchard was on a level, but a hundred yards in front of us the ground sloped away to a small dry branch, and then gradually rose again to a ridge of moderate height not more than five hundred yards away. On the top of this ridge, nearly hidden by thick shrubbery and extending throughout its length, I could detect here and there among the bushes freshly turned-up sod, from behind which the evanescent bright gleam of bayonets and rifle barrels, struck by the feeble rays of the winter sun, flashed every once in a while; and, right in front of the center of my regiment the part of the breastwork in sight loomed higher than on the right and left, with gaps here and there in it looking like embrasures.

Time was beginning to hang rather heavily on our hands during our tempo-

rary inaction, while our friends were so busily engaged in other parts of the field, when our old friend General W——, then commanding our army corps, rode up and engaged me in a short conversation, during which we discussed the chances of the day. Before turning to leave for some other parts of the field, he said to me:

"This is the key of the position. As soon as the enemy's wings have been driven back to a certain point, our convex center will join in a general advance entering their concave one like a wedge in a log"; and pointing to a knoll in our rear he continued, "keep your eye on that point, and as soon as you see a white and red signal flag waving from it, charge home before you. What's in your front?"

"A line of battle sheltered behind breastworks and a battery *en lunettes*?"

The General peered anxiously forward as if trying to pierce through the bushes.

"Are you sure of it?"

"As near as I can be, sir."

He turned his horse's head to ride back towards the knoll he had pointed out to me, as the place where he would take his stand of observation, and put out his right hand.

"Good by, Colonel."

"Good by, General. Martin, keep your eye on that knoll, and watch out for the white and red flag."

From among the volleys of musketry and the boom of our guns on our right and left, cheers upon cheers came to our ears—the enemy's wings were breaking.

"There goes the flag," shouted Martin; and as both of us sprang on our horses, I gave the command for the men to rise and charge down the slope.

Just as the long line stood on their feet and sprang forward in their dash, a storm of shot and shell burst upon their center, tearing my flags to tatters and strewing the color guard right and left on the ground. I felt a blow on my

breast that made me gasp with pain and reel backwards on my saddle, as my horse bounded forward, following my gallant men charging home down the slope, across the branch, and up the hill again. Half way up the line wavered for a moment, with a volley full in their faces, but before the enemy could reload we were among them. The battery was ours, and the rebels in our front in full retreat on the run.

All that evening, far into the night, we drove them before us through the mud and the sleet towards Columbia, and only halted to rest when our strength gave out. Hood's command was no longer an army; as such it had been wiped out of existence. It had become a disorganized mob, throwing away their guns and flying away for their lives, despite the many gallant stands made here and there by heroes worthy of a better cause.

But from the time when the enemy's battery opened in full volley upon us at the beginning of our charge, I had missed Martin from my side. He had been seen by others to fall from his horse as if wounded or killed, and that was all that I could learn.

Turning over the command of my regiment to the lieutenant colonel, I went to General W——, and obtained permission to ride back to Nashville and make inquiries. All that night I rode back over the heavy, muddy pike, with the slush up to my horse's knees; sometimes half awake with my anxiety and the pain in my breast; oftener sound asleep in my weariness, dreaming horrible dreams of charges and counter-charges, of assaults and repulses, haunted by the nightmare of the horrors of the field.

Time and again I was abruptly awakened by running in the darkness against endless trains of ammunition and other supplies, hurrying to the front amid the curses of the teamsters lashing their spent animals, or by becoming mixed



up in the long columns of prisoners on their way to Nashville under guard. At daylight I reached the city, which had become a vast hospital. All the public buildings and many private dwellings, the schools, colleges, and nearly all the churches, were filled with wounded and dying men belonging to both armies.

I went from one building to another nearly all day long fruitlessly, snatching a bite here and a drink there as opportunity offered, while prosecuting my search. Towards night I met a surgeon of my acquaintance, who told me that Martin was in the hospital.

He had been mortally wounded in the abdomen by a fragment of a shell, probably the mate of the smaller one that struck me, half spent, at the same time. His acute suffering was over, the doctor said, and death would come painlessly, as it almost always did in like cases.

They had laid him upon a cot in the small room all by himself. He was on his back, with his eyes closed, his left hand under the blankets and his right extended across his breast. His face was white and wasted, as if by months of illness. To me who had known him so stalwart and strong the sight was pitiful to behold. Hushing my footsteps I advanced towards the bed and took hold of his hand.

"Mart, dear Mart, do you know me?"

I felt a slight pressure returning mine, and his eyes slowly opened, while the ghost of a glad smile came and lingered for a moment upon the wan lips.

"Tom," he murmured, "I knew you would come—to bid me farewell."

How weak and halting in its speech the dear voice had become! It was so strong, so full of glad manhood but yesterday morning!

I knelt by his side and whispered in his ear, "Mart, is there anything that you wish me to do?"

"Annie?"

"Yes, I have sent for her, and she will be here soon."

The door of the room turned back slowly and noiselessly upon its hinges, and two ladies thickly veiled, Annie and her sister, came towards the bed, where they knelt side by side with bowed heads as if in silent prayer. Then Annie rose, threw back her veil, and leaning over Martin's face kissed him on the lips, and then knelt down again with her face on the bed to smother her sobs.

"Don't cry, Annie," murmured Mart, slowly extending his hand until it rested on her bowed head. "It is God's will and I did my duty. It will only be for a short time, darling, and we shall meet once more, never to part again."

As if he had but waited for her, the last stage soon began,—peaceful and painless as the doctor had said. Far away from the larger wards where others were dying, the supreme silence of the little room was almost oppressive—it weighed over me like a pall. Suddenly the sounds of two pure, fresh, young voices rose upon the air. They came at first very faintly, with undulating, tremulous vibrations as through a thick mist of tears. Gradually their volume increased, rising higher and higher until it reached the ceiling, whence it floated all over the room, and then, gathering itself, it remained suspended like a cloud of sweet sounds above the bed of the dying man,

"Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee,  
E'en tho' it be a cross,  
That raiseth me,  
Still all my song shall be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee."

Near the end of the hymn the fast gathering film of approaching dissolution rose like a slowly lifted curtain from over Martin's eyes, and with scarcely an effort he raised himself half way out of bed. His face became transfigured as with an inner light, and he murmured "Tom, dear Tom I, see the light break-

ing from beyond the river; I know that I was right, and don't you forget it." been present to my mind. The cry of despair of the Persian poet,

And as the last word of the hymn expired upon the air, in low, soft, slowly receding cadences, he dropped slowly backwards, supported by my arm, and with a gentle sigh died with it.

"I passed through the burying-place  
Of the dead and asked,  
'Where are they?'  
And echo answered,  
'Where are they?'"

I HAVE not forgotten it, dear Mart, in all the years since then. Whether friends smiled or the world frowned, it has ever I remember also. But it comes to me with a rainbow of hope, for Martin knew, and that is enough for me.

*A. G. Tassin.*

## THE PILGRIM.

"A WAND'RING ECHO OF FORGOTTEN SONG."

I TRAVEL in wayworn shoon,  
My doublet is torn and sere;  
But hark that note  
From yon wood-bird's throat,  
O, the spring, the spring is here!

I fare in a rusty coat,  
My scrip gapes wide for cheer;  
Yet though I lack gold  
My heart is bold,  
O, the spring, the spring is here!

I dine on a moldy crust,  
With wine from the brooklet near;  
But monarchs ye  
Come envy me.  
O, the spring, the spring is here!

I've nought but this staff and scrip,  
Thus, Fortune, no frown I fear;  
Though the road be long  
In my heart is a song,—  
O, the spring, the spring is here!

*Joseph Lewis French.*



## A STUDY OF SKILLED LABOR ORGANIZATIONS. II.

THUS glancing over the general condition of the Trade Unions in some of the countries of Europe, we can turn with more interest to the Trade Unions of the United States as they exist in these modern days of machinery and invention.

The fact that modern Trade Unionism is an institution imported from abroad, may account for its condition of unrest. The difficulty of harmonizing the theories and practices which grew up with the expansion of these institutions in Europe after their disenthralment, with the opinions and influences surrounding such institutions in the United States, gave opportunity for disturbing elements to enter into the councils of the labor organizations, and restrained that conservatism which increased responsibility, such as leaders of powerful organizations are called upon to assume, ordinarily suggests. The field was an enticing one, and organizers from abroad found here what existed in a very limited degree there,—a liberty of speech, and act that was restrained only by a public opinion, slow to assert itself in antagonism with any popular class movement.

It has been already said that these harsh and unjust statutes against labor combinations were, for some time after their repeal in England, acknowledged in the United States as the common law of the land. The courts, however, soon began to recognize this inconsistency with the temper of a free people, and in every State in the Union they became obsolete, or were repealed. In 1883 in Connecticut, although the judge in the case of the workmen of the Tompsonville Carpet Factory, who were arrested for conspiracy, charged the jury that the men had no right to conspire, the jury

promptly found for the men. Nine years later, Chief Justice Shaw in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, said: "The manifest intention of the association (Journeyman Bootmakers) is to induce all those engaged in the same occupation to become members of it. *Such a purpose is not unlawful.*" This decision was the death blow to the old English law of conspiracy.

With the development of inventive genius, with the growth of manufactures, the expansion of machinery, the construction of long lines of railways, and the opening up of great mines, the demand for skilled labor attracted workmen from abroad, and in a short time it was found that those employed in and about these allied economic industries went far into the millions, (in manufacturing, mechanics, and mining, 3,837,112 in 1880), and constituted an element in the body politic, powerful, not only from its numbers, but from the intelligence and aggressive mental activity of its members, which crowded back that more numerous and more generally diffused, but less aggressive industry of the country, agriculture. It is not surprising that these industries at an early date organized for the purpose of self protection,—not an early date as compared with similar institutions abroad, but early in the home industries; for thirty-two years ago there were no labor organizations among the iron workers, and thirty-two years ago there were few iron workers to organize. The United Sons of Vulcan organized in 1858, and probably from this period may be dated the formation of those aggressive associations whose experience, wild, tumultuous, and varied, has been largely under the influence and leadership of men of foreign

birth, who had been in Trade Unions abroad. There were 1,225,787 foreigners in the industries, whose management in many instances was not tempered by familiarity with the American character.

The long and distressing civil war suspended any systematic organization of the trades, and indeed it would not have been as easy to effect such organizations before as after the war. The four years' military schooling and experience produced men ripe for the work, requiring only experienced leaders to perfect it. On the other hand, it was only after the close of the war that the country realized how colossal fortunes could grow in individual men's hands, and what a concentration of power for good or evil that meant. Then as the country settled down after the deadly conflict, that terrible energy which had sprung into existence from the circumstances of these four years had to find vent. Agriculture had absorbed all those, and more than all those, who were willing to follow its peaceful pursuits, but a vast number found a more agreeable employment in the active industries of manufacturing, of mining, and of the arts.

For a while matters went on well between the employer and the employed. The necessity for organization by the rank and file of the mechanical trades had not been seriously felt. Trade was prosperous, and skilled labor was fairly recompensed. But shortly depression in business occurred,—and in the trough of the sea the vision from the crest is lost. The employers being in the trough were short-sighted enough to order a reduction in the wages of the men as the quickest and easiest way out of it, which was repeated with results such as described in the early part of this paper.

But when the men's organizations had been effected, they had to encounter a power the extent of which could not be realized until they were brought into actual conflict with it,—that power of vast individual and corporate wealth

presented itself as a factor in the Republic for the first time. Then came the conflict between labor and capital, which were produced by natural causes, but aggravated by unwisdom and vacillation. The arrogance and fear of capital was met by the defiance and desperation of labor.

The principal functions of the trade unions in the United States seem to have been confined largely to ordering and maintaining strikes, boycotting black-listed firms, regulating wages, and persecuting offending members, and the benovolent features of nearly all the trade unions in the older communities seem to have been until quite recently entirely lacking.

It is impossible to pass lightly over the period of strikes and lockouts from 1880 to 1887 inclusive, which the government statistics treat so briefly and nonchalantly, but which was one of serious contention,—so serious that both parties seem to have for a time sunk consideration for each other and cut off all negotiations. From 1741 to 1881, a period of 140 years, the total number of recorded strikes was 1491, or an average of about 10 per annum, and these were mostly for reduction in hours of labor, that were usually from 11 to 13 hours. In the year 1886 there were 1,411 strikes.

From 1881 to 1886 inclusive, there were in all 3,904 strikes, in 22,304 shops; there were 1,323,203 workmen involved, and of these 25,788 were permanently thrown out of employment. Of the strikers 88.42 per cent were men, and 11.88 per cent were women. During the same period, there were 2,214 lockouts,—that is 2,214 shops were shut up by the proprietors, in order to settle disputes with the workmen; 175,270 hands were employed in these shops, and 13,976 were permanently thrown out of employment in their trade. Of the strikes the trade unions ordered 82.24 per cent, and of the lockouts the employers' combination ordered 79.18 per cent.



In the case of a lockout usually only one shop at a time is affected, but in a strike a large number, hence we find in the foregoing statement that ten shops were affected by strikes to one affected by lockouts.

It is interesting to follow this turbulent period and see what it means when reduced to days' work :

Of the shops closed by strikes, 13,411 suspended work an average of 23 days, equal to a suspension of one year of 964 shops, or of one shop for 964 years. Of the shops closed by order of the employers, the average lockout for 1,400 shops was 28.4 days, equal to 124 shops closed for one year each. Adding these two terms together, we have then the equivalent of 1,088 shops closed down for one year each.

The causes influencing strikes were as follows :

	PERCENTAGE.
For increase of wages.....	42.32
For reduction of hours.....	19.48
Against reduction of wages. ....	7.77
For increase of wages and reduction of hours.....	7.59
All other causes.....	22.84

The successes and failures of lockouts and strikes during the foregoing period have been fairly divided. The proprietors were successful in 25.47 per cent of the lockouts ; partly successful in 8.58 per cent ; failed in 60.48 ; unascertained in 5.47. The strikers were successful in 46.52 per cent of the strikes ; partly successful in 13.47 per cent ; failed in 39.95 ; unascertained .06 per cent. To be successful in part means to fail in part, and one-half of the percentage should be credited to success, the other half to failure : hence it will state the real fact more fairly to say that lockouts succeeded 30 times out of a hundred and failed 66 times ; and that strikes succeeded 53 times out of a hundred and failed 47 times.

The United States Commissioner of Labor estimates the losses in wages

value due to strikes and lockouts during the six years, as follows :

Loss to strikers.....	\$51,814,723
Loss to employees locked out	8,157,717
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Total loss to employees.....	\$59,972,440
Loss to the proprietors through strikes .....	\$30,701,553
Loss to the proprietors through lockouts.....	3,462,261
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Total loss to proprietors.....	\$34,163,813

Aggregating a total loss to employers and workmen of \$94,136,253, which would pay the wages of 26,149 men at \$2 per day for six years.

The loss, however, is only true in part, as the employees gained something by increase in wages and reduced losses by other employment, while the employers by reduction of output advanced prices, and obtained some remuneration from temporary investment of idle capital : but viewed in any light, the sacrifice is evident and appalling, and the questions, Could not this have been avoided? and How? come naturally to the mind. But even from the vantage of ground and time they are difficult to answer.

Mr. William Trant among other losses enumerates the following :

1829, to Spinners in Manchester, Eng.,	\$1,250,000
1833, to Builders " "	350,000
1836, to Strikers in Preston.....	286,000
1854, to " " " .....	2,100,000
1853, to " Engineers .....	215,000
1873, to " Miners in South Wales.	3,750,000
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\$7,951,000	

The number of organizations that have sprung up and died is unknown, but as over fifty prominent trade unions have existed, many of which still survive, the condition of unrest in which the working men have passed the last twenty years can be appreciated. They have been mostly national in character, and have their subordinate associations all over the country, while a few

have extended to Canada and Europe.

I have gathered from various sources the names and dates of these fifty organizations, which have had a potent influence in shaping the course of events in the industries of the country. In

1803. The New York Society of Journeymen Shipwrights was organized.

1806. House Carpenters of the City of New York.

1817. The New York Typographical Society was organized, and incorporated the following year.

1821. The Typographical Society of Albany was organized, and immediately ordered a strike against "rats."

1822. The Columbian Charitable Society of Shipwrights and Calkers of Boston and Charleston.

1831. Baltimore Typographical Union.

1833. General Trade Union of City of New York (first effort at Federation of Trades).

1834. General Trades Union of Boston and Vicinity (considered parent of Federated Trades).

1850. National Typographical Union.

1854. Hat Finishers' National Trade Association.

1855. National Protective Association of Locomotive Engineers of the United States.

1857. Miners' Organization.

1858. United Sons of Vulcan.

1859. Iron Moulders' Union of North America.

1859. Machinists' and Blacksmiths' Union of North America, incorporated by Act of Congress.

1861. American Miners' Association.

1862. Boston United Laborers' Society.

1863. Grand International Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers (Brotherhood of the Foot-Board).

1863. Garment Cutters' Association of Philadelphia (Parent of the Knights of Labor).

1863. Amalgamation of Trades Unions in San Francisco.

1863. Eight Hour League in various States.

1864. Cigar Makers' International Union.

1865. Bricklayers' and Masons' Union.

1866. Grangers.

1866. Knights of St. Crispin.

1869. Railway Conductors' Union.

1868. Workingmen's Benevolent Association (Miners).

1869. Furniture Makers' Trades Union.

1869. Eight Hour League of Boston.

1869. Knights of St. Crispin reorganized on International basis.

1869. Knights of Labor, known until 1878 as the "Five Stars" (\*\*\*\*\*).

1870. Iron and Steel Roll Hands' Union.

1870. International Workingmen's Association of Europe organized branches in United States.

1871. Miners' and Laborers' Benevolent Association. •

1872. Associated Brotherhood of Iron and Steel Rail Heaters.

1873. Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

1873. National Organization of Miners.

1876. Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, three Unions consolidated in one.

1877. Granite Cutters.

1877. Switchmen's Association.

1881. Federation of Organized Trade and Labor Unions.

1881. Carpenters and Joiners.

1883. Brotherhood of Railroad Brakemen.

1885. National Federation of Miners and Mine Laborers in States and Territories.

1886. Journeymen Bakers' National Union.

But few of these organizations included the benevolent features of benefits to sick or disabled, and it is only recently that this feature has been added. For



example the Locomotive Fireman has a benefit fund for which it has paid out nearly half a million dollars. It has also an insurance fund from which it pays \$1,500 to the family of a deceased member; and it is pleasant to add that this organization has never had a strike, but has always settled disputes by arbitration.

The Knights of St. Crispin were at one time in a very flourishing condition, boasting of over 100,000 members, but broke up about 1878. In San Francisco, the Chinese have made sad havoc among them. Perhaps it was in anticipation of this that that order contained in its constitution the following regulation, which carries one back to the guilds of the middle ages:

"No member of this order shall teach, or aid in teaching, any part or parts of boot or shoemaking unless the lodge shall give permission by a three-fourths vote of those present and voting when such permission is first asked. Provided, that this article shall not be so construed as to prevent a father from teaching his own son."

The Grangers became a very influential order, and at one time had over three-fourths of a million members: interest has since abated, and the organization is declining.

The National Labor Union, which was organized in 1866, in Baltimore, from various unions, attained wonderful and rapid growth, having in 1868 a membership of 640,000 members. It got into politics and died a natural death shortly afterwards.

The Brotherhood of Railroad Brakemen, like the Firemen, has a benefit fund, and has paid out large sums to its members. It has never had a strike, but settles its disputes by arbitrations. It expelled twenty-six members and suspended thirty others on May 24th, 1886, for striking without cause on the Union Pacific Railroad.

The International Workingmen's Association originated at the time of the Polish insurrection in 1863. Sympathy

for Poland ran very high. The workingmen of London and a delegation from Paris waited on the English Prime Minister, and asked for intercession, and they also called an indignation meeting in St. James' Hall, London, on behalf of Poland. From the conference of these delegates originated the idea of this organization; and shortly afterwards George Odger, who had been a candidate for the House of Commons, drew up a manifesto, which was translated into foreign languages, inviting a meeting of delegates, which took place in London, September, 1864. Professor Edward Spencer Beesley presided, and a code of laws and manifesto was drawn up by Karl Marx. The association had several meetings. The meeting of 1870 was to have been held in Paris, but the Franco-German War interfered. In 1872, a congress was held at the Hague, when Karl Marx withdrew, and the association became disintegrated. It has, however, shown renewed activity lately, and the idea is not by any means abandoned.

The Knights of Labor has been and probably is one of the most remarkable Industrial Organizations of modern times. It started from an organized body of garment cutters in Philadelphia, in 1863, which had a struggle for existence, and dissolved with \$89.79 in the treasury on Dec. 9th, 1869. It might have sunk into oblivion like so many of its kindred, but a decemvirate remained, and decided then and there to organize a secret society in the interest of the working men and women of the land,—certainly a bold resolution in the face of a signal failure of such recent date; but fourteen days later, at a meeting, seven of the ten affixed their names to the obligation, and brought forth this child of labor two days before Christmas. They called it the "Knights of Labor," but the name was kept secret; the public notices for meetings and of announcements merely used five stars, "\*\*\*\*\*," and it was, until 1878, gener-

ally known by the public as the Five Stars. But the fear and suspicion of the public and the clergy were so great that it was decided by the order to announce its real name and the purpose of its organization. Its statement of principles is as follows :

"1st. To make industrial and moral worth, not wealth, the true standard of individual and national greatness.

"2d. To secure for the workers the full enjoyment of the wealth they create, sufficient leisure in which to develop their intellectual, moral, and social faculties, all of the benefits, recreation, and pleasure of association—in a word, to enable them to share in the gains and honors of advancing civilization."

And then follow twenty-two demands, some of which are open to discussion, but many of which will be recognized as reasonable and just.

The growth of the organization has been wonderful. According to Doctor Ely, there were 80,000 members in 1878, and 300,000 in 1886. It has exercised a conservative influence generally, as will be noted by one of its rules, which requires that before a strike can be ordered in cases involving over twenty-five men, a two-thirds vote of all the local unions of the entire order is requisite; but with such a large membership it would be singular if some errors should not have been committed. Mr. Powderly has been at the head of this organization since 1879, and it is probably due to his ability, watchfulness, and good judgment that it has maintained its vigor and general sense of justice.

Recently the Federation of Organized Trades and Labor Unions, or the Federated Trades, as it is generally called, has been growing into prominence, and importance, and with its increasing strength a diminishing influence of the Knights of Labor is apparent. The Federated Trades proposes to bring all existing unions into harmony, and give a homogeneity to the whole system of trade

unions, based somewhat on the national idea of our Federal Government. It is extending its work rapidly, and today is the most active and pronounced organization of the kind extant. Taking advantage of the experience of preceding organizations, it promises to have a conservative and restraining influence on impatient members, and to conciliate differences between the employer and the employed. If the intention is carried into practical effect it will be a boon to all concerned. The great strength of such an organization will command attention, and, if it is judicious, respect.

The tendency of the age, probably directed by the sad experience of the past, is to avoid strikes and lockouts, with all their attendant anguish and loss, and to settle differences by conference between the parties in interest, through an executive committee elected for the purpose, and composed of the best balanced minds of the union affected. It has been found that under such conditions a strike need rarely occur, the men lose none of their dignity, and a mutual confidence and respect is evolved.

The employer, whether as an individual or a corporation, has the advantage over the workingmen; the owner of capital can let his capital rest, but he that owns only his brains and muscle cannot rest,—it is work or starve. Therefore, unions can be effective only in part, so long as they separate themselves from capital. They must provide themselves with benefit and insurance funds; without these they have neither shelter, stores, or ammunition, and are in every way at a disadvantage during a contest, and at a standstill during peace.

A trade union must have some purposes and objects beyond that of maintaining wages; otherwise, it will either expire when it succeeds, or become as oppressive as the employer, and subject itself to opprobrium. This has been too much the case in the past, and the exper-



ience has its lessons, which cannot be ignored.

No man is more interested in human progress than the intelligent mechanic. He who is fortunate enough to have a modern trade, requiring the exercise of skill and ability, is the possessor of a distinct capital, of which no one can rob him. It is not subject to the fluctuations and uncertainties of moneyed wealth, which may be stolen from a strong box. The strong box of a remunerative trade is the human brain, muscle, and will which every man in health possesses. A son can have no greater inheritance from his father than the knowledge of a skilled trade. The writer realizes this, for by his ability to exercise a skilled trade he has always been in a position of independence, although at times his pockets may have been empty; and that independence, tempered by the responsibilities of life and obligations to others, has never deserted him.

A trade, if worth anything to any man, is worth bettering. The son should grow up a better mechanic than his father; the pupil better than his teacher; this is progress. Opportunities should be given for instruction, facilities for reading, and the practical work of trade-teaching by men of experience should be extended as far as the capabilities of the trade and unselfishness will permit. I say capabilities of trade and unselfishness, because on the one hand it would not do to have every youth a blacksmith, as every other trade including blacksmithing would suffer; and on the other hand, the fear of producing too many blacksmiths has rendered blacksmiths selfish, and induced them to become monopolists and close corporations. The Knights of St. Crispin had a strict law on this point, and it hastened the death of the order. The law of demand and supply is the only law that can be enforced; but it requires, as in the case of merchandise, a close watch to ascertain the facts that influence this law. Labor Bureaus,

brought about by the demands of the trade unions, are formulating these facts as they obtain them, and materializing the law so that it can be recognized.

The provisions against accidental injury, sickness, old age, and death are essential to the peace of mind, welfare and progress of the mechanic or laborer. And a proper regard for the rights of all, employer and employed,—the recognition of the golden rule,—is equally necessary.

The history of the numerous labor organizations of the past points to the absence of the qualities just enumerated as an organic weakness. Unions rise and fall according to exigencies, having no cause for existence except such as develop during such exigency: it is natural that their existence should be ephemeral. But with the higher and nobler purposes, they will live a natural term, doing good, and having a more effective and personal influence on capital and on labor.

Thinking men—and when men have to earn the bread and butter for their families, they cannot avoid thinking—thinking men are not going on a strike except for good cause. Jervis says: "Strike is a condition of thing that rarely happens without imprudent proceedings on one side or the other." It is the thoughtless and the reckless who create the trouble: hence, the extended trade organizations are more conservative than the limited ones. The greater the number of members, and the longer the standing, the more apt are the thoughtful men to be in the position of responsibility. Add to the unions pecuniary benefits for the contingencies of life, and educational opportunities for technical improvement, and you mix cement with the sand-rope of the non-benefits associations, and the sweat of honest labor at once transforms it into a permanent, concrete mass.

The position and independence of the mechanic and laborer depend upon their

ability to agree upon certain defined principles, which have their foundation in honesty and truth, and to stand by each other in maintaining those principles, which are as old as the hills, and cannot be mistaken for the untried theories of perhaps honest but inexperienced men. It seems to me that the one institution among and above all others, that the workingmen should guard with a most jealous eye, is that of the common schools. Keep them pure, keep them plain, and above all, *keep* them. There is not a union in the land whose duty is not to watch and guard this institution, and whose safety and integrity is not allied to the common schools. The common school, honestly maintained in the interest of the common people, is the antidote to the aristocratic tendency of the weak-minded of this age; it is the regulator of the common sense of the people; common sense of common people,—that is, sense common to the people in common, such as I think I possess, and of whom I am. The common school weakens the selfishness of wealth, and through its spread of intelligence, dulls the poisoned barbs of avarice and desire for wealth for wealth's sake. The common school is a democratic institution, truly republican, and must be kept so. It is, therefore, incumbent on trades unions to see that it is so kept.

No organization can afford to be unjust to itself; but when it is unjust to others, it is unjust to itself. The good done by many men of wealth in establishing libraries, trade schools, museums and universities for the people, cannot and should not be ignored. It is a graceful acknowledgment of the source whence their wealth came, and when it is done from an unselfish motive, it is an act worthy of an American citizen. And there is evidence of such acts even in California. That it is a misfortune to have great wealth accumulate in few hands cannot be denied,—nay, more, it is not only a misfortune, it is a menace;

but the accumulation of wealth in the hands of some men may be neither a misfortune nor a menace. A community that is poor in moneyed capital, if that capital is fairly distributed, is far richer than a community where the extremes of poverty and riches exist. But trades unions are exposed to the same dangers from wealth as individuals, and are fully as apt to prostitute their purposes. The history of the guilds of the middle ages of England and Germany show this, and it is as much a menace for a trade union to become too rich, as it is for an individual. There should be a limit to the accumulation and concentration of such wealth as will tempt the avarice of members.

That labor organizations, or organizations among the people, are and have always been a fixed institution, cannot be doubted. If managed in the interest of the people it is in harmony with our other institutions, and has a right to exist, and be protected by the law. While many of the strikes have developed a wanton spirit of destruction and revenge on the part of the rougher elements of society, and a fearful loss of property and life has resulted therefrom, for which the labor associations have not been blameless, it must be borne in mind that there is ever ready a class prepared to take advantage of such opportunities, a class that has no identity or sympathy with the mechanic or laborer. This lawless and criminal class is as much feared by the working men as by the employers. The blood-letting experience of Pittsburgh and elsewhere, where the criminal element played so important a part, made many a thoughtful man doubt the usefulness of trades unions. These experiences are a warning alike to employer and employed; a warning that cannot be ignored in the presence of existing facts.

It may well be asked what have been and what will be the effects on skilled industries and manufactures in this coun-



try, of these combinations of skilled and unskilled workingmen. Have they retarded or accelerated their growth in the past? Will they retard or accelerate it in the future?

The past history of trades unions does not indicate a friendly alliance with the manufacturers, nor have they made any effort to maintain or elevate the mechanical ability of the skilled laborer, or the thrift of the unskilled laborer. The manufacturers have been equally indifferent in these respects. The industries have grown, in spite of antagonisms and indifference, by demands arising from the natural growth of the country; and the brain necessary for their development has been supplied by artisans and mechanics from abroad. Now while there is no objection to receiving that which is best from any source, the supply will be cut off sooner or later, either by failure from without or by public opinion from within. Moreover, it is not creditable to a nation of such natural resources and dignity to seek abroad for skilled mechanics. The immigration of skilled labor from Great Britain, Germany, France, and elsewhere has been useful in producing a school of mechanical industry peculiar to itself, becoming naturalized to the soil, and marked by its originality and daring. It has however performed its functions, and it is time the necessity for its continuance should cease.

Many of the trades unions have ingrafted the thrift principle in their constitution. Important as this is, it is only one step in the right direction. The perfecting of mechanical skill in every branch of trade worthy of a union must be made a duty; a systematic method of trade tuition, which will make a good workman better, the skilled more skillful, should be a vital part of the trade union's existence. We should rather be prepared to export than to import skill.

There is hope of this through the national skilled labor organizations, whose

conventions will undoubtedly consider this grave question with the seriousness due to its importance; and in them the minor points of method can be considered. In this the manufacturer can co-operate, should co-operate, and by this co-operation a conservative balance can be kept in the volume of educated labor; but the initiative and management should be taken by the great body of mechanics of the country.

Looking forward to this republic of skilled labor, we can easily see the immense impetus it will give to manufacturing in this country. The question of compensation for labor done will be better understood and more intelligently handled, and the skilled workmen through their organizations will be able to stand as arbiters between the employers and the unskilled laborers.

The skilled laborer has more at stake than the unskilled. He can fill the place of the unskilled, who cannot fill his. Strikes have always been more difficult to control with unskilled labor. It is to the educated workman, the workman educated to a trade, that both the employers and the laborers must appeal. The skilled mechanic's position has been elevated by machinery and mechanical inventions, and the number of laborers in subordination is greater than ever before. So in like manner the dependence of the manufacturer on him has increased, and thus his responsibility has become much greater. This no intelligent mechanic can fail to recognize, and if he fails to maintain the position it is his own fault.

Acknowledging this fact, the duty of the mechanic is clear: he has the organization; he has had an experience in these organizations which it is unnecessary to repeat; he knows the power of organization, for good or for evil; he has seen his pet schemes of association rise and fall, one after another, some of them born with death's mark in their face; and he probably recognizes by this time the

inherent weaknesses, selfishness, and ignorance which must be eliminated by heroic treatment, if necessary, but must be eliminated. In no organizations of modern times are there so many available elements of good as in the union of skilled trades, which is not only the harbinger but the assurance of peace and progress, natural strength, and home happiness. To assure this result the unions must broaden their sphere, and include in it benevolence and education. Without these, unions will be, as they have been, transitory.

To give permanency to such institutions, to bring out the full measure of

their usefulness, while not lessening a whit the importance of the wage question, and the bread and butter necessities, there must be included those provisions against accident, sickness, and old age that every prudent man endeavors to provide for himself; and means for educating the mechanic in the branch of skilled industry he proposes to follow. The standards of ability and skillfulness must be raised above the foreign standard, so that the mechanic can add his strength as a mechanic, as well as his privileges as a citizen, to render more homogeneous and more American this great republic.

*A. S. Hallidie.*

## CHINESE EDUCATION AND WESTERN SCIENCE.

ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF THE HONGKONG CHINESE COLLEGE OF MEDICINE.

DOCTOR CANTLIE once asked me for some Chinese characters, which he wished to put up in the rooms of your college. After thinking over the matter, four characters occurred to me, which, I think, would be very appropriate. The characters may be translated thus: "Do not misinterpret; do not forget." They are taken from our Book of Songs, where an ancient king was exhorted "not to misinterpret, not to forget, but to follow the ancient rules of his forefathers."

I do not know if you will agree with me that the characters are appropriate. I am not sure but you may think them the very reverse of appropriate. For, you will say, if we are to follow the ancient rules of our fathers, there would be no reason for such an institution as

your college. The establishment of your college is in itself an acknowledgment that some of our old rules no longer hold good. Perhaps you will go further, and say that all our old notions and ways of thinking and acting must sooner or later give way before the ideas and facts that the western people are now forcing upon our attention. At any rate, it will seem inconceivable to you how, in the presence of what you are being taught in this school, you can still be asked to hold to the fusty notions and antiquated rules of our ancestors.

Now, it must be conceded that we certainly see and hear a great deal nowadays that does seem to reach far beyond the wisdom of our fathers. Dr. Manson, in his inaugural address, asked you to



look at the results of the western arts and sciences. I must confess it is difficult to gainsay the importance of these practical results. And with the power and the splendor of these results before our eyes, it does seem hard to believe in the absolute efficacy of our ancient rules. Even our statesmen and scholars, who still hold to the wisdom of our fathers, are now beginning to experience this difficulty. Many of our practical statesmen are giving a great deal of attention to these practical results. The more our statesmen give their attention to these results, the more difficult they will find it to hold to our ancient rules; so that a time will come when even our scholars and statesmen will have to look, with the light of the new ideas, sharply to these ancient rules.

But I think it is also evident that, supposing we have to change at all, it is with the aim and method of our education that we must begin. Now if there is any one of our ancient rules which has been weighed and found wanting, it is that relating to education. It is generally believed that memory is allowed to play a great part in our system of education. Of course, in every kind of book learning you must more or less make use of the memory. But I think it ought to be more generally known, that even the test set in our competitive examinations is not one of memory. Suppose you are required to write a discourse or sermon in blank verse upon a text taken from the Bible, do you think that your memory alone would serve you? Now, the case is exactly analogous to the test set up in our examinations. What is required of the candidate is to write an essay in a certain prescribed form, upon a text taken from the sacred books. Acquaintance with these books is, of course, indispensable; but a man may be able to say the whole Classics off by heart without being able to produce a good essay. A famous French writer has said, "The style is the man,"—*le style c'est l'homme*:

that is to say, you can generally judge of a man's character and ability by the way he expresses himself. Now the evident object of our competitive examination being to find out the men of ability, the test set up is one mainly of style. The test, in fact, is a literary or rhetorical one. On the whole, however, even the course of studies necessary for passing our examinations is not at all illiberal. It comprises an acquaintance more or less with the works of poets, orators, and historians.

I am here, of course, speaking of the education of our ordinary scholars. The actual education of many of these scholars is no doubt very defective. In all competitive examinations the liability is a very easy and natural one to mistake the means for the end of education. Many of these scholars give their attention wholly to what are called the graces of style and minutiae of composition. They take to mechanical artifices in order to acquire these graces of style. There are others again, who, once they have passed the examinations, believe that they have nothing more to learn. But, after all, these faults are faults of individuals and not of the system. They are incidental to and not inherent in every system of competitive examination.

What one hears complained of, however, are not only these incidental defects. It is alleged that our very conception of the scope and aim of education is at fault. Now let us see what that conception is, and how far it is defective.

One of the first classics that we put into the hands of our students begins thus:—"The course of a higher education consists in bringing out the bright and intelligent powers of our nature; in making new men of us; and in enabling us to reach and rest upon the highest and best that we are capable of as men." I venture to say that this conception of the aim and scope of education is not such a bad one after all. At any rate, I think I can show you that it is a much

more complete and truer conception than the theories of education now current in the western countries.

The generally accepted theory of education in Europe and America, nowadays, is that it should be a useful one. The education now most in favor with the masses of the people there is that which is supposed to lead to success in life. No doubt education that is really efficient should be a useful one, and will lead to success. But when we aim at what is called a useful education, or education leading to success, are we not in danger of mixing up two totally different things? The only way to change men's ways of acting is to change their ways of thinking. What education, strictly taken, can do for us, is to change our ways of thinking. The sphere of action lies quite beyond the direct influence of education. Our classic says that what education can do is to bring out our intelligence; to transform us by changing our thoughts and aspirations. Intelligence, thoughts, and aspirations are all still within the sphere of thinking. But when we speak of success or usefulness, it is evident that we are speaking of the results of action. Now it seems to me that a great deal of the confusion in the modern theories of education has arisen from the failure to apprehend this difference.

Need I tell you what mischief can result from this misapprehension? Look, now, at the number of our young men who have returned from Europe and America. Many of these young men took wholly to what is called useful education, and neglected or gave insufficient attention to those studies that would have made them intelligent men. Instead of intelligence they aimed at usefulness. And what is the result? The result is failure and disappointment. These young men turned out to be neither intelligent nor useful. Or, to take an example from a larger scale of things: Many of our statesmen are anx-

ious to adopt foreign inventions and mechanical arts. But so far our scientific schools and factories have produced little or no result whatever. The reason is very simple. Our statesmen still fail to see that in order to adopt foreign ways of doing things, you must first adopt their ways of thinking on such things.

But you will say that if the education that aims wholly at usefulness and success is incomplete and bad, so also is education that has for its scope and aim merely intelligence and inward change of thoughts and aspirations. It will be urged that intelligent men are not always necessarily successful; intelligence alone does not insure a man's success in life. I admit that we do not see many men who profess to be intelligent living useless lives; but before we allow this objection to be valid, it would be necessary for us to consider what we mean by success and usefulness,—above all, we should define the meaning of intelligence.

We shall not probably agree as to what may be considered success or usefulness. But with regard to intelligence, our classic has given a clear and explicit definition. It defines intelligence as the power to "see and regard the clear commandments of God;" *i. e.*, to see and know the eternal laws that govern the relation of men and things. Now can you imagine a man intelligent in the sense above indicated being useless, in whatever sense you take the meaning of the word usefulness? I should think the one really useless man is the stupid man; the man void of intelligence, who cannot see, and always mis-sees the laws which govern men and things.

There are, of course, degrees of intelligence. There is the intelligence of the fox and the beaver, which can see, or rather smell, where the good things of this world are to be found, and how to get at them. Then there is the intelligence of man, which enables him to



know that it is by conforming not only his outward actions, but also his inward thoughts and aspirations, to the eternal laws which govern the relation of men and things, that he can be truly useful or successful in life. But take it in whatever sense you please, I must confess that I fail to see how intelligence can be altogether useless in this world.

So far for the scope and aim of education. But you will here naturally ask, Is it not still true, what foreigners say, that our education, however true our conception of its aim may be, is incomplete, because it does not include in it the study of what are called the sciences? If the aim of education is to bring out our intelligence, and if by intelligence we mean the power to see the eternal laws that govern the relation of things, it is evident that in order to attain the end proposed, the investigation of these laws must form a part of every complete system of education.

Now, it is laid down very clearly in our Classics that all education must begin with "the investigation of things." What is science if it is not the investigation of things? But by science, people generally mean, now-a-days, physical or natural science. You may probably have heard of the great movement that has set in for some years now in Europe and America, to introduce largely the study of the physical sciences into the schools and colleges. The movement, headed by many eminent men of the day, seemed at one time to be irresistible. Scientific colleges for workmen and other institutions of the kind, it seemed, were going to carry everything away before them. But recently the first signal of alarm has been raised in the very camp of those who first favored the movement. Sir William Armstrong, one of the great practical men in England, has, I see, lately written to protest against what he calls "the cry for useless knowledge." The movement, therefore, to give prominence to the study of the physical sci-

ences in education, does not after all seem to be irresistible.

But here in this college, the subjects of our special study are the physical or natural sciences. I will not venture to say how far these studies are adequate to bring out your intelligence and change your inward thoughts and aspirations, which, as we have seen, ought to be the real aim of all education. It would ill become me, in presence of your teachers and professors, to criticise the value of those studies which they have thought it worth their while to teach you. But I will, instead, quote the words of the great Doctor Johnson, and, under the shelter of his opinions, offer you an explanation why the study of the physical sciences has not entered into our ordinary course of education. "But the truth is," says the great Doctor, "that the knowledge of external nature, and the sciences which that knowledge requires or includes, are not the great or frequent business of the human mind. Whether we provide for action or conversation, whether we wish to be useful or pleasing, the first requisite is the religious and moral knowledge of right and wrong; the next is an acquaintance with the history of mankind, and with those examples which may be said to embody truth and prove by events the reasonableness of opinions. Prudence and justice are virtues and excellences of all times and all places; we are perpetually moralists, but we are geometers only by chance. Our intercourse with intellectual nature is necessary; our speculations upon matter are voluntary and at leisure. Physiological learning is of such rare emergence that one may know another half his life, without being able to estimate his skill in hydrostatics or astronomy; but his moral and prudential character immediately appears. Those authors, therefore, are to be read at schools that supply most axioms of prudence, most principles of moral truth, and most materials for con-

versation ; and these purposes are best served by poets, orators, and historians."

It is true that when Dr. Johnson wrote these words he had not lived to see the powerful and splendid results that have, in our day, attended the cultivation of the physical sciences. But I think you will see that he is here confining himself to the question of making the study of the physical sciences subjects of general education. Now, however, the statement is often confidently made and admitted, that we Chinese have no physical science ; that our theories with regard to external nature are all fantastical and incredible. Doctor Legge, too, sneers at the foreign educated Chinese, who venture to say that the principles of the modern sciences are to be found in our sacred books. My acquaintance with these sciences is too limited to enable me to discuss the subject with you, especially before your teachers and professors, who have made them the special objects of their study. But I think I can venture to point out to you a very important distinction with regard to the study of these sciences.

Our Classic defines science as "the investigation of things"; and by this investigation it is evident that the important thing is to inquire into the laws or principles that govern things. In order to arrive at these principles, certain preliminary processes or special studies are necessary: such, for instance, as definition, classification, direct observation, and experiment. Of these laws or principles, again, there are degrees of importance: there are, in all these sciences, a few general laws, which have been educed from principles less general in application, and which include and contain all these lesser and special laws. Now when we speak of the knowledge of physical science, we either mean the knowledge of the great general principles or laws of science, or we mean merely an acquaintance with the preliminary processes and special laws from

which those great general principles have been educed. In the latter sense it must be admitted that we Chinese have no physical science. But in the sense first indicated, can a great scholar like Doctor Legge have read and understood the I-King without seeing that such laws, for instance, as the law of the Conservation of Energy in Physics, the law of the Atomic Theory in Chemistry, and the law of Evolution in Natural History are explicitly enunciated in that book?

It is true that the symbols or terminology employed in our books of science are different from those made use of in European books. Professor Huxley has, in 'one of his addresses,' admitted that the employment of materialistic symbols and terminology in modern theories with regard to the physical universe is merely arbitrary, and for the sake of usefulness and convenience.

I have so far ventured to offer you my opinion upon the subject of physical science ; my acquaintance with the subject is, as I told you, very limited. I therefore do so with great diffidence. But I must say that I am rather glad to have this opportunity of thus publicly speaking to you before your teachers and professors. If there should be anything in what I have said that is incorrect, I shall be able to have the benefit of their correction. And now let me ask you to follow me to another aspect of the study of the physical sciences, namely, their application to the useful arts of life.

Now what have really given prominence to the study of the physical sciences in our days are admittedly the powerful and splendid practical results that have attended their application to the useful arts. I have said in the beginning of this discourse that it is not easy to gainsay the importance of these results. Indeed, it is almost impossible to imagine how the active and industrious life of

<sup>1</sup> Vide Physical Basis of Life. Address—*ad finem*.



the people in Europe and America can be carried on, if you take away these practical results from them. But, then, it seems to me that the question for us Chinese, to whom these things are not yet become indispensable, is not whether these mechanical arts are in themselves beneficial or harmful; the question we have to consider is whether the tendency of taking to these arts and of encouraging the study of the physical sciences is to us, as a race and as a nation, for good or for evil.

I am afraid if you inquire carefully into the causes that govern the rise and fall of nations, you will have to come to the conclusion that the tendency of these things is to destroy nations and races. As students of medicine, you must know that there are certain kinds of food and drugs which, when taken freely, will, for the moment, produce exhilaration of spirits, and apparently improve the health and strength of the patient. But every good practitioner knows that the final tendency and effect of these foods and drugs is to destroy life. It is, at any rate, very clear to me, from the little that I have studied of the subject, that the general cultivation of the physical sciences, with the theories of life and mechanical arts that these sciences gave rise to, contributed not a little to destroy the great ancient nations of Europe that we know. It is true that these ancient people had no railways, steamships, or electric light. But then, no one who reads their history can fail to see that they knew a great deal of the secrets of Nature, and of the powerful forces that reside in her. Take, for instance, the ancient Egyptians. From the great and wonderful monuments that they have left behind them, no one can possibly doubt that they cultivated the physical sciences, and made use of the forces of nature for their purposes of life. The most impressive monuments that they have left behind, as it were to tell the moral of their history, are the

stupendous figures which now lie half buried in the sands of the desert. I mean the Sphynxes. The Sphynx with them was the symbol of Nature. They gave out that she had the head of a beautiful woman, but the claws and talons of a wild beast. So it is with Nature. Those who are attracted by her beauty are, in the end, devoured by her. At least, the ancient Egyptians were devoured by her. From the glimpses that we have of their history, we can gather that, notwithstanding the precautions they took to keep the secrets of their sciences from the multitude, these secrets leaked out, and, in the end, destroyed that ancient race. Materialism destroyed them.

After the Egyptians came the Greeks and the Jews, both of whom derived their culture and theories of life direct from the Egyptians. The Greeks were attracted by the beauty of the face of Nature, as represented by the figure of the Sphynx, and took to courting and playing with her. In the end, the Greeks too were devoured and destroyed. Materialism and socialism, the one the outcome of the study of the physical sciences and the other of purely intellectual sciences, destroyed them.

We come now to the Jews. The history of this wonderful ancient people should be most interesting to us Chinese, and is in every way full of lessons for us: especially so at this present moment. Like us, the Jews did not encourage among themselves the cultivation of the physical sciences, or even of the purely intellectual sciences. Moses, the founder of their race as a nation, who was educated by the Egyptians, saw enough of the life of his adopted country to come to the conclusion that the tendency of these sciences was to destroy nations. He saw the claws and talons of the Sphynx. He made covenants or rules for them, from which they were never to depart. Like us, the Jews came to be very proud that they had these ancient rules. They were also

very exclusive, and considered themselves the chosen people of God. Even nearly at the end of their career as a nation, they still pointed to the Romans, who were then in actual occupation of their country, and said: "This people is accursed, because they know not the law."

Now the Jews, who had no science, also perished, like the Egyptians and the Greeks who had. It will therefore be argued that the failure to cultivate the physical sciences is also a cause of the ruin of nations. But I think if you carefully study the history of this wonderful people, you cannot possibly come to that conclusion: Many times in their career as a nation, the Jewish people came in contact with strong races, who had physical sciences, and material resources which these sciences furnished. They did suffer greatly in their conflict with these races. They were conquered and sometimes led away as captives. But the reason of all their suffering and disasters was not because they had no sciences and material resources, which their enemies had. The reason, their prophets told them again and again, was because they departed from their ancient rules or covenants and hankered after the material resources of their neighbors. "Let no man beguile you with vain words," said St. Paul, the last of their prophets or great men, to them: "it is because of these things that the wrath of God hath come upon the children of disobedience." Now "these things" did not mean the want of the physical sciences, or the failure to cultivate the mechanical arts; "these things" were "the deceiving lusts," greed and vanity, which attend the cultivation of the sciences. As I have said, the Jewish people finally perished, but not for want of the sciences and the mechanical arts. If anything at all, I should say they latterly failed to properly interpret their ancient covenants and rules. Leaving "the clear commandments of God,"

they followed their own vain misinterpretation of these rules. Dissatisfied with the vain misinterpretation, the masses of the people took to hankering after the splendid and luxurious life of the Romans, and so perished this wonderful ancient people.

But I think I have said enough to indicate to you why I think that the tendency of the cultivation of the physical sciences and the mechanical arts is to destroy nations. I will therefore spend only a few words upon the Romans. If I had said that the history of the Jewish people offers many points of analogy to the position in which we Chinese find ourselves at the present day, I should say that the character of the Roman people and of their civilization resembles us still more. The Romans were a serious, grave, and reasonable people. The Jews were serious, but vehement, and very seldom reasonable. Now the one science that the Romans gave themselves up to in common with us Chinese is the science of governing men. "Remember to govern the people with the imperial rules," sang one of their poets. The Romans did not go in for cultivating the physical sciences and mechanical arts, until latterly they came under the influence of the Greek culture. The causes that led to the fall of the Roman Empire are very complicated, and I cannot very well enter into them at this place. It is sufficient to say that it was this Greek culture, with its physical sciences, that ruined the fine character of the Roman people. For the Greeks, as we have seen, had and cultivated the sciences, which they derived from the ancient Egyptians.

It is, in fact, to the Greeks that the sciences of the present day owe their parentage. It is very interesting to trace the appearance of the sciences in modern Europe. After the fall of the Roman Empire, the people of Europe became thoroughly disgusted with the splendid Greek culture, with its sciences. The



wild Germanic races of the North, with their savage but serious moral character and corresponding modes of life, had long suffered the inroad not only of the Roman arms, but also of the corruption of the Greek culture through the Roman arms. Julius Cæsar has noted in his book on the Gallic Wars, that the tribes of the Germans who lived farthest from the Roman provinces were most distinguished for valor and simplicity of life, because they were not accessible to the Roman merchants. At last the Germanic races had either to allow themselves to be gradually corrupted and destroyed, or to march into Rome and break up that sink of abominations called the Roman Empire. In fact, they took the latter course, and we all know the result. The savage Germanic races, although now they had become masters of Europe, had no culture of their own to guide the destiny of the world which they had conquered. They would not accept the Greek culture, with all its corruption, which the Romans had bequeathed to them together with the empire of the world. It was then that the Hebrew culture, free from the corrupting tendencies of the sciences, was offered to them in the form of the Christian religion. We can imagine how eagerly and with what thankfulness these wild races of Northern Europe embraced this new culture. Thus the whole of Europe lay under the influence of the Hebrew culture throughout all the middle ages. But after many centuries the last remnant of the people of the Roman Empire who were left in Italy began to wake up again. This happened during the period known in history as the period of the Renaissance. The Italians were the first to search for and eagerly read the Greek books. In Italy this revival of the Greek culture manifested itself in the cultivation of the fine arts. But the Greek culture did not confine its revival to Italy, but spread to all the countries of Europe.

At last a man appeared in France who may be regarded as the founder of modern science and scientific thinking. The name of this Frenchman is René Descartes. Under the influence of the new atmosphere that had been wafted from Italy into France, he was unable to accept the theories of the old, and yet unwilling to receive the theories of the new culture. At last he determined to find it out all by himself. When he died he had in fact found out a great deal. It is now acknowledged by Professor Huxley and others that the germs of all the scientific theories of the present day are to be found in the works that Descartes has left behind him.

Now if France has the honor of producing the founder of modern science and scientific thinking, England may claim for her son the man who first showed the world what power and profit could be got from the application of the physical sciences. France may well be proud of her son. But I am not at all sure that England can be equally proud of having given birth to Lord Bacon. Bacon was, no doubt, a great man; for he had a clear and capacious intellect. But he was also a very mean man. He saw and taught that knowledge was power. What makes him, however, an important man in history is the fact that he also taught that the knowledge of the physical sciences could be turned to great power and profit. But this mean theory of life did not advantage him. You remember the symbol of the ancient Egyptians, the Sphynx. Lord Bacon thought he could overreach the Sphynx. But she had, in the end, her vengeance taken upon him. For he died a disgraced man, and is now known to posterity as "the greatest and meanest of mankind."

Here, I think, it is appropriate to point out to you how the danger is to be accounted for that always attends the study of the physical sciences. I have in the above rather long sketch tried to

show you that the pursuit of these studies *did* destroy nations and races. You will now naturally ask how and why does it tend to destroy. The question is not an easy one to answer. But I will try my best to answer it.

There is such a great power residing in the forces of nature, and he who possesses the knowledge of the natural sciences has the key to this great power. He can, of course, make use of it for good or for evil. But man, with his strong passions and desires in him, is such a weak creature that, if he is once in possession of the key to the power that resides in the forces of nature, the chances are very small that his judgment will guide him to make good use of the power, against the chances that his passions and desires will impel him to profit himself incontinently or injure others. In either case, whether he advantages himself unfairly or injures others unjustly, the Sphinx is equally inexorable with her eternal law of compensation. Now, if this is the case with single individuals, how much more so is it with nations composed of masses of men. Therefore, our sacred book of science says: "The wise holy men of old gave not sharp-edged tools to the multitude." Confucius also says that "a wise man honors the forces of nature, but keeps them far away from him."

Now in view of the railway and other schemes which are now agitating the minds of our statesmen, this question of the study of the physical sciences is of such immense importance that I have been obliged to enter into it at considerable length. The question of education is of course intimately connected with it, and therefore equally important.

If I have succeeded in making out a *prima facie* case that our ancient rules with regard to these questions need not fear but even require the light of the new ideas and facts from Europe to bring out their significance, you will see how useful such an institution as your college might be. I have told you that the Jewish people perished because they misinterpreted their ancient rules. But, with the new light which you will be able to bring to bear upon our old rules, the chances of our scholars misinterpreting will be much reduced. I have therefore in the beginning of this discourse chosen the motto for your college from our sacred book: "Do not misinterpret, do not forget—but follow the ancient rules of our fore-fathers."

The late Mr. Matthew Arnold, speaking of his countrymen, the great and industrious English people, said: "Unless we are transformed, we cannot stand as a nation, and without light we cannot be transformed." Now our classic tells us exactly the same thing, that in education we are to seek to bring out our intelligence, or to get light: and by means of our intelligence or light we are to be transformed by changing our inward thoughts and aspirations. The transforming or renewal should take place every day, and from day to day, until we are made perfect, and rest upon the best that we are capable of; then we are to transform or renew the people around us. If we Chinese, each of us, try our best to do this, and succeed in doing it, then, in the words of our classic: "Although we Chinese are an ancient people, yet our heaven-sent mission to be the great nation upon the earth will be renewed."

Kaw Hong Ben, M. A., (Edin).





## MAS-COL-LO, THE MIGHTY MEDICINE MAN.

THE sweat-house was crowded to its utmost capacity, and yet there was not room for all. On the shelf just above the door, used for storing away the paraphernalia of the dancers, was seated a row of small boys, their feet hanging down in close proximity to the heads of those standing around the low entrance. Even their youthful countenances were aglow with excitement, and their dusky skins shone in the firelight, as the perspiration stood out in big drops on their faces. All eyes were fixed on the dancers occupying the center of the open space round the fire.

Just now the men are dancing. One has just leaped over the fire and landed lightly on one foot, without even scorching the fringe of his feather dress. How the plumes of the eagle, adorning his head, quiver! He holds gracefully in both hands a scepter-like wand, ornamented at the end with a bunch of feathers. This he moves up and down before him, slowly at first, then faster, faster, faster, till again overcome with his excitement he executes a series of wild leaps in the air, and rushes through the crowd, out of the small door, into the open air, followed by a crowd of admiring friends.

But he did not stop in his mad career till, after a run of half a mile or so, he reached the foot of "Medicine Hill." He began slowly to ascend its rugged sides, panting for breath, and grasping at the low manzanita bushes to aid him. His followers bated some distance behind, and finally turned back to the sweat-house, where the other dancers were still in full action.

His absence was not commented on, indeed, seemed scarcely to be noticed. But—stay! Over there in that dark

corner rises an Indian maiden. She looks anxiously at the performers, then through the crowd of returned lookers-on, and not seeing Mas-col-lo she silently slips through the brush forming the sides of the sweat-house, out into the night.

She gazed around her a moment, then following the foot tracks slowly, went toward the large mass of earth and rocks standing out into the valley, called by the Indians "Medicine Hill." She stopped at the foot of the hill, and listened intently a second. As the words of a low song reached her ear she turned to the left, and climbed rapidly to the top of the hill.

Yes, there he was. He sat on the edge of an immense rock crowning the summit and overlooking the swiftly flowing river.

As he wildly threw his arms round his head, she shuddered with fright; then running to his side she tightly clasped him in her arms.

He started, then rudely pushed her away.

"What do you want, girl?"

"Ah—gi, well—now—ah—ah, my friend, I want but *you*! Only you, *well—now—ah!*"

"Let me alone! Disturb me not! Un-koi-to—The Savior has called me."

"You do not love me longer? *Hin?* Is it so?"

She stepped back a pace or two, and raised her pale face to the stars.

"In *Hep-pin-ning-nov-wa*—in heaven—you will love me then!" and just as her foot touched the edge of the rock, he caught her in his arms, and held her clasped close to his bosom.

"A-mat-tho-do! A-mat-tho-do, gow-ee-a!—I love you! I love you, little one!"

But her eyes were closed. The violence of her emotions in her Indian nature had taken away her senses, and she lay like one dead in his strong arms.

"And it was for this I came! For this I left the dance! Un-koi-to called me. He must be waiting. I feel that He means me to be a mighty medicine man, but, *gow-ee-a-mart-tha* — you must not be here. No eye is allowed to look upon the sacred rite. And a *mart-tha* — woman. Always is *mart-tha* unclean, and one is not admitted even to the sacred dance, except under certain conditions. Un-koi-to help me! Thou didst leave the message to love one another, when thou didst ascend to thy home in the blue sky, and following thy command I have loved this woman tenderly and truly and purely, as Indians seldom love. But, my father, Bah-shin, — the wise, — taught me from his own lips the wisdom given to him from thyself, and I know that to love the Great Spirit as he requires, my life must be pure, my heart true.

"O Un-koi-to! I have waited many years for this message. Tonight it came. I heard thy voice as the rushing of many waters. 'Kom-ma — come! Kom-ma! G-wee, kom-ma — quickly come!' And I came. I followed the noise of the mighty waters. I come! I wait!

"But — *gow-ee-a-mart-tha*! Un-koi-to, I love her! And shall I leave her to perish on this hill, and seek thy presence elsewhere, or shall she go? And whither?"

The night wind moaned in reply as it swept through the branches of the tall pines. The river rushed on swiftly and silently. Overhead, the *sic-ka-na* hooted to his mate. The sound seemed to rouse the senseless maiden, and she slowly opened her eyes upon the weird scene.

North, south, east, and west, as she lay looking upwards were the countless stars. No sound now broke upon the

stillness of the night, save occasionally from the sweat-house far away came a shout of applause as some daring dancer excited admiration by his athletic feats.

"Mas-col-lo," she whispered, "I will go home!"

He did not answer. His eyes were fixed on a large object seen to be moving slowly through the brush towards them.

She looked in the same direction and started to her feet in terror. "*Kom-ma-kom-ma!*" she cried, leaping down the side of the mountain like a deer flying from its pursuers.

Mas-col-lo stirred not, but held the eye of the animal with his own for a few moments. Then breaking the spell, the puma sprang at him. He jumped quickly to one side, but not before one claw scratched a deep cut in his face.

Panting with rage at the sight of the blood, the animal turned and leaped at him again. But the Indian was ready for him. Holding his long, dagger-like knife, which he had worn in a belt during the dance, in one hand, with the other he grasped a tree near him. Down on the knife came the puma, burying the blade deep in its own flesh.

Its heavy weight bore Mas-col-lo to the ground in spite of his support. The slender tree trunk snapped, and man, beast, and tree lay in an inglorious heap.

The red blood of the puma flowed over Mas-col-lo's face and almost strangled him. Both arms were pinned to the ground. Across his feet lay the small tree. Gasping for breath, he made an effort to throw off the heavy body but in vain. It had not moved since it fell, stabbed to the heart. A glorious death truly, since the hand that gave the fatal blow would soon too be stiff in death.

Mas-col-lo summoned his remaining strength, and called out in agonizing tones, "*Kom-ma! g-wee kom-ma!*"

Shu-na paused in her headlong flight, and listened.

"Ah! how like Mas-col-lo's voice!



But he is far away now! O my love, I did not think thou wouldst have forgotten me so soon. Our way might have been together. But Un-koi-to will save thee. I heard all thy words, and would have left thee, even had not the wild beast come. Un-koi-to, save him! Ah! — again — how like his voice!”

She stood still. The wind swept by, and bore to her ears the words, “Shu-na! Kom-ma!”

Without hesitation she rapidly retraced her steps. Floating downward on the breath of the evening wind the cry came again. It was the last conscious breath of Mas-col-lo. He lay white and still on the grass.

Shu-na sprang to his side, regardless of the beast, which she thought had just then sprung upon him. Not seeing that it was dead, she gazed at the blood on Mas-col-lo's face, and seizing a little dagger concealed in her bosom, she thrust it first into the puma, then drawing it out, into her own heart the cruel blade sank deep.

She threw herself on the ground by Mas-col-lo's side; her face lay close to his, and one arm was thrown over him. No kiss, no caress, no wild words of self-reproach, escaped her lips. According to her Indian nature, she believed words were useless. She expiated her mistake, her sin, in leaving him by her own life, with no thought of regret. Life to her was not living if he were dead.

Thus they found them. He was not yet dead, but faint and weak, and there was scarcely life enough to give any hope of recovery. But nature triumphed, and he lived.

Many months afterwards, Mas-col-lo heard again the sacred call. It was at the annual burning of baskets, food, and blankets for the dead, and he had just thrown a long string of beads into the fire, singing the doleful “mourning song,” when again came the rushing of waters in his ears, and again Un-koi-to called :

“Kom-ma! Kom-ma! G-wee Kom-ma!”

Leaving all, he sped out again into the night, impelled by some mystic force; he again sought Medicine Hill. Half way up he was thrown to the ground. Mighty hands held him by the throat, a mighty voice whispered in his ears: “I have chosen thee to be my representative, Mas-col-lo, the great medicine man. Heal my people. Tell them of Un-koi-to, the Savior. Tell them to leave their wicked ways, and return to the customs of their forefathers. Un-koi-to will come again, and woe be unto the Indian who is not ready. To all, I say, watch! Be ready! Do not fear, Mas-col-lo. They will ridicule thee. They will not receive thee. But thou shalt live till they have believed.”

The blood gushed from Mas-col-lo's mouth and nose. He lay like one dead for many hours, after the manner of medicine men when receiving the “message” from the Great Spirit. But some thing more came to him. The words: “*Thou shalt live till they have believed.*”

He returned to his people. Throughout the land spread the news, and all came to consult this great medicine man, whose remedies never failed. He lived alone, and many days were spent in the hills gathering herbs and roots for his “medicine.”

Gradually he became deaf—almost blind. His gray hair is long and shaggy like a lion's mane, but there is a strength that time has not stolen from him. Go to Round Valley, ask for the oldest Indian, and Mas-col-lo stands before you. Ask his age, and in plain English he answers:

“Fifteen hundred years.”

We smile and pass on, but Mas-col-lo also smiles at our incredulity. He says his days are numbered now. The Indians *are* believing in the Savior that is to come again; but instead of Un-koi-to, they call him “Jesus Christ, the white man's God.”

*Jean Claude Carlyle.*

## CAMP AND TRAVEL IN COLORADO.

THE sun rose frostily on the last day of 1869, and found us, nomadic frontierswomen, fully equipped for resuming our travels, after a five months' halt. This was the way it came about :

Since July our tent had wandered westward, a step at a time, along the advancing line of rails, from Phil Sheridan, Kansas, to a point near Kit Carson. It had not been as rough an experience as we had had earlier, during the building of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific roads; but we had not failed of profit. Our moving restaurant and store had gathered us in a good many greenbacks, at half of the dollar asked for meals on the Union Pacific, while our mules had worked steadily on grade-scrapers, each span bringing us two and a half dollars clear gain daily, after paying our drivers, who boarded at the camp's cook-tent.

The contractors were pushing their labors economically, and just before Christmas time work on the road was suddenly suspended. No explanation was given of the action, which had taken all unawares. The people — mostly laboring men — who were gathered into the camps strung along over that unsettled country, were compelled at once to emigrate to inhabited quarters 'of the globe. There was a general scattering in the next day or two. Everyone first went eastward to Phil Sheridan to close out accounts; but the majority turned westward again to Denver.

The deserted camp had neither profit nor safety for us two women. Indeed, we dared scarcely keep either our eyes or our hands off our animals, in fear that some of the many men so suddenly dropped afoot on the desert might yet be lurking about, ready for an opportunity to appropriate them for a bareback

ride into civilization, leaving us, instead of themselves, to travel by Foot & Walker line,—which, to say nothing of the inconvenience and the loss of the mules themselves, would have compelled us to abandon several hundred dollars' worth of goods with the wagons.

We had little time to study on which point of the compass to favor. We worked hard reducing our tent to a little roped-up bundle, and when everything was aboard, our wagons were packed to the very limits of their canvas. We concluded to turn eastward, to collect bills due us at Sheridan, and make that station our starting point, after a better preparation for a journey of more or less length,—taking into consideration our proneness to keep our haven of rest in the beyond, when once under way. And as we took the lines and mounted our boxes, we looked back sorrowfully upon the 16x30 feet skeleton framework of our tent, as it loomed up the most imposing monument of the camp now desolated. Repeatedly we turned our gaze back upon it, until it finally grew to indistinctness beside the yellow line of grade that crossed the prairie in the distance. We had the cloth, yet while the frame stood in its place we seemed to be abandoning our home.

All the hundreds of workers discharged, with only orders on the paymaster for payment, had expected steady work for the winter. This mass of people must in disappointment go somewhere at once. Had the paymaster been at hand, all would have been well. Nobody could wait two weeks for him. This fact was a boon to Sheridan,—and though nobody suspected it at the time, we afterwards believed that it was a plot between the contractors and the



Sheridan merchants, who divided profits. The merchants would pay only a third or less on what the orders would bring within three weeks' time, on the arrival of the pay car. Rather than pay \$50 for a two weeks' use of \$20, we allowed the paymaster to have it all by pocketing our orders on him. We had sundry other bills, which remain uncollected up to date. Most of these were for goods sold to the contractors, who said they were themselves penniless until the pay-car should arrive. We had one choice — we could take orders for the amount, or take the money lying in the railroad's treasury. Neither was acceptable.

People and their business were in confusion. The unlooked-for suspension of work was a strong temptation to all who were dishonestly inclined. The great floating population needed every dollar to be had for payment of emigrating expenses, and to the settlers at Sheridan money had too much speculative value for a willing payment of debts.

However, the last day of '69 and the first of '70 were auspicious to our family; and on that frosty morning, as we moved out on the Fort Lyon road, with our vehicles doctored up and our mules freshly shod, — Mrs. Baker and her little daughter in the lead wagon, and I with my shaggy-coated Newfoundland puppy navigating my own, — we were in excellent spirits, and rattled away over the dry, half-frozen wagon track, making good time, considering that after seven months' steady work our mules were not in the best condition.

The second day of January was pretty hard. It was boisterously stormy. From daybreak the snow fell fast in drifting sheets, blinding us so that we could make but slow progress. As the snow deepened, we could follow our trail only by seeking out the windings of the level strip of snow unbroken by protruding sagebrush tops. Had the region we

were in been barren of this shrubbery, or had the brush been lower, we should have been hopelessly lost.

About three in the afternoon the snow ceased falling, and the cold grew so intense that the air filled with myriads of whirling and sparkling tiny crystals. In spite of these mites dancing in our faces, we could now see a little distance, and shortly there appeared to our astonished gaze an animate movement off to our left. In our three days' travel we had met only a mail coach, and passed a couple of swing stations where horses were changed; and as the presence of anything in flesh or blood, man or lower animal, always increased our interest as well as our vigilance, when traveling alone in unsettled parts, we felt ourselves excusable in halting our teams for a parley, the while keeping our eyes fixed on the mysterious object.

On this untraveled route, and away out where, but for the occasional chirp of a bird flitting by, we could almost imagine ourselves the sole living and breathing occupants of the wide universe, we had scarcely either feared or hoped we might find something to call out our humane feelings. We were uncertain just what it was we *had* found, though we could now see plainly that it was a man — a great stout man. He was alone, and without the pack on his back usually carried by tramps, and we watched in slight alarm his insane actions. He was plunging about in the snow, a few strides in one direction, and then back again, stooping, scrambling, and scratching, as if hunting for something.

"Hello-o-o!" shouted Mrs. Baker, and Buffer gave a low bark.

The figure straightened up at once, and turned around and around, looking in all directions vainly for the author of the call. The trio of us then shouted again in chorus, — or rather the four of us, for Buffer did not fail to add his yelp from beside me, — and the man, catching

our direction, stumbled anxiously toward us.

Happily, we had some port wine to give the poor fellow, snowblind and frozen stiff as he was. He had started at daybreak to cross the prairie from Antelope Station to Kit Carson, a distance of fifteen miles, and being soon bewildered by the snow, he had passed the day trudging around in search of the road, with a view to turning back. He had just found it, he said, and he was trying to decide which end of it to take, when we hailed him.

"But the road runs here, and not away off there," said Mrs. Baker. "You were two hundred yards from the road."

"Why, so it does," he replied, the wine beginning to clear his vision. "I thought I had it, and I'm heartily glad I did, as otherwise I should have given up my struggle and lain down, and then you would have passed me by unseen."

Being convinced that the stranger was harmless and exhausted, we could not deny him the hospitality of our camp. We had passed a wretched day. The mules, too, were tired from wading through the loose snow, which clogged their feet, and packed itself in cakes of ice on the wagon tires, allowing us but a snail's pace. We were glad to discover a line of willows ahead, indicating that we had reached Horse Creek, our camping place for the night. And there the man proved useful. He helped us with a will, inspired by the glorious prospect of a hot supper among the arctic surroundings. We leaped into the snow up to our ears, unharnessing our teams, while he shoveled snow to clear ground to serve for sitting-room, kitchen, and all. Then bringing a great armfull of dry willows, he would have built a bonfire had we not objected. He was not used to camping, and did n't know, as Indians and mountainers do, that a little fire is the only kind to either cook or get warm by. We had learned the lesson. We could not let him turn our

newly-made house into a mud puddle, crowding us for safety from being baked into a mud pie back into the snow he had shoveled into hillocks. We were three against one, and the big man, who thought Hades itself could n't have fire enough for discomfort, finally yielded.

A little later his eyes glowed with suppressed anxiety, while watching our bread browning in the open fryingpan, as it stood with a stick under its handle, propped up before the fire, a couple of coals at its back. He was lately from farm-life at the East, and how that bread could stand there cater-cornered, and puff, and bake itself so nicely, was a mystery to him. Eating it could be the only thing more pleasurable than watching it in process of preparation. We had fresh bread at every meal, one loaf being enough for three persons and a dog. The stranger, I calculated, could eat as much more, so I baked double rations for that supper; and I see him now enjoying his loaf, his pork and gravy, his steaming cup of tea, as we sat in a circle that evening, twenty years ago, on gunny bags spread upon the frozen ground, our camp-fire in the center of our snow-covered dining table.

He was too busy to talk, except to assure us over and over that he was enjoying the best meal of his life, his mother's cooking not excepted. We, too, had an appetite for hot food to start afresh the sluggish, half-congealed blood in our veins; and in our comparative comfort we realized that the meeting had not alone saved his life—as it had, since the coach due the following day would have been too late to save him, if it caught sight of him at all—but that the depth of the snow, so disabling to our shorter limbs, would have made our camp work extremely hard without him. Indeed, uncommon as was the mood with us, we had spent the day in depressed spirits, though we had not hinted it to each other. The silence, intense as was the glaring whiteness of



the snow had allowed easy conversation between us from our driving seats; and, though we had not been quite cheerful, we had at least taken the inclemencies of the weather coolly, in mind as well as body.

It was after starting out the following morning that we, in trying to cross the stream, more fully realized the convenience of having a stout and willing man at hand. The sky was clear, but the air was sharp, while the waters flowed under a bridge of ice too thin in its center to hold up mules and wagon. The lead team suddenly dropped three feet, and then the giant animals, Belle and Lady, plunged about frantically in the broken ice and water, threatening to wrench off the tongue and upset the wagon, or break their necks in the attempt.

Nothing could be done, until they were quieted by much coaxing, and then the man chopped away the sharp edge of the ice to where it joined the earth, giving the team a chance to advance. Had we been alone, we should probably have got on no farther until the spring thaw could come to unblock our way. As it was, with a little chopping to lessen the depth of the jump-off, my team followed without much trouble, by double teaming, and we were again on the move.

We were until noon covering the three or four miles between this crossing of Horse Creek and Antelope Springs, and we camped for the day and night beside the station, from which we could get hay for our hungry teams. Our passenger had left here the morning before, and had walked fifteen hours in a circle, to be picked up at last within five miles of his starting point.

Next morning we bade adieu to him, with the admonition to wait for more favorable walking, and more assuring skies, before again seeking city life by a short-cut trail across the prairie. He in turn tried to detain us until the mail

coach should better break the road before us. His advice agreed with our better judgment, which was not always our guide; and as, on its arrival shortly after sunrise, the driver on the north-bound stage assured us that a few miles would relieve us of deep snow, and twenty miles, if we could make it, would give us dry camping ground for the night, we, being restless, moved on with blue noses and in good cheer over the sandhills, which were sandhills no more.

As we toiled onward, floundering through the downy snowbanks along the trail, where the weary stage horses had floundered before us, the sun rose bright and warm, and by ten began to tell with killing effect on the snow. We found the driver's story correct. When we halted at one o'clock for dinner, and to rest and "grain" our mules, the snow had, in part by thawing, and in part by the distance we had marched, diminished to a depth of only three to four inches; and at dusk we camped on comparatively dry land near Kiowa station.

Two days more we struggled on over a road frozen and rough most of the way, and more or less rutty and rocky. The intervening night we camped beside the one remaining station between Kiowa and Fort Lyon, and reached the fort the next night. Here was quite a show of population. The fort buildings contained a garrison of three or four companies of infantry; and as the numerous houses were conspicuously located on the brow of the low bluff overhanging the river in the valley of the Arkansas, they loomed up with quite the effect of a little city.

Fort Lyon and its vicinity contain the making of a book. There along the river banks are the stamping grounds of Colonel Bent, and some miles above Lyon are the ruins of Bent's Old Fort, while several miles below it stands Bent's Fort, a massive structure of masonry built on a solid bed of stone, under one-third of which flows the current of

the Arkansas. This fort was probably built for Indian business, and though we could see no present or past need of it, knowing that Indian tribes have no very powerful bombarding batteries, its walls, we were told, were broad enough for our teams to drive around on, and fifteen to twenty feet in height. Its portholes and towers gave the fort a threatening look, as seen from any point for miles away upon the plains. Within its walls were the conveniences of barracks and stables, while but a few rods north, at the foot of a hill, lay a little town of barracks that was used by the garrison in times of peace. This was unoccupied, while there was only a poor Mexican family in possession of the fort itself.

The valley of the Arkansas claimed to be rich in its natural endowments, its soil and productive capabilities, but it was covered with land grants surveyed along its bottoms for the benefit of half breeds, the children of influential white men, who had secured them these valuable tracts. Domestic animals now cover this range, which but a few years ago was the haunt of bison and antelope.

Across the river from Fort Lyon we found the half Mexican and half American town of Los Animas. As we drove through this we were not favorably impressed by its mercantile outlook. I do not know but that we could have bought the whole place for fifty cents from any of the hundred or more of lazy greasers in sight. Four miles beyond the town we made our camp on a little stream, which juts into the Arkansas at Fort Lyon, and which is known on the maps as the Purgatory, but is more commonly called the Picketwire. Near us was a settlement, all under the control of one man. This frontier baron, said to have several Cheyenne and Arapahoe wives, was a small, fair man, who could be seen at a glance to be destined to rule all about him. We were not introduced to the interesting things to be seen in

his stables, but we were told that there, under lock and key, were to be found some of the finest imported stock in Colorado. His warehouse, too, had every patent to facilitate agriculture. His buildings were massive, commodious, and numerous, while his fields were broad, covering hundreds of acres, and showing a high state of cultivation.

The day we camped near his ranch the proprietor passed our camp on a fine horse, and rode up to his dwelling, followed by three old United States wagons, drawn by six mules each, and loaded with a promiscuous lot of Indians and half breeds; while bison joints, and hides, and tent poles were sticking out in all directions from under the canvas coverings. Bison calves were tied with strong ropes to the axle trees, and were alternately pulling back or flying in just wrath, with heads lowered, at the monstrous wheels. In the arms of a young Indian was a young antelope, struggling and bleating for freedom, while its captor sat with his heels over an end-gate, whistling. On the top of a load of hides were a couple of chained pets—a badger and a young coyote, who were snapping at each other, to the amusement of the human portion of the freight.

One of several callers at our camp that evening, as we sat around our little fire, our supper over, and our mules staked out, told us that when Mr. Peowers had business at a distance, it frequently occurred that his patriarchal household would order the hired men to hitch up a few teams; then, taking every saddle horse and every Indian and half-breed about the settlement, they would strike across the plains, to be gone a couple of weeks, or as many months. They might not see a soul outside of their own party, and they might join some of the roving bands of their own tribes, and hunt and fish until they were tired, or until the master should follow and order them back. He had just brought them back from Butte



Creek, sixty miles southeast, as we saw them come at dusk, their animals, some of them, showing hard usage.

As we jogged on up the Arkansas river on the day following our camp on the Purgatory, we met some of our acquaintances, co-workers on the Kansas Pacific. Since the stay of proceedings on the railroad, these men had made an honest penny by taking each a load of freight down to Trinidad from Sheridan, and they were then returning, and on their way to Denver. We halted for a half hour's talk in the little cañon that chanced to be our place of meeting, and we were heartily but goodnaturedly ridiculed for our recklessness, as they styled it, in venturing out in that particular direction without escort.

When, in reply to their question, we told them we were bound for Texas, they stared incredulously. They declared that we were going mad on the woman's rights question, or rather on the question of woman's physical powers of endurance. Did we expect to live to reach the line of Texas?

Yes, we declared, and we would cross it, and go to the very heart of the mammoth state.

How would we get over the bluffs, and the Timpas hills between King's Ferry and Trinidad, with no wood, no water, no nothing? How did we expect to get ourselves up and let ourselves down the Raton mountains?

"You can't do it, ladies,—I defy you," said one.

"The greasers will gobble your mules some night while you are eating supper, if you don't tumble from the summit of the Raton down into the Canadian River," said another, with equal confidence, "and you'll never see hide nor hair of them again, and that, too, before you reach Maxwell's Ranch."

"If the Indians let you alone until you reach the Jornada del Muerte, you will either be scalped or choke to death crossing that," said a third; and such

were the comments that greeted us in rapid succession.

We were aware that we had entered upon a hazardous undertaking, yet we were not disheartened by these men's criticisms of the future prospect for us, nor did we feel a regret. We knew that our vigilance would outdo that of the average male camper, and vigilance counted more for the safety of ourselves and property in this case than stature and muscle, though our want of male strength might be felt in case of a break-down, or other accident. We explained this to the prophesying group, and assured them that while either of them might forget all else to chase after a jack rabbit, as if life depended upon getting it, we should be content to let it pass to or from the bush, and watch the safety of ourselves, and the more important rabbit-eared animals in our hands.

Night was coming on, and the sky was filling with leaden clouds, so we drove on, and then Mrs. Baker and I wondered if we *were* going to Texas or not. We had talked of it,—yet Texas was a good ways off, with a long line of dangerous country intervening, and upon reaching its line we should yet have to cross eight hundred miles of frontier, swarming with hostile Comanches, before reaching settlements.

Mrs. Baker, I knew, was much fascinated by Texas. She wanted to become a cattle-drover. Men were driving out great herds of cattle from the heart of Texas to the Colorado and Wyoming markets. Why should n't we do the same? If a man could drive cattle, then a woman could drive cattle, and she was not the woman to hesitate at any hardship that a man dared face.

And here there was a slight disagreement between my good friend and myself. My sympathies were with the cattle. I would have submitted to the possession of a whole herd of them for pets or teams, but the word "market"

suggested the word "butcher," and so grated harshly on my ear. Yet I would have followed Mrs. Baker had she chosen to go to the earth's end and back again, with or without a bellowing mass of wild-eyed steers in our front. She was the business man of our little party; I was the help-mate. She knew my objections, but time and acquaintance with cow-boy labors would overcome my chicken-heartedness. We should see: in the meantime we would keep the plank-road philosopher's plan, and go as started.

We had gotten rid of a few hundred pounds of weight by peddling out our goods on the way; but our wagons were still overloaded; which, though we should for other reasons have done the same had they been empty — was sufficient excuse for us to prepare our common couch between the two, as we placed them parallel with each other. We spread a piece of canvas next to the earth, and one next to heaven, with our blankets intervening, and upon this we lounged one fine evening, as on others, discussing the past, present or future outlook, or scraps from either or all. The night we camped at King's Ferry we did this, as usual. We had failed to reach our goal before dusk. Ida had ordered the hay from the stableman, while we hastened to unharness and blanket our mules. Water had been carried and wood gathered, and we had soon made ready our usual comfortable supper; and the relish with which even women teamsters can eat the simplest hot dishes by the camp-fire is a joy worth suffering much hardship for. Preliminaries attended to, we lay down and slept in true campers' style, though more soundly than would have been prudent in a locality affording us less safety, and we heard nothing more but our mules' steady munching of their hay, as they stood tied to the opposite wheels, a bark or two from Buffer, and the occasional crowing of a rooster at the neigh-

boring station. This was all, until a masculine voice greeted us with:

"Hello, fellows! This is somewhat disagreeable. You had better dig out, if you can. You'll find a rousing fire in the sitting-room."

There was something queer about the voice — it seemed to be both near and far away. And what was that about a rousing fire? What use had we for fire — we who were as warm as toast? The blankets were lying so snug against every curve of our bodies that we felt as if our mothers had stepped out of the bygone time, and tucked us away for the night with a kind word and an affectionate kiss.

"Oh! o-oh! o-o-oh!" cried Mrs. Baker and I simultaneously. She had made the extra exertion unaccountably necessary to a movement of our position, and, as she did so, a great mass of snow struck our faces, and sifted itself in under the neckbands of our gowns.

We scrambled to our feet with some trouble, and stood there in snow up to our thighs, shaking the adhering fluffy stuff from our sleeves and hair. And, when the conditions would permit, we looked upon the man who had located our whereabouts by a slight undulation on the level white sheet, and had come to offer us the hospitality usually given to travelers on their announcing their arrival by a demand at the station's bar for a whiskey straight.

The expression on the young man's countenance told us that he had unearthed something unexpected. We struggled to get the down out of our blonde and brunette bangs, and dry our faces, while he gazed upon us approvingly, and offered us apologies for not knowing that there were ladies nearer than Fort Lyon, and near enough to have shared his shelter from the storm.

The young man was Mr. King himself, or one of the two brother proprietors at the station. He was a fair-complexioned, nice-looking and gentlemanly



fellow ; and finding ourselves baffled in our traveling purposes by the weather, we could not well decline his proposition to let the stablemen drive our wagons up close to the barn, for safety and convenience, taking the mules thereafter inside.

"Ida—where are you, Ida?" asked Mrs. Baker, turning round in her tumbled-in grave ; and then Mr. King shoveled snow with his gloved hands, and the little girl, who slept at the foot, was finally snaked out from her end of the bed, feet foremost. The gentleman picked her up in his arms and started for the station, while we waded on after him, our poor mules uttering low whinneys the while, their eyes and ears pointing at us in reproach that we should seek shelter and leave them uncared for. Buffer had disinterred himself, and he was bounding around everywhere at once, full of glee, and making the snow fly like white powder at his every leap in it.

We hated houses : they were suggestive of prisons, while we were birds who loved freedom, and who, if compelled to live in them, would have pined and died, (as have thousands of our kind, the cause of the decline never being told by the victims, nor surmised by their friends,) with a vain beating of our wings against the unyielding bars. Yet, under the circumstances, and knowing that it was but a temporary change, we enjoyed the sheltering roof and the rousing fire to their full extent.

Waiting for the mail-carriers to beat down the snow in their track, we remained a few days with the two brothers, and enjoyed the bounteous repasts and good cheer of the station, with its bachelor proprietors. The housekeeping and culinary duties were there attended to as well as if a woman had been at the helm ; and all indoors breathed of home comfort, though the furniture was of the simplest and rudest kind, mostly made by their own hands. These gen-

tlemen, with a greatness of heart that was characteristic of the Colorado man at that date, pressed us to remain with them until the snow should disappear. That might have meant a waiting until spring, and no doubt they would have accepted the joke good-naturedly, as they said our company was well worth our keeping ; but as we learned they would accept no payment for their care of us, we moved on as soon as we could safely do so, and we took with us what the two brothers said we were leaving, as we parted company with them, — a memory of a pleasant acquaintance.

We learned after our first day's travel that the stage-drivers had been in league with the King Brothers in explaining to us the snow-bound condition of the road to the south. The snow had fallen there but to a slight depth, and what remained of it lay only in patches about our camping ground.

Because of our loads, and the bad condition of the road, which was abominably slushy, we dared only attempt a distance of one station a day. So we made late starts, taking no noon rest.

As we were rummaging in our wagons the next morning after leaving the Ferry for goods to display before a prospective purchaser, — the station keeper — we came upon Ida's music box, which had often proved a treasure in enlivening our isolated camp, and it was handed out that we might have a tune. Ida sat down and began turning the crank, just as the stableman was passing, leading four horses to water. Then there occurred a scene pleasing to all beholders, a scene that made me alternately laugh and cry. The animals were delighted with the music. They would not go a step farther. There they stood rooted to the spot, and listening with all their might, their eyes gleaming with joy. Soon one of them began to prance, and there was added another to our accumulation of pleasant memories, — that of seeing a poor stage-horse dancing jigs to "the Fisher's Hornpipe,"

and "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning!"

At another camping place we found the young man in charge of the station nearly frantic with delight over a crock full of apple butter which his precious mother had sent him all the way from Missouri, and which had arrived by the afternoon's stage. Nothing would do but we must have supper with him, and eat that the like of which couldn't be found anywhere in Colorado. We enjoyed the poor happy man's enthusiasm, and felt that the mother had done something good for the world in raising him. We were grateful to her, not alone for her excellent preserve, but for giving her son so great a pleasure, and thereby adding to our enjoyment in watching him while we ate, his eyes and spoon continually wandering to the mouth of the crock, while his voice was tender in his many praises of his mother's virtues.

"I wish she were here, it would do her so much good to see him!" said Ida.

One of the greatest hardships we had met in all our travels was in crossing the hills between the Arkansas and the Trinidad. The earth was nearly bare of snow, but there was some travel between the towns in Colorado and the Cimarron mines in New Mexico, and the road was full of ruts, chuck-holes, and rocks. We took a late start one morning, caring only to make the next station by sunset, — a station located in a dry gulch at the head of Timpas Creek.

Unsuspectingly we unharnessed our mules and let them have their roll, which was always the next thing in order when turned loose; and then Mrs. Baker went in search of brush for wood, while Ida and I went for water to the well. We were nearly there when the station keeper, a bristly and ferocious looking little old man, came rushing out, swinging his arms and shouting:

"Not a drop — the superintendent has left orders forbidding it."

"We did n't know that, sir," I replied, in alarm, "and we can't go on tonight.

Can't you give us a little?" I begged.

"Not a drop!" with another flourish of his long arm.

"We will pay you for it," I urged.

"Not a drop!" with increased emphasis of voice and gesture, and he turned his fierce eyes, and pale and bewhiskered face from our view, and re-entered the station.

I could scarcely keep the tears back as I returned to camp to meet Mrs. Baker, who had already guessed the truth in witnessing the old man's wrathful conduct.

We were disappointed as much for the mules as for ourselves. It was cruel to harness them again and drive them all night; yet we could do no better, as we had no water even for ourselves.

The well at this place was threatening to dry up; hence the order given by the superintendent of the mail route, who had passed us in a buggy but an hour before. Had he been kind, he would have written us a permit, knowing that we were ignorant of the order given, as until the next day a report of it would not reach the station from which we had started, giving warning to travelers.

The station keeper's unnecessary wrath was probably due to our sex, though we had nowhere met with a similar exhibition of ill-nature. We, being women, gave no promise of profit at his bar. The strong drinks, cigars, and tobacco always kept for sale at these stations were more a source of revenue than was the haystack, which, with free water, was chiefly valuable to bring in customers. We learned later what we had already surmised, that the man was not long out from civilization, and not used to liberty.

The sun had set behind a bank of mist and cloud, and the dusk was on us as we drove out again, the nearest habitation fifteen miles away. The clouds soon spread over the entire sky, and to add to our discomfort the snow began



to fall, and continued until the road indications were obliterated.

Mrs. Baker could not trust her keen sight to select our trail from her seat,—considering the darkness and the very frequent chuck-holes, side-hill turns, short twists and steep pitches; so she gave the reins to Ida, while she walked ahead, carefully picking the way. And so she walked hour after hour, while at every decline in the road our teams were halted, until she could examine the way ahead, and return for us, or shout “Come,” if she thought the mules were safe to follow her. Toward midnight I wanted to relieve her, but she refused me, saying her eyes were best, and that we had much of evil threatening us in the chance of becoming both lost and snowbound, without risking the additional affliction of a broken-down load.

Exhausted nature told on drivers and teams at last and as the snow was several inches deep, and the air full of whirling flakes, braiding themselves into dizzy patterns before our faces, and blinding our eyes to our guidance, we were compelled to halt. The snow had fallen slowly, or our progress would have been checked at the beginning of the storm; and so we knew that we must have covered considerable ground, comparatively speaking, in our eight hours’ drive.

To avoid their burial, we put our harnesses across my wagon tongue, the grease-board serving as prop under its point. Then we blanketed our mules, and tied them to the wheels, and gave them a feed of grain. Our preference for hot food had made us so gauge the quantity needed at a meal that we had no left-over bread on which to lunch. We had not eaten since our nine o’clock breakfast, and the cold we felt was due more to our want of something in our stomachs than the indications of the thermometer. The snow was deep enough to have obtained water for cooking purposes by melting it, but in the snow and darkness fuel was hopelessly

missing. The earth grew nothing but rocks in our vicinity, and a few tufts of vegetation, with tops protruding from the snow, and both these were useless.

We were helpless at last, so we huddled together in a cramped position under the canvas of the lead wagon, with a blanket over us. Poor little Ida had dropped into a hungry sleep, and the puppy kept her company, while we two women waited for dawn. We had not long to wait; in the meantime, though we were in no mood for it, we felt the need of a little grim jesting on our situation to keep our spirits up at all.

The dawn came, and assured us that we had not lost our road. We had feared about this; for even in broad day, out on snow-covered hills or plains, it often happens that we think we see a line before us, when looking steadily in any other direction the line is there, too, with equal distinctness, unless the closeness of the growing shrubbery prevents the illusion.

At our backs lay a mass of rugged hills, among which we had struggled wearily nearly the whole night. We had fagged out at the end of these, and the road lay level before us. Our next discovery was even more hope-inspiring—a half mile from the road arose a thin thread of blue smoke, and as a couple of huts and a haystack were near, we had no fear of bolting into an Indian camp by steering for it.

The sky was now clearing, and we were not unnecessarily long in wading about in a foot of snow, making ready to start. Our mules surmised our intention, and with low neighs of satisfaction, and eyes and ears pointing at the distant habitation, they started off eagerly across lots, regardless of rocks and washouts, that threatened to upset or wrench our wagons into wreck. Mules, no less than horses, have more reasoning power within the limits of the questions that interest them than is generally believed; and ours understood perfectly

well that we had left the last station unwillingly, and must get on to water. I held that they knew also why we had hitched up again and gone on. Mrs. Baker was doubtful of this; yet we agreed that had they been free to go their own way, they would have led us to the house we were going to, despite the trio of blinding powers, — hills, snow, and night; and had we been traveling on mule-back, without wagons, we should have trusted their judgment rather than our own all night, whether they left or kept the road.

As we drove up before the door a gray-haired old man came out, and suddenly lifting his open palms against us in slight alarm, he cried out:

"My God, am I crazy?"

Buffer straightened up beside me and barked. Ida laughed, and Mrs. Baker and I kept a respectful gravity while we assured him that we hoped not, for we were probably crazy ourselves, as well as snow-bound, and we hoped we might buy hay and wood from him, and be allowed to "lay over" a couple of days.

"Ladies," said he heartily, "you shall have anything I've got, bless you, and more too," and his beaming, honest countenance assured us that he meant it.

We were gladly hustled inside to the blazing open fire-place, after the proprietor had helped us undo our mules, and sent his son, a boy of fifteen, to lead them to the stable; and we toasted our benumbed selves to our hearts' content, after removing our wraps; while our good host stewed, baked, frizzled, and clattered the dishes in the adjoining room. He opened the door soon to bid us to breakfast. And *such* a breakfast!—fried spare ribs, boiled milk, and bread as spongy and hot as we could make ourselves. That was a feast never to slip our memory.

The two were living alone, and were too far off the road to profit socially or financially by the passing travel. During the day the father told us much of

his interesting history. He had finally rambled into New Mexico at a time when white men were scarce, and there married a señorita, and settled where we found him. The son was the only living issue of the union, and there they had lived in simple comfort and happiness until the wife died two years before. They had felt lonely since, yet had no thought of changing quarters. They had spoken to no woman in the meantime, nor seen a white woman for a much longer period; hence their surprise at our arrival. And when we parted company with them on the road, to which they had escorted us, we were assured that our host was one of the many men we had met far out from the supposed restraining influences of church and law-bound civilization, whom no amount of liberty or association with evil would corrupt; and the modest boy gave promise of being such another.

In moving up Timpas Creek, and over the high and dry rolling country southwest of King's Ferry, at various points, with views of spurs from the Rocky Mountains, deep cañons, and broad plains were to be seen. Pike's Peak stands far out of the regular range, and looms up in monster proportions from among the low hills at its base; its height 14,147 feet, while its isolation from the chain makes it seem even higher. It is a landmark for two hundred miles down the Arkansas, in a clear atmosphere, as it is also seen from the north. It is not, we are told, difficult of ascent.

Though the frequent clouding of the sky was unfavorable to a full sweep of our vision, as we jogged along steadily southward, we noted places of interest from time to time. Any cow-boy would point his finger toward the Arkansas cañon,—a cañon that for beauty and magnificence of scenery has not a superior in Colorado,—and tell us to drop our eyes to the valley about forty miles east of the mountains, saying, "There's



Pueblo," — the metropolis of Southern Colorado. He might swing his hand a little to the south, and say the two needle-topped peaks standing clear of the Greehorn Mountains were known as the Spanish Peaks. Then he would point back north a little, and tell us that in there by the black sides of the Wet Mountains used to live Zan Hicklan, a man who got a Spanish land grant when he married a Mexican wife, a man who won \$125,000 playing poker one night in Taos, a man who was a marvel in his day, and one of whom any of his cow-boy fraternity were proud to talk. And again, as we faced west, and to the right of the Spanish Peaks, was the gap in the Rockies known as the Sangre de Cristo pass, the gateway to the famous San Juan country, at an altitude of 9,454 feet.

The last few miles of travel before reaching Trinidad let us gradually down into the valley of the Los Animas river, and we camped at the foot of the Raton Mountains. We were in good spirits. There was something pleasing in our surroundings, and the clear air bore in it a cheering promise of an early spring. Supper over, and our mules' heads buried in hay, we sat beside our flickering camp-fire a little outside the town, and, being in the mood, we had a thorough talk, and talked on until a late hour. I began it by saying that so far we had met with unexpected trials such as few women would care to encounter, and yet that I would not exchange places with those living in luxury, and sheltered from the world's rudeness.

"It is a great satisfaction to see the world as it is, though sometimes a bitter satisfaction. Since I was ten years old I have not been happier than I am today, and have been all along, in spite of all our 'providential punishments,' as religious people would call them," I said. I talked of the romantic charm about the life; of the air, the free, unmonopolized, and unpreempted air, that exhilarated the senses; of Nature's grandly wild

panoramas that inspired the imagination.

"I have a feeling of independence," I said, "that is invaluable, worth more to me than money; and sometimes I feel that more than my share of this wide world belongs to me. The dangers attending our lone travel make us unpleasantly apprehensive at odd hours; but in reality they serve to give an edge to the pleasure. They prevent monotony, and add interest or enjoyment to it as a whole."

I maintained that if we had curbed our impulses, and become the life-long slaves of some one else's household, subject to the caprices of selfish or dissipated men, and mothers to children whom we could not protect from inheritance of their sins, we should not now be carrying hearts as light as those of the deer bounding in the neighboring foothill forest. We were facing south, and midwinter though it was, the white bees might not swarm again in our presence, and with earth and its vegetation unveiled, we should be the happiest travelers on our route.

"I like it when we have short drives and our regular meals," said Ida, mindful of our late supperless ride.

"We do not have to travel in this way," said Mrs. Baker. "We should undoubtedly have done fairly well had we built on our lots in Kit Carson; the renewal of work on the road is certain by May, if not before. But your words, Mrs. Phelps, have expressed my mind, and that is why we are here."

"I have told you of the hardships Ida and I endured in the winter of '67-'68, while following a trail across the mountains from Leesburg, on Salmon River, Idaho, to South Pass, Wyoming, on mule-back. I never want to experience another such journey. We did well — mules and men — in not becoming converted into frozen morsels for beasts of prey. Ida, the only child in the party, and the concern of all, was once unconscious from the cold, and I was next to

insensible myself, while fuel was buried under snow, and our animals ready to perish for want of food other than the strengthless stuff gathered from the tops of such shrubbery as was high enough to make itself seen. Three of the men had families in the States, and two had their wives with them, and I was the only other woman in the party. How we struggled to keep our blood in circulation! In the meantime we made a little headway daily, and happily the number was there all told, when we reached South Pass. It would have been hard indeed to bear, had I been compelled to leave Ida by the way.

"That was my severest spell in all my years of wandering among the mountains, yet you will understand me, — scarcely any other woman could — when I say that that trip inspired me with an unaccountable love of the wilds. The snow does n't charm me, but the grand mountains do, and the wilder the locality, the more am I fascinated, when no certain danger awaits us."

"I am so glad, Mrs. Baker," I said, "when you express yourself freely. You never get discouraged, nor impatient, nor enthusiastic, and yet you have the keenest feeling; but I had to learn it by a careful reading of your always deliberate movements. I can read your feelings often when you are silent, but I always like best to hear you speak. I greatly admire your courage in the past, and that you are keeping for the future. You are not reckless, and yet you would face Satan himself, and overcome him, or die. I am proud of you — I shall never tire of going with you." And I went on with zeal, while the older woman listened silently, to scorn the lot and the ambitions of the reigning belle at Long Branch, as compared to ours: her silks and adornments

would fetter our limbs, stay the leaping blood in our veins, and bruise the natural symmetry of our forms, until we should be as feeble and useless as she was, when not stimulated by stirring sound and intoxicating foods. I pitied her as less free than our mules when hobbled and roped to the wheels of our wagons,—a slave, educated to study how to amuse empty-headed men.

"The true man or woman," said Mrs. Baker gravely, when I had come to a pause, "will not consent to be either master or slave. I can't quite agree with what you said one day, that if the world were pure we should all be brothers and sisters even to a hog: but I feel that you and I, and every man and woman, have a birthright to life and liberty within the sphere of our own personality; but not the right to molest any one else, or hold them to our opinions or ways,—that is the very sin we resent in them, that they try to hold us to theirs; and from that have come all the cruelties of history."

So we talked, till at last she said, "Let us go to bed and get some rest. We have repairing and shopping to do to-morrow, and we must have courage and strength for climbing the Ratons the day after. I can trust you now, I know, since after all the communicative people we have met have tried to inspire us with fear of the greasers and Indians, you still believe in a forward march.

"From now on, we must either stand guard at night or sleep with an eye open, until we can fall in with trains going our way."

So ended our evening near Trinidad: and we slept with the combined alertness and rest only known by those who, while sleeping, feel upon their cheeks the gentle fanning of the unobstructed mountain breezes.

*Dagmar Mariager.*



## ADVENTURES IN MEXICO. II.

## THE VETERAN'S STORY.

LATE in March, 1847, under the command of General Scott, we captured the seaport of Vera Cruz, and early the following month began that memorable campaign against the national capital: the capture of the latter place ended the Mexican War. The incident I am about to relate happened while our troops were on their march to the City of Mexico. It was one of those events that marked the treacherous character of the people with whom we were battling.

On the 18th of April we fought the Battle of Cerro Gordo, and though we had but nine thousand men, General Scott beat his antagonist, Santa Ana, who was in a strongly fortified position, and numbered thirteen thousand soldiers in his command.

The enemy was beaten, his forts taken, and great numbers of muskets and cannons captured. This battle decided the fate of Jalapa, a city of eight or ten thousand people. It was a beautiful place, the summer residence of many of the rich citizens of Vera Cruz. It contained many handsome houses, several fine churches, and a grand cathedral. Its noted convent of St. Francisco was among the largest buildings in the whole Republic of Mexico.

To my regret our regiment was stationed in this city, as it was necessary to guard the places we had won, for the Mexican people sympathised so warmly with the army under their noted leader that it would have been unwise to have left our retreat to the sea unprotected.

The main body of the army continued its advance, captured the strong fortress and town of Perote, and early in May

took possession of the City of Pueblo. Twenty miles from Jalapa was Fort Perote, standing in the midst of a wide cactus-covered plain. A regiment was stationed at this fort, and small bodies of troops were frequently sent to and from Jalapa and this place. We had been stationed only a few days, when two of our men were discovered dead a short distance from the camp. Though strict orders were given that none of the soldiers should leave the lines without permission, the very next night another was found murdered, and the following night two more were discovered.

We now ascertained that the men had been enticed from our lines by Mexicans, apparently friendly, who told the soldiers that they had liquor hidden in the underbrush a short distance from the camp. The liquor would be produced as soon as the soldier had been enticed a sufficient distance from his comrades, but while in the act of drinking it the treacherous native would plunge a sharp knife into the body of his victim and instantly slay him.

These murders greatly incensed the American soldiers against the Mexicans, and made us cautious about trusting them under any circumstances. Some acts of retaliation for these assassinations occurred, but these only rendered the feeling between the two people more bitter.

Half way between Jalapa and Fort Perote was a small hamlet known as San Miguel. It consisted of forty or fifty small, rudely made, and squalid adobe dwellings, with one or two more pretentious structures built of brick. One of

the latter was occupied by a large, stout Mexican, who professed the most ardent friendship for the Americans. Perhaps the fact that he kept a small stock of provisions and liquors for sale, and that the invaders of his soil were good customers, with the ready cash to pay for their purchases, had much to do with his apparent friendship. At any rate, his store was the regular stopping place for the American soldiers in passing from Jalapa up to Fort Perote, and his coffers were considerably enriched by the number of dollars left by these visitors. The merchant's name was Antone Ripol, and lack of exercise and frequent potations had given him a more corpulent appearance than was usual among his countrymen. He was the picture of ease and contentment, and not a soldier in the army but would have thought himself safe under the protection of the stout Mexican.

About the middle of May, Captain Gorman and his orderly Sergeant set off on horseback from Fort Perote, to ride down to Jalapa. Owing to the warm weather, they waited till nearly sundown ere making a start for their ride of twenty miles.

Naturally brave and honorable, the Captain was only too ready to believe others like himself in these respects. His orderly Sergeant was of a more suspicious nature, and would not trust a Mexican any more than he would trust a venomous reptile. The Captain was a tall, finely built man, but the Sergeant was a plain, blunt fellow, who cared less for his coat than his pipe, and was rather disposed to make fun of his officer's love of dress and jewelry. Sergeant Jackson was cool-headed in danger, yet believing that discretion was more valuable than hard knocks, he did not agree with his superior that there were exceptions among these people, and that some of them could be relied upon.

On the evening in question they galloped down the national road, as the

highway leading from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico was called. On reaching San Miguel, the officer drew rein and was about to dismount, when Jackson said, "It is late, Captain Gorman, and you know it is never safe to trust these rascals." His officer laughed and replied, "You are too suspicious, Sergeant; old Antone is not likely to attack you and me." The soldier shook his head as he tied the animals, and said to himself, "Antone is not the only Mexican in this place, and they are all treacherous devils." The Captain led the way into the store, and cried to the owner, "A glass of pulque for two of us." Only two persons were present—the fat merchant and a tall, dark fellow whom we had seen once or twice about the town.

He was dressed in the usual costume of the country, but wore a brighter sash and more silver ornaments than most of his countrymen. We afterwards learned that he was a noted guerilla chief named Silva, but at the time we supposed he was a common laboring man of the vicinity. The Captain saluted the two Mexicans in Spanish, and again said, "A glass of pulque for the Sergeant and me."

Antone hurried behind his counter with greater agility than he was wont to display, and speedily placed the liquor before us. On being invited by Gorman to drink with us, he wished the Captain long life and a prosperous future. In order to select a piece of money, Gorman drew forth a handful of silver, and then threw down an American dollar, saying, as he did so, "That will be the money of this country in a few months." The jolly old fellow grinned as he gave back the change, but made no reply. "Turning suddenly from the counter," said the Sergeant, in relating what occurred, "I caught a quick glance that passed between the stout merchant and his dark countryman. It boded no good to either of us, and in a low tone I mentioned my sus-



picious to the Captain, and again urged him to depart. He replied, 'Nonsense, man, I am not going a foot further till I have rested for a time and obtained another glass of pulque.'

"He was my superior and I had to await his orders, but I crossed the room and sat down near the door, where I could keep close watch of the horses. Some of the soldiers claimed that a Mexican could steal a horse while a man was still upon his back, and I almost believed them; so I determined to see that we did not have to walk down to Jalapa that night. The Captain in the meantime sprang upon the counter, and stretched himself at full length, resting his head upon his arm. He spoke Spanish fluently, and began talking with Antone in his native tongue. While thus engaged, the tall fellow left the building by means of a door near the end of the counter upon which the officer was lying. I noticed at the time that he left this door partly open, but as the weather was warm, thought nothing more about it. I did not understand a word that was said between the Captain and Antone, for I hated the Mexicans so much that I would not try to learn their lingo; so I sat by the door watching the animals, and wishing we were upon their backs and off for Jalapa.

"Presently my attention was attracted to Antone, who seemed to be acting queerly; he walked about the room as if in a hurry, then went to the back door and pushed it wide open. This, as I have said, was partly behind the Captain, while the lower portion of it was hidden from me by the end of the counter. Antone kept up a busy chattering in Spanish all the time, as if greatly interested in what the Captain was saying. A moment later I noticed one of the horses pull back as if some one was coming near him. I jumped up, and started to go out doors, when, just at that instant, I saw a gleaming knife raised partly above the officer, who

lay all unconscious of danger. I cried, 'Good God, Captain, they will murder you,' and drawing my sword, ran forward to prevent the blow. I was too late, for the second I spoke the knife descended, striking Captain Gorman a dreadful blow in the side. The blood flowed in streams, and with a cry of pain, he sprang to the floor, but would have fallen had I not thrown my arm around him. The next instant, with a savage cry, the dark Mexican sprang around the end of the counter, with his bloody knife still in his hand. He had crept in the door and along behind the officer till near his victim, when he suddenly stabbed him in the manner I have described. As the assassin rushed toward us, I drew the Captain near the door, keeping my right arm with my sabre in hand free to ward off the blows of the Mexican. I thought if we could reach our horses we might escape, though Gorman was bleeding profusely, and fast getting weak. He had drawn a pistol when he first sprang from the counter, but seemed too dazed to use it. I glanced at Antone, thinking he might stop his countryman, but to my horror he had drawn a knife and was advancing upon us. At that second the guerrilla aimed a blow at me, which I returned with one from my sabre that cut a gash in his arm. With an oath he ran to the back door and called aloud. I helped the Captain towards the door, and this we had nearly reached when half a dozen Mexicans rushed into the room at the call of their leader, and advanced upon us. The Captain said, 'Save yourself, Sergeant, they have killed me,' and sank to the floor dead. One of the Mexicans at that moment attacked me with his knife, but I cut him down with my sabre, though in doing so I broke the weapon. As he fell the others dropped back a step or two, and I managed to get possession of Captain Gorman's pistol. As the guerrillas still crowded into the room, and I knew not

what second they would attack me from the rear, I deemed it best to fly for my life.

"I sprang out of the door, trusting to jump on my horse and escape from the town. To my surprise neither animal was in sight. Though the attack had lasted but a moment or two, both of the horses in that brief time had been taken away. Two or three of the Mexicans rushed out of the building in pursuit, and I ran at the top of my speed for the dense underbrush a short distance from the town. Several shots were fired at me, but luckily none struck me. I was, however, pursued by one Mexican who was a swift runner, and evidently bent upon overtaking me ere I could gain the protection of the bushes. I cocked the pistol that I still held in my hand, and, whirling about quickly, fired at the fellow who was within ten feet of me. With a cry of pain he dropped his knife; I had broken his right arm. A second shot would kill him, but time was too precious at that moment; so I turned and dashed into the underbrush, through which I ran for some distance. I had escaped the guerrillas of San Miguel, but I was ten miles from the nearest post, and my route was lined with Mexicans who would not hesitate to cut my throat if I was caught.

"I made my way slowly and cautiously through the bushes, keeping well back from the main highway, yet all the time advancing toward Jalapa. It took me nearly all night to make the ten miles, for I could not walk a rod without having to turn out of my way to go around a bunch of underbrush. Once I thought my hour had come, for I nearly stumbled upon a party of Mexicans sleeping in a little gully, while their horses were tied to the bushes around them. I managed, however, to edge away from the dangerous spot without pursuit, and toward morning succeeded in reaching the American lines. I was taken at once to

the tent of Colonel Hughes, the commanding officer. I shall never forget the oath the Colonel swore, when I told him that Captain Gorman had been murdered by old Antone and his gang of cutthroats. Lifting his right hand above his head, he said deliberately and with much emphasis, 'May that arm be lopped from my body if I fail to avenge the death of our comrade.'"

Two hours later an ambulance and a file of soldiers left the camp, with orders to carry the body of Gorman to Fort Perote for burial. With this party a messenger was dispatched, bearing a note to the Colonel in command at the Fort. During the day the murder of the Captain was the topic of conversation in our camp, and the Sergeant had to tell the particulars at least half a dozen times. In this way I learned the full particulars, and was anxious to have revenge upon the guerrillas. Nothing was done, however, till toward evening, when the messenger returned. Then orders were given for us to have our horses ready at three o'clock the following morning. We at once surmised what this meant, and were only too ready to set off upon the expedition.

Each man saw that his animal was saddled and ready for service at the hour named, and when we filed out upon the broad highway, and set off at a round pace toward the hamlet where the murder had occurred, we could hardly repress a cheer.

The morning was mild and balmy, and our horses felt like spirited racers, so that it was more like a gala ride than one of revenge and death. When within half a mile of San Miguel the officer in command halted us, and spoke a few brief sentences. "Soldiers," said he, "we have come to avenge the death of one of the bravest officers and one of the noblest men we had in our army. A troop from Fort Perote will act in concert with us, and in a few moments we will attack the rendezvous of the guerrillas. Take



no prisoners, but cut down every Mexican in the town." He was answered by a cheer that showed how well his orders would be obeyed. The next ten minutes were the longest I ever passed in my life. We were waiting for a messenger from the party above the town. We sprang from our horses, and tightened the saddles, saw that our pistols were ready for use, and grasped our sabres in our hands. The moment the messenger appeared a rocket was set up, and then we all advanced upon the town. The horses were kept in a walk till near enough for a charge. We did not want to give the guerrillas any notice of our coming. When as near as we could advance without being discovered, another rocket was sent up, and the instant this was answered the officer cried, "Forward," and away we went at a mad gallop. The next moment the word "Charge" rang out above all other sounds, and we dashed into the town. Mexicans half clad, but armed with knives, guns, or pistols rushed into the streets from every building. Shouts and cries were mingled with shots and sabre strokes. The guerrillas went down before us in every direction. To fall meant death, for the orders were obeyed to the very letter, and no prisoners were taken. Half of the soldiers sprang from their horses and rushed into the adobe dwellings, sabreing every man found within. Some of the guerrillas faced about and fought like very devils, but most of them ran for the underbrush. Each runner was a target for a dozen bullets, and few of the Mexicans escaped alive. Silva, the guerrilla chief, and old Antone, with perhaps a dozen men, made a determined stand in the brick store. This was speedily surrounded, the doors battered

down, and we rushed in upon them.

It was a cut and thrust contest, for they used their long knives with murderous fury, and we hacked them down without mercy.

Old Antone fell, covered with blood, but not until he had wounded three of our men. The tall Mexican who had murdered Captain Gorman fought with the fierceness of a tiger, and received a dozen wounds ere he was killed. With his death the contest ended, for the soldiers felt they had now avenged their Captain's murder. It was Sergeant Jackson that had pointed this man out, and then had attacked him with great fury. The brave fellow was severely wounded, but in time recovered, though he bore the scars the rest of his life.

There were no orders in this instance against plundering, and each man made off with what he could carry. Some had boxes of cigars, others rolls of tobacco, a few took clothing, and some other articles. While kicking the boxes over in the store, I upset a little sack that contained money, and being alone at that second, I shoved this inside my jacket, thinking to examine it when more at leisure. On returning from our raid upon San Miguel, I found that the sack contained gold coin, and that it amounted to over a thousand dollars. I had no scruples about retaining this money, and in a few weeks had a chance to send it back to the United States. This wholesale slaughter of the Mexicans in return for the murder of Captain Gorman made them very cautious about attacking our men in that vicinity, and during the remainder of the war we could pass San Miguel without the slightest fear of molestation from its inhabitants.

*S. S. Boynton.*

## RECENT BIOGRAPHY. I.

IT is a sign of the times that a leading American publishing house should find it profitable to issue a series of popular theological books. For some generations theology *per se* has not been on the list of general reading matter of other than those professionally interested; and for a much longer time the study of religious thought historically has awakened small echo in the popular mind.

There is always the substratum of earnest minds who take a deep and thoughtful interest in such matters. But the issue of such a series as the one of which the book entitled *Johnathan Edwards*<sup>1</sup> is the first, argues a wider interest in religious affairs among the laity. It is astonishing how little even the most orthodox layman knows of the real dogmas of the faith. It is still more astonishing how little the majority of ministers know of the comprehensive field of church history. Those whose memories go back to the days of the Puritan theocracy will understand this difference, for then the ministers were all learned men. The principle, however, is as old as the day of Calvin.

It is fortunate that the writing of the initial volume of such a series should have fallen to such a man as Mr. Allen. It is so easy to see only the dark side of Puritan religious life, that unless one is well read in the whole history of Christian thought, and knows the tremendous struggles, the stern and bitter conflicts that periodically have been fought over certain varying phases of man's conception of God and of religious duty, there is danger that only one side of the picture will be seen.

<sup>1</sup>Johnathan Edwards. By Alexander V. G. Allen, D.D. American Religious Leaders. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

Mr. Allen is essentially a liberal man. No one could be wider in belief from the subject of his sketch than he is, but no one could have been more fair. He has the spirit of the true biographer in aiming simply to bring out what Edwards thought as a basis for his actions. The method employed is the presentation of actual quotations from his works, with explanatory and critical comment on this subject matter. Great care has been taken to avoid the technical language of theology, and as a consequence the book is thoroughly and generally readable, and enjoyable as to style.

Edwards lends himself to this mode of presentation more easily than most subjects. He wrote where most men think. All the minutest details of his thought were set down on paper as he thought them. He had a passion for "writing down" and probably no other man has left the world a fuller memorial of his inner life. The amount of his published work and sermons is enormous, and there remains a great mass of items and memoranda,—the jottings of his daily thought.

In his life, aside from his doctrines, there is much that is of interest. His character was a rare one,—ascetic and simple,—but with a qualification that made him see that it was a truer and greater trial to practice virtue among rather than apart from his fellows. One of the most interesting portions of the book is the description of his courtship and married life. When he was twenty he wrote of Sarah Pierrepont, then thirteen, but who afterward became his wife:

"They say there is a young lady in New Haven who is beloved of that great Being who made and rules the world, and that there are certain seasons in



which this great Being, in some way or other invisible, comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight. . . . She has a strange sweetness in her mind and singular purity in her affections ; is most just and conscientious in all her conduct ; and you could not persuade her to do anything wrong or sinful, if you would give her all the world, lest she should offend this great Being. She is of wonderful calmness, and universal benevolence of mind ; especially after this great God has manifested Himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place singing sweetly, and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure, and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her."

In spite of this calm expression of feeling, he found a very lover-like impatience before the expiration of the four years that elapsed before they were united. She proved to be a truly model wife, gentle, loving, and sympathetic, and withal intelligent to an astonishing degree in understanding his words. Hers was a gentler theology, and as one witty divine put it, she seemed to have "learned a shorter road to heaven." The famous Whitefield, who spent several days with them, wrote in his diary :

"A sweeter couple I have not seen. Their children were dressed, not in silks and satins, but plain, as becomes the children of those who in all things ought to be examples of Christian simplicity. She is a woman adorned with a meek and quiet spirit, and talked so feelingly and so solidly of the things of God, and seemed to be such a help-meet to her husband, that she caused me to renew those prayers which for some months I have put up to God, that he would send me a daughter of Abraham to be my wife. I find upon many accounts it is my duty to marry. Lord, I desire to have no choice of my own. Thou knowest my circumstances."

There could be no more model picture than that of their daily home life. Till the day of his death they lived together in the same simple, uneventful way, and it is no doubt due to her care in shielding him from the ordinary worries of life that he stood so well the reverses that came through his professional convictions. The dark side of the picture comes after the great awakening, when Edwards is watching with almost calculating eyes the development of his wife's religious experience. Sitting under his ministration, and at the same time sharing his daily life, and 'knowing how eagerly he wished to verify this theory of certainty in religious experience, she could scarcely help reflecting unconsciously one phase after another of spiritual development as he pictured it. It is painful almost to follow him, for he seems never to have suspected this reflex action, and waited with the anxiety of an inventor each new proof of the working qualities of his invention.

As a theologian Mr. Allen ranks him as the greatest in the field of Latin theology. He was a man with a mission. Coming at a time when there seemed to be everywhere the tendency to drop away from the simplicity and vigor of the Calvinism of the theocracy, he took up the mantle of the prophet, and went forth avowedly to prophesy the revival of this doctrine. But in spite of him his personality so modified his utterances that although his earnestness and ability "drew all men unto him," the doctrine he delivered was far different from the old. From his time may be dated the breaking up of the churches into the modern sects.

The keynote of his system was his idea of God. The side of the deity that most strongly influenced him was that of absolute will. His God is an absolute sovereign, "capable of receiving satisfaction as He is of receiving injury": a God such that, when man has sinned, He is under no obligation to save him from

the ruin which sin has wrought. That God does save some men is due to his mercy and not to any obligation. On the other hand, no theologian has had more beautiful conceptions of the adorable side of God. Very touching are some of his descriptions of God's "sweet grace and love and condescension," his "transcendent excellence," his "rare holiness and serenity."

This conception of God drove him to a denial of free will in man. We are here for God's purpose, and should labor to carry out God's plan. Sin merits proportionate punishment. Sin against God, being against a being of infinite excellence, and to whom we owe infinite obedience, deserves infinite punishment; so that nothing we can do of ourselves could gain for us salvation. Life is a probation, and the incarnation took place that Christ might pay for us the "penalty" of our sins. Even then all men will not be saved, only those so predestined from the beginning will attain salvation. No one can know until conversion whether he is among the elect; therefore it behooves all men to push strenuously for this state, lest they miss their opportunity. The proper frame of mind for all is to seek "to lie infinitely low before God."

Of Edwards' doctrines of natural and special grace there is no room to speak, beyond saying that from the latter came the peculiar condition of "certainty," by which the converted one knows he is saved, knows he has in him the spirit of God; and is actually able to commune with God, and forestall in this life the beatific happiness of heaven. This doctrine of imminent deity, cramped and narrow as it is, was a long step in advance of the theology of his time, and is doubly significant as marking Edwards as being the forerunner of the later New England transcendentalism as surely as he was of the Calvinism of later times.

The events attendant on the birth of a great idea are of more than passing interest. Standing on the vantage ground

of the after understanding of such a principle, there is a potential charm in the backward glance that reveals the vague gropings, the mental reaching out after truth, that characterizes its inception. Probably no great reform was ever accomplished without pathetic self denial and heroism on the part of those who urged it, and no better instance of this could be found than the relation of Friederich Fröebel to the modern reforms in education.

It is singular that no more complete life of him has as yet been issued. After reading the present autobiography perhaps one would wish that no other be attempted. There is a simplicity and child-like confidence, an earnestness and sincerity of purpose, in the letters to Krause and the Duke of Meiningen that shows unmistakably the qualities which drew to Fröebel so many enthusiastic followers, and enabled him to combat successfully, the tide of bitterness and prejudice that more than once threatened to overwhelm him and his educational schemes.

How far his surroundings reacted to determine his bent of mind is an interesting study. Certain it is, however, that there was even in the child an introspective tendency that was more than ordinary. This was abnormally developed by the circumstances of his life, and made of him in truth a veritable philosopher.

His boyhood was as lonely and pathetic as that assigned by Carlyle to the mythical Teufelsdröckh, of whom he was to a certain extent a prototype. An orphan at nine months, he passed when four years old under the direction of a stepmother of the traditional sort; who while she did him no positive injury, put upon him a thousand and one little slights, which had the effect of isolating the sensitive self-torturing child almost entirely from those about him in his home.

He seems always to have desired to be



right and to do right, but was constantly misunderstood. Looking back at this period he naively says :

"At this time I used repeatedly, and with deep emotion, to resolve to try and be a good and brave man. As I have heard since, this firm, inward resolution of mine was in flagrant contrast with my outward life. I was full of youthful energy and in high spirits, and did not always know how properly to moderate my vivacity. Through my want of restraint, I got into all kinds of scrapes. Often in my thoughtlessness I would destroy the things I saw around me, in the endeavor to investigate and understand them."

It was just this restless creative activity in the child that in later life kept the spirit of the man in sympathy with childhood, and made him the exponent of intelligent and systematic child culture.

Like all children of his time, he took his religion with his bread and butter, as a matter of course. Sitting in the church, he found a stirring emotion in the grave sonorousness of the chants and hymns, and with childish dogmatism made up his mind about the principles preached by his father. "Great was my joy," he observes, "when I believed I had proved completely to my own satisfaction that I was not destined to go to hell." Listening to a dispute between his father and his eldest brother on some matter of religious opinion, he "felt that there seemed something in the view of each which indicated the possibility of a mutual understanding. Already I felt in a dim way that every illusion has a true side, which often leads men to cling to it with a desperate firmness. This conviction has become more and more confirmed in me the longer I have lived ; and when at any time I have heard two men disputing for truth's sake, I have found that the truth is usually to be learnt from both sides. Therefore I have never liked to take sides."

This endeavor to find the unifying

principle in things contradictory is the very basis of Fröebel's philosophy of education. To induce the pupil to look within, to coröinate isolated principles and facts, to develop the reasoning faculty so as best to understand the relativity of things, these were his fundamental doctrines. To sum it in his own words : "My questioning examination and comparison of the inner with the outer world, and my study of their interconnection, is now the basis of my whole future life. Unceasing self-contemplation, self-analysis, and self-education have been the fundamental characteristics of my life from the very first, and have remained so until these latest days. To stir up, to animate, to awaken, and to strengthen the pleasure and power of the human being to labor uninterruptedly at his own education, has become and always remained the fundamental principle and aim of my educational work."

It was not till many years of groping and stumbling had supplied him with experience, that he came to a clear understanding of his mission. He tried many things, and only made choice of a career as teacher after much serious consideration. His relations with Pestalozzi and his stay at the Yverdon school, as told in his own language, are peculiarly characteristic of the man. Pestalozzi was neither a logical nor an educated man. He saw certain things in nature, and recognized their influence on human character. But he went no further. It remained for Fröebel, the monomaniac on the subject of unity, to take up Pestalozzi's facts and make a science of them. Neither met the success he hoped for or deserved. But while Pestalozzi was conscious of and profited by his mistakes, Fröebel, with the positiveness that seems a characteristic of genius, never would admit that he was wrong, and ascribed all failures to the force of external circumstances.

Like all philosophers, his idea was to start men right in the world, if you would

have them live right when they come to manhood. From this idea came the kindergarten and all the plan of sense education through the utilization of children's plays. "I also studied," he says, "the boys' play, the whole series of games in the open air, and learned to recognize their mighty power to awaken and to strengthen the intelligence and the soul as well as the body. In these games and what was connected with them, I detected the main spring of the moral strength which animated the pupils and the young people in the institution. The games, as I am now fervently assured, formed a mental bath of extraordinary strengthening power; and although the sense of the higher symbolic meaning of games had not yet dawned upon me, I was nevertheless able to perceive in each boy genuinely at play a moral strength governing both mind and body, which won my highest esteem."

There is no space to speak of the first experimental schools at Keilhau and in Switzerland, further than to say that the record is one of pathetic heroism and self-denial on the part of Fröebel and his friends. The opposition numbered every annoyance that the ingenuity of ignorance and bigotry could invent. Often the teachers were in imminent danger of their lives. They were especially accused of corrupting the youth religiously. Fröebel's reply to this is very touching.

"Timidly, very timidly, did I venture to call my work by the title of 'German' or 'Universal' German' education, and indeed I struck that out from one of my manuscripts, although it was precisely the name required to start with, as it expressed the broad nature of my proposed institution. An appeal to the general public to become thorough *men* seemed to me too grandiose, too liable to be misunderstood, as indeed in the event it only too truly proved; but to become thorough Germans, so I thought,

would seem to them something in earnest, something worth the striving for, especially after such hard and special trials as had recently been endured by the German nation. With your penetrating judgment you quarreled with that term 'German education,' but after all, even the appeal to be made thorough Germans proved to be too grandiose, and liable to be misunderstood. For every one said 'German? Well, I *am* a German, and have been so from my birth, just as a mushroom is a mushroom; what, then, do I want with education to teach me to be a thorough German?' What would these worthy people have said had I asked them to train themselves to become thorough men? Now had I planned my educational institute altogether differently, had I offered to train a special class, body servants, footmen, or housemaids, shoemakers or tailors, tradesmen or merchants, soldiers, or even noblemen, then should I have gained fame and glory for the great usefulness and practical nature of my institution, for certain; and surely all men would have hastened to acknowledge it as an important matter, and as a thing to be adequately supported by the State. I should have been held as the right man in the right place by the State and by the world; and so much the more, because as a State machine I should have been engaged in cutting out and modeling other State machines. But I—I only wanted to train up free-thinking, independent men! Now, who wants to be, or cares to suffer another to be, a free-thinking, independent man? If it was folly to talk about educating persons as Germans, what was it to talk about educating them as men? The education of Germans was felt to be something extraordinary and far-fetched; the education of men was a mere shadow, a deceitful image, a blind enthusiasm."

Autobiography of Friedrich Fröebel. Translated by Emilie Michaelis and H. Keatley Moore. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. 1889.



## ETC.

The divorce problem has inspired a great amount of discussion in recent times, without apparently any very close approach to a solution. The variety of the laws in the different States, the varying conditions of life in the several sections of the country, and the lack of definite information on the subject have all combined to obscure the question. It is curious that in the various States and Territories there are no less than forty-two separate causes for divorce, and only one cause in the whole list is included in the statutes of all. One State (New Hampshire) recognizes fourteen causes, three have eleven causes, and from this they range down to one or two. The more important causes are, however, somewhat generally recognized by the different States. Abandonment is recognized in all but two, cruelty in all but six, conviction of felony in all but eight, drunkenness in all but nine. Limited divorces are allowed in twenty States and Territories, but in Minnesota, Pennsylvania and Tennessee they are granted on the application of the wife only.

THE only authentic statistics on this question, those published by the Commissioner of Labor last year, prove clearly the fact, which was strongly suspected before, that divorces in this country have increased greatly in recent years. The divorces in 1867 in the United States numbered 9,937, in 1886 the number was 25,535. And this increase has not been by any sudden jump, but by a steady growth from year to year. The causes of the divorce movement are many, but prominent among them is the decreasing influence of religious dogma, as pointed out by a writer in this issue of the *OVERLAND*.

THAT divorce laws are really a relief in most cases, enabling the correction of unavoidable mistakes, and offering release from unbearable conditions that have arisen after the relation has been assumed, is proved by the relative frequency with which the various causes for divorce are pleaded, and the duration of marriage before the application for divorce is made. From this point of view the causes of divorce are practically reduced to three. Desertion is the most common, representing 38.5 per cent of the whole number, and is recognized as a cause for divorce in all States but New York and North Carolina. Adultery, recognized in

all States and Territories, comes next, with 20.6 per cent, and cruelty has 15.7 per cent. Thus these three causes are the grounds for nearly threequarters of the divorces granted, leaving only onequarter to be divided among the other thirty-nine causes. The average duration of marriage before divorce for each of these causes is 8.58 and 9.31 years, respectively. The average duration of marriage before divorce for all causes is 9.17 years. In these causes the length of time that has elapsed before divorce was applied for precludes the possibility of the applicant having any intimation at the time of the marriage that such a cause for the annulment of the marriage contract would arise. The causes are also such that a continuance of the relation after the cause accrues would be impossible. In such causes the divorce court certainly serves to purify the marriage relation.

THE influence of legislation is still an unknown quantity, but it is undoubtedly less potent than has been generally supposed. It is true that lax divorce laws tend to encourage resort to the courts for release from the marriage relation in two ways. They stand as a continual temptation to married people, as suggesting an easy relief from the natural frictions of married life, and in that way encourage them to consider a situation unbearable, which without this influence, would be endured almost without complaint. And they also encourage the thoughtless and hasty assumption of the marital relation, by those who might hesitate were no such easy means of release open to them. But the effect of divorce laws in these directions is by no means as great as is generally supposed. The number of divorces in the different States varies as the divorce laws become more or less stringent, but this is largely due to the fact that lax laws attract the residents of other States who desire to take advantage of them. The fact that the total number of divorces steadily increases, while there is no striking increase in the laxity of the laws indicates that the cause lies deeper than the legislation. In fact, legislation on divorce matters, as in other cases, follows and does not precede public opinion. If the current is to be turned, it must be by some action that shall influence public opinion, and shall decrease the number of hasty and ill advised marriages, not by any change in the divorce laws.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

**Practical Teaching.**

It is a more difficult thing to write a good book on the practical than on the theoretical side of teaching. The tendency in the first case is to narrowness, or a repetition of threadbare platitudes. Of course, all successfully practical things must be more or less nar-

row in scope. Great success is dependent on concentration, in fact, and on the energy that accompanies the undue prominence of some narrow line of thought or conduct. Mr. Howland, being above all things a practical teacher, has more or less of this virtue of narrowness, and therefore has made a book

that will be both interesting and useful to other teachers.<sup>1</sup> He has chosen subjects that all teachers are thinking about, and has discussed them with much energy and force. Specially good is the chapter on the place and use of memory. It is to be hoped that school superintendents generally will read the chapter devoted to them, for many of them are sadly derelict if judged by the standard he sets up.

### Sand Modeling.<sup>2</sup>

It is not uncommon to hear the older generation laud the advantages of the primitive district school — the "log school house" sort — over that of the present day. The theory is that somehow or other the pupils then acquired a clearer thought, a stronger insight, a sturdier and more self-reliant fibre, than they do with the best and most intricate of modern appliances. In one sense this is undoubtedly true. Where there is dearth of apparatus, the childish mind is led to exercise its powers more widely and with more individuality than where the helps are more numerous. It is the "fad" of modern educators to use patent contrivances and short cuts, and much harm has resulted from their misapplied use by teachers ignorant of their real place in instruction. When properly applied, however, there is no method so good as that which uses just those same helps to learning. There is a royal road, but the paths that open on it are yet very blind. If all teachers were as sensible as Mr. Frye, and all methods as conscientiously used as his sand modeling in geography, there would not long be a doubt over the relative advantages of the old and the new. His effort is to aid the development of the imagination in the child by the coequal cultivation of the form sense through the hand and eye. The training of the hand as an end is definitely avoided. The whole theory is to associate in the child's mind the forms in nature and their signs in sand; and this association to be valuable must be unconscious. Accuracy is desirable, but the teacher should not use that device which enables the pupil to reproduce the model most easily and perfectly, but rather that "stimulates his attention most often and most closely to the perfect form set before him." In other words, "we should teach directly from nature, which is everywhere present, and use the sand merely to stimulate perception of the reality by requiring its reproduction by modeling."

As a consequence of this doctrine, Mr. Frye urges the abandonment of modeling "as soon as the pupils can recall the natural forms distinctly, without the assistance of the moulded ones," "just as in teaching numbers we put away objects as soon as they can

think numbers without them; so we give up modeling as soon as pupils have clear concepts of forms, and can imagine them in new relations without its aid. Ability to model all the forms accurately and quickly from memory may be made the test of distinct concepts, provided the children have learned the forms from nature."

A hundred other illustrations might be given of the wise way in which the book counsels teachers, both as to what to teach in geography and how to teach it. It is object teaching of the best sort, and the prophet of new and rational work in geography.

### Briefer Notice.

IVIN SICKLE'S Exercises in Wood-working<sup>3</sup> follow the French rather than the German method in planning manual training for practical use in school. His head is right, in that his aim is to use manual training in developing rather than making proficient. But the exercises are so graded that there is some danger that the pupils would be taught by it the details of wood-working generally, rather than the making of a succession of complete things, — would be made proficient instead of being developed. The book is of general value, however, to every one handling tools. Part first is devoted to a discussion of wood, its structure, properties and care; and the latter half of the book gives progressively directions for wood-working in all its simpler forms. — Sermons must be very good to justify their publication. People that care for sermons at all, hear them frequently enough to make any printed discourse seem commonplace unless of great power or originality. This cannot be claimed for Mr. Campbell's work. Doubtless it pleased his parishioners when heard on Sunday morning or at Wednesday evening prayer meeting, but, it is to be feared, will put even them to sleep when read at home. It describes the successive scenes in the life of Jesus as given by the Gospels, and makes pious comment thereon.<sup>4</sup> — Under the title *Six Portraits*<sup>5</sup> Mrs. Van Rensselaer has gathered into book form a half dozen essays on artists which have from time to time appeared singly in other places. The author's position as a critic of things artistic is such that they would be read with interest simply because she wrote them. But in addition to this, the beautiful simplicity of her style and the fineness of her literary finish make the book more than usually readable. Her English is pure and excellent, and she has a faculty here and there of putting her fingers on the pregnant facts about a man that is closely allied to inspiration. —

<sup>3</sup>Exercises in Wood-working. By Ivin Sickle. New York. D. Appleton & Co.: 1890.

<sup>4</sup>Footprints of Christ. By Rev. William M. Campbell. New York: 1889. Funk & Wagnalls.

<sup>5</sup>Six Portraits. Della Robbia, Correggio, Blake, Corot, George Fuller, Winslow, Homer. By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>1</sup>Practical Hints for the Teachers of Public Schools. By George Howard. International Education Series. New York. D. Appleton & Co.: 1889.

<sup>2</sup>The Child and Nature: or Geography Teaching with Sand Modeling. By Alex. E. Frye. American Pedagogical Series. Bay State Pub. Co. Hyde Park.: 1889.





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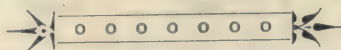


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The name implies "neighbor or vicinity," and it is a neighbor to Chico, being separated therefrom by Chico Creek and Gen. Bidwell's private residence and grounds.

Chico Vecino is bounded on the north by Lindo Channel and Lindo Avenue. This



## *Rancho del Arroyo Chico—Continued.*

Avenue is 100 feet wide, and conforms to the meanderings of this beautiful Channel, with its timbered banks gracefully festooned with wild grapevines.

Through the center of this tract is a main Alameda 165 ft. wide, known as the Esplanade,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles long, and divided into three drives, lined on either side with stately shade trees, some of which are 20 inches in diameter. All the other avenues are 80 feet wide, and surveyed in such shape that each tract is bounded on all sides by an avenue.

The soil, without exception, is equal if not superior to any in the State of California.

Olives, figs, pomegranates, English walnuts, almonds, pecans, grapes, apples, peaches, pears, plums, prunes, and apricots have been successfully cultivated here without irrigation.



### Read and Reflect.

Chico is the Queen City of the North.

Chico is the largest city in Butte county.

Chico is 95 miles from Sacramento, the capital of the State.

Chico is 186 miles north of San Francisco.

Chico has a railroad and a survey for another.

Chico has six daily trains.

Chico is on the through overland, via the Northern Pacific.

Chico has a State Normal School.

Chico has a High School.

Chico has 1000 pupils enrolled.

Chico has seven Churches.

Chico has two Banks.

Chico has a 225-bbl. Roller Flour Mill.

Chico has a Fruit Cannery, that employs 300 hands during the fruit season.

Chico has the finest city water in the State,

supplied by two pumps of 2,000,000 gallons capacity every 24 hours.

Chico has a V flume that taps a sugar pine timber belt of such vast magnitude that she could build a house on every 40 acres in the State and have much lumber left.

Chico has three Planing Mills.

Chico has a Furniture Factory.

Chico has a Match Factory.

Chico has a Foundry.

Chico makes Plows and Traction Engines.

Chico has a Steam Laundry.

Chico has fine Gas Works.

Chico has Street and Commercial Electric Lights.

Chico has an \$80,000 Hotel, fully equipped, the finest caravansary in the State north of Sacramento.

Chico has splendid Brick Business Blocks.

Chico has thousands of square feet of Cement Sidewalks.

Chico has expended a half million dollars in the last year on improvements.

Chico has Palm Trees 20 feet high.

Chico has a Board of Trade.



### SEVEN NEGATIVES.

Chico has no malaria.

Chico has no pest house.

Chico has no defaulters.

Chico has no debt.

Chico has no boodlers.

Chico has no barnacles.

Chico has no "hoodoos."



### NONE NEEDED.

Chico wants no rings.

Chico wants no trusts.

## *Rancho del Arroyo Chico—Continued.*

Chico wants no idlers.

Chico wants no drones.

Chico wants no bummers.

Chico wants no hold-ups.



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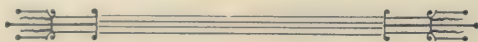
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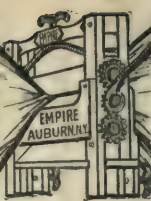
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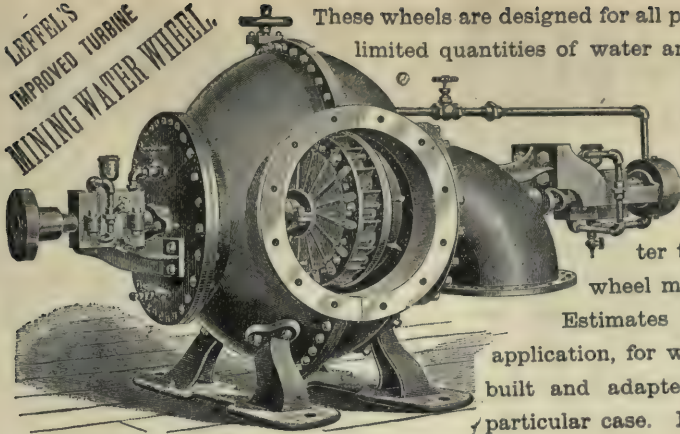
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# THE Overland Monthly

JUNE, 1890.



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New York and Chicago : The American News Co.—London : Trübner & Co.

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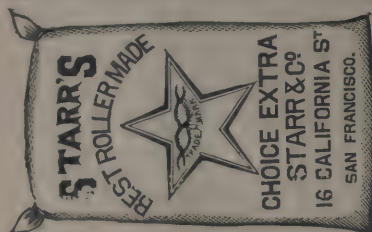
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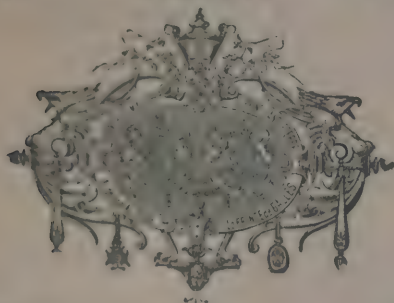
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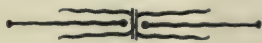


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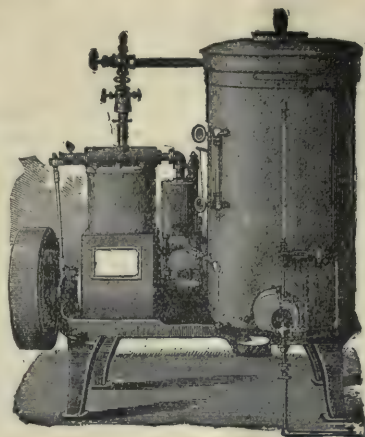
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*S. F. Chronicle, March 28th, 1890.*

# A Few Points for those who take Magazines.

---

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY, established twenty-two years ago, has grown with the growth of the State, and has won a national reputation for itself and its writers. Bret Harte named THE OVERLAND. He explained with admirable foresight that the highways across the Continent mean inevitable change and growth, new cities and colonies, and greater industries. The name "OVERLAND," struck home to the most important fact of that decade, and crystallized it into historical expression. It is now known far more widely than many magazines of greater circulation. Letters and subscriptions come to it from all parts of the world, and journals such as the *London Athenæum* speak of it as "one of the best known and greatest of American Magazines."

Another point of its success is in the famous grizzly bear cover. The leather-colored paper used was adopted by THE OVERLAND before the *Atlantic* took a somewhat similar shade of cover, and has always been manufactured expressly for the magazine. Concerning the bear, Bret Harte wrote: "He is honest withal. Take him, if you please, as the symbol of local primitive barbarism. In his placid moments he has a stupid, good-natured, gray tranquility like that of the hills in mid-summer. I am satisfied that his unpleasant habit of scalping with his forepaw is the result of contact with the degraded aborigine, and the effect of bad example on the untutored ursine mind." "Fifty years hence, and he will be extinct as the Dodo or the Dinorix." The *Springfield Republican* lately said that the old *Atlantic* design, the John Winthrop head, and THE OVERLAND MONTHLY bear, were the two best magazine designs in America.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY studies and describes the history, resources, literature and peculiarities of the whole region west of the Missouri. It is the most characteristic western magazine ever published. Wherever the magazine goes, it illustrates and describes the Pacific Coast. It brings settlers here; it tells the world of the resources of the western half of the continent. Whoever wishes to study the far West, the Pacific Coast and the shores of the Pacific, must read THE OVERLAND. Home-seekers and investors read it. Lovers of new and fresh literature find nothing better than THE OVERLAND. Its great support is found at home, but its circulation throughout the United States and in Europe is of itself sufficient to support a magazine. The practical articles, recognized by all business men as greatly advantageous to the community, are yet of far less value than the articles which are the expression of the human interests. Under a new environment, the literature of the Pacific Coast must be measured by high standards, and it must conform to the principles of true literary art. The effort of THE OVERLAND is to bring together the very best work possible, believing that our friends and readers, in California and elsewhere, demand the very best, and will take nothing less. So far the results have justified our confidence. In the long run no other method can succeed. We propose to have the best work attainable; to make the best magazine that can possibly be produced with the means at our command.

Very few persons stop to think how much good the publication of over twenty-five thousand pages of Pacific Coast articles in magazine form has already done for these Western Commonwealths. About 276 issues, and two million two hundred and six thousand single copies of THE OVERLAND have gone forth to the world. They are in all the great libraries of America, bound up beside the "Quarterlies and Reviews." They are daily examined by students and book makers. They are in cabins of pioneers, and huts of fishermen, and houses of wealth and refinement. They go to the Arctic with whalers, and to the tropics with the California gold miners. The readers of THE OVERLAND in the Mississippi Valley and the Atlantic States make investments here, visits here, finally make their homes here—because the magazine has steadily expressed the best thought of the Pacific Coast, and has faithfully described its resources.

One must also consider the distribution of these copies. THE OVERLAND MONTHLY has subscribers and readers in every state of the Union, in Natal, India, Australia, Europe, Japan, South America. It is taken by army posts, being a great favorite with army men, because so many frontier officers have written for its pages. It goes to naval stations and to light-house keepers. And, wherever it goes, it illustrates with force and dignity the best ideas of the great and growing communities of the western half of the American Continent.



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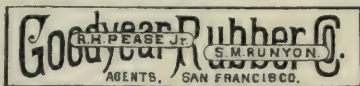
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It is distinguished for the brilliancy of its editorial matter, the accuracy and completeness of its local and telegraphic news, its interesting correspondence from all parts of the world, reviews of current literature, art and theatrical criticisms, the extent of its foreign news, and its freedom from highly colored sensationalism.

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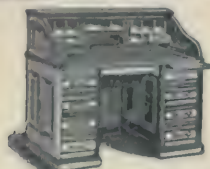
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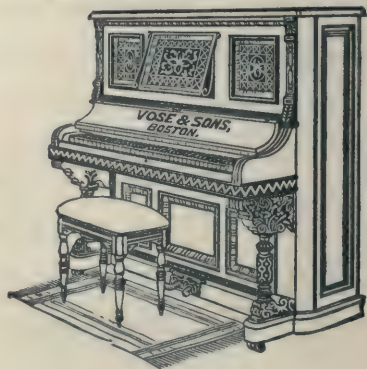
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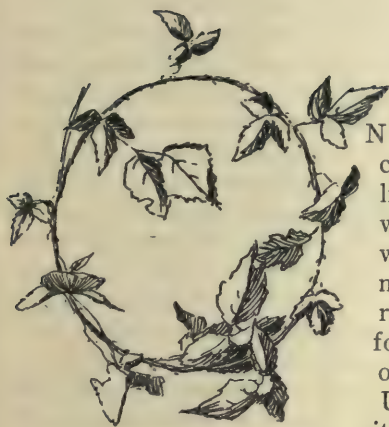
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# THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

VOL. XV. (SECOND SERIES.)—JUNE, 1890.—No. 90.

## SOCIAL TRANSFORMATION.<sup>1</sup>



ON an occasion like this, when we commemorate the founding of the University, there

cannot but arise questions as to the efficiency of educational forces to modify the individual man and to transform human society. This inquiry appears now especially urgent, in view of the fact that the assumption of the unchangeableness of human nature and the motives of human conduct is often used as a conclusive argument against proposed social changes. This assumption is urged in opposition to the plan of radical reformers, as if it answered completely their claims and closed forever the controversy. We meet, for example, the projects of the socialists, or of the collectiveists of whatever sort, with the

confident assertion that such projects cannot be realized, because they presume human beings different from the men and women of existing society; the validity of the argument clearly depending on the truth of the unproved proposition, that effective human nature, or the determinative proclivity of man, remains the same under all the varying social forces which mark the vicissitudes of progress from savagism to civilization.

It may not, perhaps, be denied that all the faculties of a man in any given stage of civilization are potentially present in any other member of the same race in a lower stage; yet it does not follow from this potential similarity that the impulses which determine actual conduct are the same in both cases. Even if we accept as a fact, that all the qualities of the philanthropist existed potentially in his savage ancestor, we are not surprised to learn that one was most powerfully impelled to the cruel mutilations which attended primitive warfare, while the other finds himself moved by an equal force to minister to those who suffer. Education, defined as the aggregate of the influences which make for enlightenment, may not produce an entirely new race of beings, but it may transform the members of the existing race, by developing certain faculties and starving others, to the extent of produ-

<sup>1</sup> This address was delivered at the University of California as a part of the exercises of Charter Day, March 22, 1890.

cing an entirely new bias, and making inevitable a new line of practical action. In this regard the development of spiritual faculties corresponds with the evolution of physical organs. In the case of a savage a certain line of action is natural, and it is determined by the state of his intellectual and moral development; in other words, by the dominance of faculties whose normal practical expression is the line of action manifest. In the case of the civilized man a certain other line of action is natural, and is determined by the dominance of other faculties whose normal practical expression is widely different from the conduct of the savage.

If there had been presented to the minds of our primitive ancestors the plan of a society like that in which we now live, they would have replied, as we now reply to the socialists, that it could not be realized, because it presumed human beings different from the men and women of the society then existing. If there had been presented to the mind of the mediæval feudal lord or vassal a scheme of social order like that of the United States in the first half of this century, resting on individualism and personal independence, and rejecting the mutual obligations of protection and subordination of the feudal age, it would have been condemned as an unqualified utopia, because human beings as known at that time did not possess the qualities requisite for its realization. But from age to age, society, in spite of adverse prophecy, has brought forth from within itself such men and women as to make possible a new and higher phase of social existence. And more than this, from age to age each step in the onward movement has been attended by the acceptance of new principles and new methods for determining social relations, resulting practically in new forms of society.

Take, as a single illustration, the determination of the relation between

master and workman. In the earlier phases of civilization this relation was fixed by the decision of the superior and the acquiescence of the subordinate. Under the complete superiority of the master, the workman was a slave, and was immediately dependent on his superior, not only for his food and clothing, but also for the privilege of life. Later, the master's power to punish capitally fell away to the state; and thus in the course of time, one by one his acknowledged prerogatives were cut off, until in the beginning of this century, in enlightened society, the workman stood as a free man in relation to his employer. But the relation between them still continued to be personal, and the workman relied somewhat on his master's good will and sense of duty, while the employer still acknowledged certain moral obligations towards his employés. He still considered that his position involved something more than the pecuniary obligations of a specific contract. Then followed the great industrial revolution of our time, introducing the transition from personal to corporate industry. The confidential personal relation between employer and employés passed away; the two parties became organized and arrayed in hostile ranks, and settled upon a free-handed conflict as a means of determining their mutual relations.

This method of determining certain vital social relations represents the widest possible departure from mediæval practice, and stands as the latest achievement which has been made in this direction by enlightened nations. But it cannot be regarded as necessarily the ultimate method of determining private relations, any more than the holding of vast armies, as in modern Europe, is the ultimate method of maintaining international relations. Within the field of industry, however, the application of the principle of conflict is practically universal; and in politics, the progress from absolutism to democracy is an advance



towards a condition in which political determinations are reached by a similar resort to conflict.

If, now, we compare a society in which conclusions are reached through conflict, with one in which all social relations were determined by the independent decision of a permanent superior, we shall find that a new social form has appeared in the world. Under the new order, persons seeking what they feel to be their due, refuse to trust their affairs in the hands of a superior. They decline to accept the superior's sense of duty as a sufficient guarantee. On the contrary, they hold that the history of trusts betrayed, of class oppressed by class, warrants the conclusion that the unaided sense of duty, as it has hitherto appeared in men, has been inadequate to determine and preserve among them their proper relations. Laborers do not believe that their employers will accord to them their deserts, unless some other force than the sense of duty is made to operate on the minds of the employers. The members of a body politic, by centuries of painful experience, have come to the conclusion that a political superior, independent of those in subjection to it, needs some other guiding force than duty to keep its action consistently advantageous to the subjects. This lack of confidence into which enlightened society has drifted, does not imply a rejection of the ethical sentiment as a force in character; but it indicates that in an earlier form of society the ethical sentiment was relied upon to determine certain relations between persons, which it is now entirely inadequate to determine, and that consequently resort has been had to another method. Thus, while generations have been looking forward to an age of universal peace, modern society in its actual growth has been marked by a more and more extensive application of the principle of war.

But of this latest form of society, preceding ages had no clear conception.

The men of those earlier times looked towards the age in which we stand as we look towards the future. Our social organization may, perhaps, have appeared in distant vision to some ancient utopian dreamer, but it did not stand in the mind of a nation as the clearly conscious end of public striving. Nor has any age been able to foresee the character of the society which was to mark the following age, and to produce which its labor has been spent. The supreme educational efforts of each age are directed to the production of such qualities, both in the individual man and in the social organism, as to issue later in a form of society which no one has clearly foreseen.

It is possible to know something of the immediate results of certain intellectual forces and lines of teaching; we know some of the more marked characteristics of a race; we may have extensive knowledge of the soil and climate of different lands; but so complex is the problem produced by the union of these factors, so incalculable are the possibilities of their different combinations, that it is as yet beyond the power of human knowledge to predict the nature of the society that is to be. Herein all social sciences show how imperfect is their development: they are able to predict only general tendencies, but not definite quality; and in the baffling complexity of their data is manifest the reason of their imperfection. However much we may know of past social experience, and however keen may be our scientific vision, we are not in a position to make any positive affirmation whatsoever concerning the form and quality of future society. What lies beyond the present is a field for the creation of ideals. In this field has ranged the constructive imagination of utopists of all ages. Plato, Campanella, More, and Bellamy have given expression to their ideals and thus made them remembered. But they are peculiar and different from the rest of the world only in that they have elaborately described

their ideals of society. Every man of active intelligence carries in his mind a more or less complete utopia. It may be a scheme of socialism, or a scheme of anarchism, but whatever it is, it is his sacred possession. We construct our ideals in the realm of religion and the future life, and demand toleration in their advocacy; in the statement and advocacy of our social ideals we likewise claim a guarantee of liberty; and in both cases it is found expedient to grant the claim, since otherwise we are compelled to test one ideal by the criterion of another, or condemn a certain ideal society, because it is at variance with a present reality. This last is the conservative course of the barbarian, who can rise to the conception of no other form of life than that which he has experienced in his own brief existence. But standing in the clearer light of this latest generation, looking back over thirty centuries of human history, beholding the wreck of social forms and institutions once believed to be eternal, we read, in the ruins of what has been, the doom of that which is; and with all the force of imagination, reach after ideals as working models for the construction of a new and higher organization, when the present system shall fail.

From this point of view we are able to see that all the evidence of history tends to show the transitory character of human institutions; that age after age, in the course of progress, one form of society has succeeded another; and that whenever the qualities of men as they have appeared in one age seemed to prevent proposed reforms, the forces which make for civilization have engendered other qualities and made possible the realization of the plan conceived. The insignificance, then, of all limitations on social reorganization derived from what human nature seems to be when viewed in the light of past conduct, suggests how vast is the field of legitimate action open to the makers of utopias.

Every reform, however sweeping, is the outgrowth of a more or less complete utopia, and has its beginning somewhere in the thought of an individual mind. When this thought has been made known and adopted, it obtains a real existence in an institution or in institutions.

The makers and advocates of utopias appear, therefore, as the direct factors of social progress. Their numbers are at once a sign of intellectual activity and a hopeful promise of the future. The great socialistic utopia, which has given character to much of the thought and legislation of this country, has had its origin and vigorous support in the German centers of the most profound learning of the age, while the stagnant societies of the world have remained in dumb indifference to everything but the reality around them. And that other conspicuous utopia of this century, called the *laissez-faire* scheme of government, is of at least respectable intellectual origin.

If the utopists protest against an existing order of society, it is not because they conceive of it as thoroughly bad, but because it appears below the standard set by the revelations of their optimistic vision. The utopists are not destroyers, but creators of institutions. Their special service in behalf of civilization consists in presenting ideals, to be striven for in practical action. Whoever would beat the rough metal into the parts of an efficient machine, must work after a model which his mind grasps as the aim of his efforts. Whoever would build new institutions in society must take as his model some ideal creation; and he builds as the mechanic builds, by adapting means to ends. But in healthy social progress, the movement is towards the realization of an ideal which is not the product of a single mind, but the product of the common action of many constructive intelligences bearing upon one general end. To criticize, to trim, to bring into harmony a multitude of individual conceptions, and to mold out of all a



common ideal worthy of the united efforts of a nation,—this is the end and reason of all public discussion and deliberation.

At this point is revealed the mission of university instruction in relation to the progress of society. In the simplest phrase, it is to contribute to the formation, in the minds of youth, of high ideals. In history may be found knowledge to prevent making again experiments once tried and rejected ; in ancient literature, an appeal to simplicity ; in Grecian art, a corrective of barbarian vulgarity ; and in science, a powerful stimulus to truthfulness and intellectual honesty. Let it stand, as it is set down by authority, that the teacher is an utopist or a visionary, and fills the minds of youth with ideals nowhere realized. If the charge is true, the fact is not to his shame but his glory. What is low in ideals of life has been realized somewhere in the history of

society ; what is highest remains the as yet unrealized aim of human aspiration. And it is an important function of academic instruction to make the highest ideals accepted ; for only through their influence is society moved to advance beyond what it has been. If it has as a goal merely an already realized end, there can be no outcome but stagnation. If it were trumpeted to the world that a great university had been established in order to teach young men how to get a living, the judgment of high intelligence everywhere would be that the main purpose of academic teaching has been neglected, and an incidental object made supreme. "The life is more than meat" ; and the university exists to make broader, deeper, and fuller the life of the individual man, to stimulate him to create exalted social ideals, and to move him to seek their realization in a higher and progressive social existence.

*Bernard Moses.*



## THE ETHICS OF NATIONALISM.



**I**T may seem rather late in the day to refer to that already so much written of book, "*Looking Backward*," but so many dangerous tendencies creep upon us unawares, that when we do manage to spy one it becomes an imperative duty to utter what warning we can, even at the risk of being wearisome.

Now I think we may perceive such a tendency very plainly exhibited in "*Looking Backward*," yet so far I have not found it noticed in any of the reviews and criticisms of that book. I will not venture to think that I have made an original discovery, for I do not pretend to have read more than a small portion of that extensive literature, so that for aught I know my view of the subject may be a very general one; but with such danger before us, there can be no harm in re-echoing a warning that has perhaps long since been sounded by a stronger voice than mine.

I have not sufficient knowledge of the movements of mankind as a whole to judge toward what goal the world is tending, but I strongly believe that the general movement of the American people is towards materialism; and I think no more striking illustration of such a movement could be found than the picture of the future drawn by Bellamy. He is drawing a picture of improve-

ments, and few will deny that he has shown us many great, and yet wholly possible ones; but in what do they consist? So far as I could see, they deal entirely with our material surroundings; intellectual and spiritual advancement our author has put still farther off. In the twentieth century men have, according to Mr. Barton's sermon, "entered on a new phase of spiritual development"; but certainly the people Bellamy depicts show a decrease, rather than an increase, in spirituality over the present generation. As for their intellectual life, I can only say that if their mental powers have at all improved, he gives us no evidence of the fact. However, it is not to their intellectual but to their spiritual standing that I wish to call attention now.

It may be argued that their higher morality, which cannot be denied, indicates a higher spirituality; but though spirituality necessarily includes morality, morality need not, and very often does not, include spirituality. We may rigidly keep all the ten commandments, yet never see, nor even imagine, the glory of God.

Let us see, then, what causes our author assigns for the increase of morality. First of all, men have at last recognized the fact that they are all brothers, and that is certainly a great advance. But when we see *how* they came to recognize the fact, we find that it was not at all a spiritual advance. It was not because their spiritual eyes had been opened; it was not because the light of love had illumined their souls;—but because they found strikes unprofitable; because they foresaw that working in unity, men could have more material riches than when they labored against each other.

"It was not till a re-arrangement of



the industrial and social system on a higher ethical basis, and for the more efficient production of wealth, was recognized as the interest, not of one class, but equally of all classes, . . . that there was any prospect that it should be achieved."<sup>1</sup>

And if they do not steal, or lie, or envy one another, it is only because they have no reason for so doing. As Mr. Barton preaches to them, "If you would see men again the beasts of prey they seemed in the nineteenth century, all you have to do is to restore the old social and industrial system, which taught them to view their natural prey in their fellow-men, and find their gain in the loss of others." Probably he felt and knew that his hearers would feel that such a restoration, such a step backward, was impossible; but I think that in that sentence he very plainly admits that the improvement was in the environment, not in the men themselves. The morality that will falter under any circumstances, that will give way before any outside pressure whatsoever, is not spiritual morality.

A little farther on in the same sermon we find the following words: "'What shall I eat and drink, and wherewithal shall I be clothed?' stated as a problem beginning and ending in self, had been an anxious and an endless one. But when once it was conceived, not from the individual but the fraternal standpoint, 'What shall we eat and drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?' its difficulties vanished."

Now it is evident that these people had accomplished much good by taking thought of those things,—they had arranged matters so that there were no more starving or naked people, and surely that was a great advance: yet Jesus distinctly told his hearers they were *not* to take thought of them. Could Jesus have meant people to neglect any possible remedies for the suf-

ferings he so sympathized with? Surely not! But he knew that, man being of the earth, earthy, these needs would always present themselves before him with sufficient force; his attention did not need to be called to the wants of the body, but to the wants of the soul. In stating the problem with a collective pronoun, instead of an individual one, these people had undoubtedly done well; but man shall not live by bread alone: he has higher needs than that; and, until those needs are provided for, he will make much real progress.

Bellamy evidently believes that worldly prosperity must come first, that we must be well fed, and well clothed, before we can be holy. He makes his preacher say, "For the first time since the creation every man stood up straight before God." That were a glorious thing, surely! But shall a man dare to "stand up straight before God," merely because he is so prosperous that he has no temptation to steal or lie? I say those people have mistaken morality for God, and the living, spiritual God they do not know. There had been more hope for them if, having at last time to spare from worldly cares, they had recognized their spiritual unworthiness, and humbled themselves before Him who is not only perfect Righteousness, but also perfect Holiness and perfect Love.

Doubtless to those who do not recognize the existence of the spiritual life I shall seem to be writing sheer nonsense; but it is not to them that I wish now to address myself. It is to those who have felt that life,—to those who realize that good as are morality and justice,—there is yet something better and higher, that I now appeal.

Shall we be content to let the world improve *materially*, as it surely will, and yet grow no whit nearer to God? Shall the poor of the world be fed and clothed, and the spiritually poor still starve and go naked?

<sup>1</sup> Page 253.

If I go to my brother and say, "Here is bread ; for you, as a man, are entitled to an equal share with all other men," I do well ; but if I say, " Here is not only bread, which is yours of right, but also love and sympathy, which I give as a free gift unto you," I do better.

Ruskin has said, "There are three Immaterial things, not only useful, but essential to life. No one knows how to live till he has got them. These are Admiration, Hope, and Love."<sup>1</sup> Looking at these imaginary people of the twentieth century, we see that they do possess the first two of these necessities ; but the admiration is of themselves and their own institutions, and the hope so vague as to be valueless. As for love, that is love in any of its higher and better senses, if they possess it the author has nowhere shown it to us ; the sickly sentiment of Edith, the "industrial partnership"<sup>2</sup> fraternity of her father, are certainly unworthy of the name.

I have said before, and I again venture to assert, at the risk of exposing myself to much adverse criticism, that the general tendency of the American people is towards materialism. Even our religion is drifting that way ; and for one preacher who will exhort us to holiness, and charity, and general obedience to divine laws, there will be found fifty to urge the advantages of honesty, and sobriety, and general obedience to the laws of the state.

<sup>1</sup> "Fors Clavigera." Letter V.

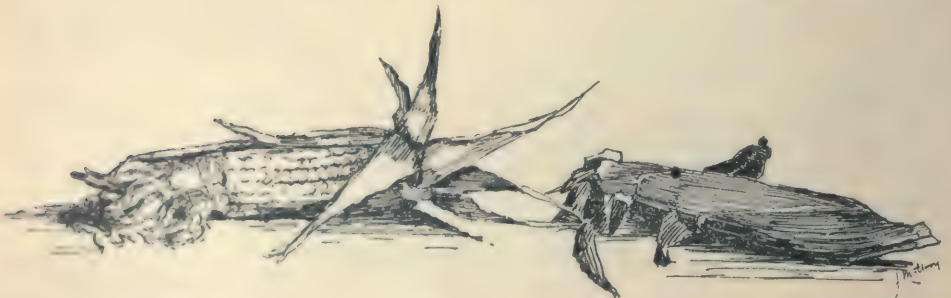
<sup>2</sup> Page 132.

As for those who lay claim to the title of spiritualists, they are in reality the most material of all, for they would confine the spiritual life to material bodies ; and believe, or feign to believe, that the immortality which could only be desirable, or even bearable, in connection with the *higher* powers of man, is made manifest in rappings and table-turnings, in signs and sounds that only appeal to our lowest senses.

And because of this tendency, it becomes the imperative duty of all those who do know the higher life to urgently insist on its actual existence, and to do all in their power to call men's attention to it. The life itself cannot be described, but by its fruits we may know it. We cannot gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles ; and the highest and best physical and intellectual life can not bring forth the fruits of the spirit, which are holiness and charity.

That the vast improvements Mr. Belamy has so cleverly portrayed are surely coming, I do not doubt. That they may be even as near as he has placed them, I can believe. But I do *not* believe that they will come, or that it would be well for them to come, in just the way that he indicates. It is neither necessary nor desirable that the lower life should advance faster than the higher life ; the physical, the intellectual, and the spiritual, should go forward hand in hand. It is well for us to recognize the brotherhood of man ; it is well, also, to remember the fatherhood of God.

Geraldine Meyrick.





## FARMING IN THE YEAR 2000, A. D.

**W**ITH nerves unstrung by that horrent nightmare, which had replunged me into the cruel vortex of nineteenth century antagonism and brutality, I cast around for some method of restoring my usual equanimity. An excursion into the country would, it appeared to me, serve the double purpose of acting as a nervous sedative, and of enabling me to realize something of the conditions of rural life in this year 2000 A. D.

Repairing to Dr. Leete's study, I found him busily conning those pages of Storiot's *History of the Nineteenth Century* in which agriculture was discussed. Having expressed to him my desire, I added, "Your methods of distribution and finance have proved so interesting to me that I long intensely to learn something of your performance of that more vital function, production."

"Ah, Mr. West," replied the Doctor, "that reminds me that I have very much wished to consult you upon what has always seemed to me a great mystery. This history of Storiot's gives one to understand that the distaste for a farmer's vocation was so great in your nineteenth century as to result in an exodus that left the rural districts almost depopulated. Can this be true? If so, it becomes yet more incomprehensible when one reconstructs mentally one of your overgrown yet crowded cities. The dense canopies of soot and impure gases, overhanging them like a funeral pall, were themselves danger-signals, warning the unwary that life's most precious possession, health, was imperiled. Then the mud and dust, the squalor and malodorousness, the grime and filth of your back alleys and byways, — ay, often even of your main thoroughfares, — must have

acted as repellents and nauseants to one accustomed to sweet country air. To complete this uninviting catalogue, one must add the deplorably insanitary condition of your dwellings. Why, Storiot actually affirms that the consort of Queen Victoria was literally poisoned in Windsor Castle by sewage miasma; while, about the same time, over one hundred students of Princeton College were attacked by typhus fever from a similar cause. So late as 1889 a Hygienic Congress, sitting in the City of Paris, condemned 77,000 out of its 79,000 houses as defective in sanitation. And this in a city vaunting itself the center of civilization, whose system of sewers was world renowned, the pride of the poet Hugo. Presuming all this true, there must have been some remarkable fatuity to induce men to migrate from the sweet purity of God's 'un-man-stifled places,' to coop themselves in such vile wildernesses of brick."

"Though I can refute nothing of your historian's indictment against the abominations of our cities," I replied dejectedly, "I can perhaps solve your problem by a reference to that root of all our nineteenth century evils, the greedy grab for money. Money, if we ruin our bodies! Money, if we sell our souls! Incredible and monstrous as it may seem to you, there were among our farming community the same mutual jealousy, suspicion, and antagonism that embittered and impeded all other walks of life; the same blind, misdirected, feverish energy, unintelligently over-producing certain staples, which had to be sold at unremunerative prices. Hence heavy labor, long protracted, often repulsive and even brutal, was compulsory to obtain a bare sustenance. Some few evaded this curse by the successful substitution of the

sweat of some one else's brow; but, as a rule, the farmer and his family were debarred from almost all social recreation, and precluded by excessive fatigue from mental culture at home. Add to this that his business was the sport of the weather, to the inclemencies of which he was often exposed; that he was harassed by plagues innumerable, beetle and bug, mildew and mould, canker-worm and caterpillar; and bled impartially by rodent, rent-collector, and tax-gatherer. One theorist even proposed to make land bear the whole tax of the nation, promising a consequent millennium."

"Stop," said Doctor Leete, "that's explanation enough. You will find our farming as diametrically different to that of your nineteenth century as is our storekeeping. Nothing you have said previous to this portrayal of the farmer's woes has so made me realize how dim were your dawns of science. I had failed to remember that your scientists could barely foretell the weather a few hours ahead, and that your farmers looked to birds, insects, and even trees for intimations of hard winters or early springs. Now, our meteorologists furnish accurate forecasts for the entire year, and our tillers of the soil shape their course accordingly. But let us continue our talk on the road, where both eye and ear can be busy."

Seating ourselves in a light, beautifully appointed electric curricule, the doctor touched the ubiquitous contact button, and sped us rapidly westward along the smooth, broad, tree-shaded avenue. Crossing the sinuous Charles, with its sculpin-haunted bridges, our road was bordered on either hand with an endless succession of snuggest villas, lawn-begirt and flower-adorned, glorious in their greenery, the ideal of everything home-like and hospitable. More miles and more, and the same pleasing vista still charmed the eye, until I began to think that Boston must have taken the American continent. I noticed, however, that

the gardens were becoming more extensive, and occasionally fairy palaces of iron and glass, covering acres of ground, diversified the scene; while every few miles magnificent assembly halls reared their inviting porticos at the roadside. In vain I looked around for some of the old familiar waste places and solitudes, for which my eyes seemed to long.

"How soon, Doctor Leete," I asked, "shall we reach your farming district?"

"You are now in the heart of it," he replied.

Rubbing my eyes to make sure I was awake, I stared at my companion in amazement. Where were all the shabby barns, the dilapidated outbuildings, pigsties, hen-houses, calf-sheds, stables, the malodorous middens and muckheaps, inseparable from nineteenth century farmsteads? Then it flashed across me that I had seen neither sheep nor cow, — no, not even a solitary hog, since I awoke from my century's trance.

"You appear dazed!" said the Doctor. "What is it that strikes you as specially wonderful?"

"Why, the absence of all live stock, to be sure! Where do you keep your cows and pigs, your horses and sheep? Our farmers' chief business was to provide provender for his livestock. Here I see no livestock. Nothing but garden, garden, garden!"

"You don't see them because we have none!"

"Have none? Then whence came that juicy cutlet which I had for breakfast? Savory as the fattest of fat venison fed on the Delectable Mountains!"

A smile wreathed the Doctor's face as he replied:

"It is satisfactory to hear so pronounced an opinion from one so qualified to judge. As we never taste flesh, it has been necessarily a doubtful point as to whether our edible fungi were really superior to animal food. Your morning meal was blood-guiltless; your juicy cutlet was but a slice from an agaric. In



your age one class of savages was held in especial abhorrence. Your flesh crept and your blood curdled as you whispered the word "cannibal," even when applied to a sailor, starvation-crazed on mid-ocean. Our generation similarly abhors all flesh-eaters. But do not suppose that we affect any contempt for the science of cookery, because we eschew meat. Man is what he is by virtue of his education and environment, and food is no inconsiderable part of that environment. Our cooks prepare purely vegetable dishes, compared to which, we opine, the rarest fleshpots of your Egypt were but as carrion. If Storiot is right, your much esteemed fillet of beef had to be flavored with mushrooms, and that highly valued dainty of the gourmand, the *paté de foie gras*, depended for its piquancy on the added aroma of a fungous tuber. No! the farmer of today, — and his name is Legion, agriculture being by far the most popular of all vocations, — performs none of that repulsive and brutalizing labor in connection with live stock which constituted farming in your day. Growing and stacking huge ricks of hay, and threshing endless bushels of grain, for the maintenance of his horses and bullocks, his hogs and sheep, during winter; collecting and distributing all kinds of unsavory fertilizers; daily tending and caring for his flocks and herds, — made up a farmer's life. How needless was all this labor, let the stalwart frames and ruddy countenances of this generation witness. Even you had the example of Daniel and his friends, who, preferring a pulse diet, refused the king's meat; but whose countenances were fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat. I believe also that the nourishing and nitrogenous bean was a staple food of your poorer Bostonians. Under our improved dietetic regime, we not only have succeeded in maintaining a population of thirty from the same acreage that on a meat diet

fed one, but we have effectually banished that demon of the nineteenth century, dyspepsia: the demon that tortured the body, embittered the soul, and envenomed the pen of your great master of satire, Carlyle."

"But," queried I, "if you thus eliminate all live stock from your farming system, how are your fields and gardens fertilized?"

The smile of conscious power and adequate knowledge again illumined the Doctor's visage, as he replied:

"In the first place, by that endless natural supply, the refuse of cities. This, suitably deodorized by dry earth, is delivered by our pneumatic transmitters to such lands as need renewing, and there distributed by electric carry-alls. If I am rightly informed, this supply was in your day not only allowed to waste, but actually discharged into your rivers, poisoning alike air and water; while at the same time your lack of nitrogenous fertilizers put you to immense expense in the mining and transportation of nitrates. These, by the aid of our slave of the lamp, electricity, we obtain in any quantity from that omnipresent and inexhaustible nitrogen mine, the atmosphere; of course, combining the nitric acid thence obtained with the necessary bases.

"This reminds me of another laborious, ever-recurring piece of work, from which that same slave of the lamp has freed our agriculturists; the cutting and cleaving of cord-wood for heating the wintry air of your abodes. Not only our artificial light and heat, but all the motive power of our machinery is supplied by electricity. Fields are plowed, seeds sown, crops harvested, all by that same swift servitor, whom your contemporaries had but just learned to harness. Fluvial and tidal forces furnish ample energy for all purposes: so that cold water literally boils our kettles, warms our hands, and even smelts the most refractory ores. You may judge then how easy the

farmer's yoke, how light his burden today; especially when you remember that all anxiety and care as to marketing his crops, or providing for his family's present and future, have under our social system become 'utterly needless.'

"You are, my dear Doctor, indeed favored above mortals!" I gladly assented. "But you have not yet by any means exhausted Farmer Hayseed's catalogue of woes. Tares sprung up and choked his wheat; codlin moth or curculio rendered hateful his pleasant fruits; cut worm, wire worm, gopher, squirrel, scale bug, locust, and fly ravaged his fields and stripped his trees, robbing him of half his due reward. If your system and science have extirpated these I shall hail you as victors indeed."

"What appeared impossible, and was impossible in your chaos of antagonism," replied the Doctor, "has become not only possible, but easy, with our system of harmonious co-operation. In your day the farmer who, by trap and poison, would rid his fields of vermin, was checkmated by the neighbor who was too lazy or apathetic to do the like. The lazy man's fields bred vermin enough to more than restock the runs and burrows that the diligent man had emptied. One orchardist by endless vigilance strove to keep his trees healthy; his neighbor, perhaps out of sheer spite, neglected his; and scale bug, curculio, or codlin moth migrated in myriads to the vigilant man's orchard. With weeds the same:—what industry kept free, idleness reseeded. Now, by united effort, not a weed goes to seed, not a noxious insect lives within our borders. Entomology became so thoroughly understood that, by giving favorable environment to certain predatory varieties, the noxious species were long ago exterminated. We thus reap the full reward of our toil. Moreover, there is no attempt made to produce crops that are unfitted for the locality. Distribution is so rapid and easy that we can utilize natural

adaptations to the utmost, and thus results a perfection not known in your age. This is accomplished the more readily in that our command of chemistry ensures us that needful supply of the requisite fertilizing ingredients which renders us independent of soil constituents. Add to all these advantages an abundance of competent labor, plus the absolute possession of the unbounded and untiring energy of our slave of the lamp, and the horticulture of today has been made possible."

Here the Doctor slackened the speed of our curricule, as we neared one of those immense palaces of crystal I had previously noticed. Alighting, we entered a portico, tastefully lit by transparent mosaics; thence passed into a glorious sylvan cloister, extending all around the building, rich with the verdure of the tropics, through which flashed the starry wings of strange, bright birds, and among whose arches echoed their warbled melodies.

"This," said Dr. Leete, with a glow of pride, "is one of our winter promenades. This is the ornate fringe of the useful center, devoted as you see to such vegetables as need artificial heat. Below is a crypt allotted to the culture of agarics and fungous tubers, such as delighted your palate this morning. Our slave of the lamp automatically maintains the required temperature, and in winter prolongs the day to the extent required for continuous growth. So that here we fear not even the Shaksperian enemies, 'Winter and rough weather.'"

Words fail to picture the marvel of horticultural perfection on which I gazed. Tender care and exquisite taste were displayed everywhere, as though each plant had been ranged by an artist.

The Doctor read my admiring look, and gave utterance to my thought.

"Yes, our gardeners are all artists. I believe in the nineteenth century they were not included in that denomination. But surely if to reproduce nature on



canvas be art, to embellish nature, which is the true gardener's office, is yet higher art. And I think, Mr. West, you will be hardly disposed to deny, after what you have seen today of rural Massachusetts, that we have been fairly successful in embellishing nature."

"Success! Yes, your success to me is miraculous! The incomprehensible part of it to me is where the money —"

"Ah," broke in the Doctor, "there comes in your old-world bogey again! It was an eternal question as to money? — money? — money? You want to ask where the means to promote and carry out such schemes are found. You forget how much more rapid psychical evolution is than physical. In your century a Harvard professor could say with reason, 'Only a small fraction of the human race have as yet, by thousands of years of struggle, been partially emancipated from poverty, ignorance, and brutishness.' Our change of social polity has multiplied that fraction many fold. Now our people are all emancipated from that vilest of slavery.' The office of brains nowadays is not to aggrandize and exalt their fortunate possessor at the expense of the debasement of his fellows. We find our highest gratification in self-devotion to the uplifting of those who are less richly endowed; and reap a harvest of admiration and love consequent on that only pious course. Thus we have a population capable of the grandest achievements in art or science; a population free from all internal and external cares and anxieties, eager to concentrate thought, time, and energy on such productive work as you have glanced at today. Usefulness is with us the sole title to nobility. With you the typical 'good fellow' was one who had money, no matter how acquired, that he was ready to squander in ostentatious idleness or profligacy. For such characters our age finds neither name nor place. Whether our methods be

happier, whether they result in success, you have now seen enough to judge."

The look of admiration with which I could but behold the magnificent triumph of art-aided nature before me was a sufficiently eloquent reply.

As we rode homewards I gathered many further details from Doctor Leete as to the crops grown in different districts. These, of course, remained a great deal as in the nineteenth century. The Doctor was specially enthusiastic over a visit he had lately paid to California, in his capacity of National Sanitary Inspector. Fruit forming so large a part of the nation's sustenance, it was one of his duties to learn and teach the newest and best methods of its growth and preservation.

"After your nineteenth century experience," said he, "you can have no conception of the glories of that American paradise. All your visions of vine and fig tree, of myrtle, and palm, and orange, your grapes of Eshcol and clusters of Mamre, are belittled by the Edenic reality! Blossom-clad rose fields for perfume, hills purpled with wealth of the vine, terraces silvered with olives, or gold with the orange's glow, plains where the peach and the pear shared the bounteous soil with the prune, mountain sides where the racy apple stored up the sun's kisses for winter. No more dread of drought, as in your day, no more crying of a parched earth to a pitiless sky, but intelligent man working in happy harmony with bounteous nature; the State overspread with a network of waterways, wealth-bearing, life-giving, making even the deserts kind and hospitable, and the barren hillside a fruitful grove. All this and more, because man has, after centuries of strife and antagonism, learned at last the wisdom and policy of mutual help; a lesson long taught him by the practical socialism of the ant, the bee, and even of that type of envenomed malice, the wasp."

*Edward Berwick.*

## THE UTOPIAS OF THE PAST COMPARED WITH THE THEORIES OF BELLAMY.

**I**DEAL descriptions of a social state giving happiness to all, dreams of a golden age, have been common since the earliest dawn of literature. The Republic of Plato and the Utopia of Sir Thomas More gave as much happiness to the individual as the Twentieth Century of Bellamy. Why, then, have the earlier dreams been regarded as merely additions to literature, while the latter has stirred the social fabric to its foundations, and awakened echoes of hope in countless hearts, the reverberations of which will never cease until success crowns their efforts? The answer is simple, and to be seen at a glance. The two former pictured an ideal man; Bellamy has pictured an ideal state.

To form Plato's Republic, men must be as gods; to form More's Utopia, all men must be pure, honest, and animated only with a sincere love to their kind; to form the social fabric of Bellamy, human nature remains the same, but the environments are changed. For instance, to form a Utopia, all men must resist the temptation to steal; in forming Bellamy's state you remove the temptation to steal by taking away the motive. The vitality of the one would rest upon the honesty of the individual; the strength of the other would depend upon the good impulses of humanity.

I have yet to read an article on the subject that did not admit or imply, directly or indirectly, that the theories of Bellamy may at some future date be partly or entirely realized. Some of his most bitter critics and opponents admit that in the distant future man may change and improve, so that society may rest on such a base. Such writers are woefully mistaken. The disciple of co-

operation does not dream of changing man, or think of the quixotic attempt to vary human nature a hair's breadth, but does hope to change his surroundings. He does not hope so much to reform the thief, as to make it unnecessary for him to steal. He does not hope to change the instincts of the embezzler, but to leave nothing for him to embezzle. If the Scripture is true, that the love of money is the root of evil, he would demolish the whole tree by grubbing up the entire root.

As this is a practical age, the whole merit and attraction of the Bellamy theory rests upon its practical application to society. Plato and More gave us beautiful dreams. Men read the Republic or the Utopia with a sigh of regret. They read Bellamy with a thrill of hope, and the heart responds as if unseen chords had been played upon.

It is safe to assert that the vast majority of the average men of society, average in intellect, education, social and financial position, would agree in the abstract that the co-operative theory would be a vast improvement on the social life of today. Put the following hypothetical question to any number of intelligent men, who have read the book "Looking Backwards":

"If in some miraculous way you could sleep fifty years, and awaken to consciousness at the end of that period, would you not regard it a great improvement in general, and do you not think the remainder of your own life would be happier, if you found the social system resting on some such foundation as described by Bellamy?"

Is there a doubt as to an affirmative answer from most? We know that by far the greater number of intelligent



men would favor the idea in the abstract, as we know the average impulses of humanity favor happiness rather than misery, virtue rather than vice.

The practical deduction to draw from this is, that it is an individual duty of those who believe in the system of Universal Co-operation to assist in the distribution of the knowledge of the theory; and when every man in this broad land masters the details of the system, it will be but one step from the abstract to the concrete; and the press, the money power, the allied strength of monopoly, cannot prevent its triumph.

When men thoroughly understand the system there will be practically but one broad obstacle in the way, that will prevent its legal adoption,—the only one in fact that is retarding its progress to-day,—and that is the fear of the change itself. Every man, from education and habit, has within his heart an innate conservative element, a positive dread of destroying any well established custom, rule, or law: no matter how unjust his reason may show him an established custom to be, the fact that it is established causes him to regard it as inevitable. It is the same feeling Hamlet has about death: we “rather bear the ills we have, than flee to others that we know not of.” This obstacle will only give way to education of the masses; and if this obstacle is the outcome of one well-known social law, we can place our hopes upon the workings of another social law fully as important: nothing is more certain than the fact that when the majority of mankind recognize the existence of a wrong, some path will open to the right. Let the intellect of the country universally realize the justice of co-operation, and leaders will appear.

The social system of competition between individuals for the means of existence is one of the relics of man's primitive condition, and is the most prominent brutish principle inherited by humanity. It was primarily adopted

by primitive man, by imitating the animal kingdom, where the right of one to another's share is exemplified by devouring the other if conducive to pleasure or appetite. It is on a much lower plane than the rest of man's surroundings. By the use of his higher faculties man has made wider the line between himself and the brute; his arts, his sciences, his luxuries are the fruit of reason, but his social life (the most important element to his happiness) is an inheritance of instinct. National Co-operation is the first practical method given to raise the social life of man to an even plane with his other surroundings. And the ethical deduction may be given: *Competition is instinct; co-operation is reason.* And if for no philanthropical reasons, universal co-operation is required to make the environments of man symmetrical. The question now is, competition or co-operation; but time may make the social problem, co-operation or annihilation.

One of the objections most frequently urged against National Co-operation is that if adopted it would bring the individual into closer relations with the state, increase the centralizing of power in the hands of the governing authorities, and thus prove to be a step backward toward barbarism, as the whole tendency of modern development has been to separate the individual from the state, and lessen the personal authority of government.

Such critics take a superficial view, and overlook the important fact that the movement is essentially a social reform, and its primary object is to change the social relations from a competitive to a co-operative base, and this change must first be accomplished before governmental action is called into question. Man creates the state, and his social system is the weapon employed to fashion, guide, and control the government. The state has become more liberal in proportion as man has increased in

knowledge and the capacity to govern himself. Under the feudal system an absolute form of government was the only one possible. An absolute monarchichal head was imperatively demanded, under which were hundreds of other monarchs fully as absolute, and with equal power over life and limb of their retainers. The injustice of feudalism was only made apparent after the commons grew in wealth, intelligence, and power, and were able to enforce their demands for an appropriate share in the affairs of state. It died hard, and slowly dwindled before increasing civilization, but its funeral was finally celebrated in the fires of the French Revolution. Under it, a republican form of government would have been an impossibility.

The monarchs of Europe are but relics of the past, and exist only as a lasting example of the power of custom. Their utility departed when feudalism became historical, and they exist as an anachronism in present civilization. The large constabulary and military forces maintained by each are a marked proof of their antagonism to the body politic. Ostensibly they are maintained to resist foreign aggression, but domestic restlessness is the main cause of their existence. The more absolute the state, the larger the domestic army employed. Could any of their supporters affirm that any absolute monarch of today could safely dismiss his military forces, and depend for the security of the state upon the voluntary consent of the governed, which is the only safeguard of the United States? The experiment would be refused by any absolute monarch or even constitutional sovereign. What stronger proof could be demanded as to their glaring inconsistency in the civilization of today, or what stronger proof that the social relations of the present age have outgrown the need for absolute or even hereditary power that feudalism imperatively demanded? The divine rights of kings perished with the vows of feudal-

ism, and became obsolete when chivalry passed into history. Nor is it necessary to invoke the spirit of prophecy to predict that before many years a crowned head will be unknown to civilization. The present form of government of the United States, the best known to give freedom to the individual in the pursuit of happiness, is the direct outcome of the social system of today, in contradistinction to the feudalism of the past. Nor is the change from the individual competition to universal co-operation a greater one than the change accomplished in the destruction of feudalism; although it would, perhaps, have a more direct and radical bearing on the affairs of state.

The disciples of co-operation are willing to labor and to wait for the Social Reform, confident that the future state will work out its own salvation. To criticize the coming state, judging and reasoning from the social relations of today, is as absurd as it would have been for the critic of the past to have called such a form of government as the United States impossible, judging only from the social relations of his day.

History teaches that every social cataclysm finds a master mind: whatever storm threatens the ship with wreck, some strong hand from the multitude grasps the helm. Moses came in response to the groans of the Israelites; Cæsar to appease the spirit of Roman conquest; Cromwell to answer the demands of the British Commonwealth; Robespierre to glut the vengeance of the French peasantry; Washington to fulfill the demands of American Independence; and Bellamy may have come to answer the cries of oppressed humanity. The occasion calls the individual. Touch forcibly the keynote of justice that lies hidden in the heart of humanity, and musicians will arise to harmonize the discords, and arrange the tones into one glorious tune. Bellamy is the Moses of today. He has shown us that



a promised land exists ; he has answered, disconcerted, and put to shame the wise men of the modern Pharoah, and has beckoned to us from the house of bondage and the land of slavery. Will the

modern Pharoah harden his heart, only to receive the punishment of the old ? And now that the Moses has appeared, let us labor and wait for the coming Joshua, to lead us into the promised land.

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## THE FUTURE OF INDUSTRIALISM.



**T**HOUGH it is easy for those who look back to trace the continuous and progressive movements of the ever-renewed units that constitute a people,

present conditions always seem in a measure permanent, or like the waters and horizon to a ship at sea, which differ one day from another only as they are affected by cloud and storm, or calm and sunshine. In this unconscious manner all human institutions have been carried with an ever increasing momentum from the inception of civilized society to the conditions of modern life, and the dis-

tinctive coloring of thought, action, and historic accessories that to us so clearly mark the centuries, showed to the actors therein but as a variation from shade to shade, blending with past ideas and events as the noon with the morn, or as our lives glide imperceptibly from one extreme of age to the other. Thus has generation merged into generation, without understanding the might of its own deeds or the drift of its own principles, and unable to determine whether they were merely the passing talk of the hour, or great events whose impress would be stamped on the future ; changeful inconstancies of restless opinion or movements as deep and lasting as the Reformation.

This inability to discern the tendency of contemporary thought and event has been quite as marked in the stormier periods of history as in the intervals of repose. The cyclonic convulsion of the

French Revolution was in preparation for a hundred years, and there is hardly a break in the chain of natural sequences from the death of Louis XIV. to Napoleon ; yet notwithstanding Madame Du Pompadour's "Après nous le deluge," it seemed as if the reign of the Louis would go on forever, though the monarchy was already tottering to its fall, and the sky clouded with the coming storm of terror. Our own Revolution moved with the stately action of a well rehearsed drama, the final scene foreshadowed from the first ; nevertheless, who among the multitude discerned that the curtain would ring down on the birth of the world's mightiest nation, and that its unfurled standard of liberalism and heritage of a continent would so quickly raise it not only to a dominant position among the powers of earth, but to a higher pinnacle of material greatness than any known in the annals of history. Similarly, a people exercised in the control of political affairs drifted into civil war without knowing the trend of the dispute, or realizing that its outcome would be the abolition of slavery ; and it is probable that we in our turn are now passing through fundamental changes of as much importance to the world at large as any of those mentioned, though they appear to us of little more moment than the ordinary occurrences that mark the daily annals of mankind.

It is no doubt well that the things of tomorrow are in this wise hidden both from the many and the individual ; but inasmuch as we have a wider field of vision than our fathers, it should not be nearly as difficult for us to trace the future of our own political and social affairs, even though, like them, we are unable to give contemporary events their proper proportions. Thus we are aware that every department of human activity is moving forward with quickened impulse ; and while we may underestimate the magnitude of the changes or the length of time required to effect

them, we can readily note the direction in which they are carrying us, and their tendency to improve or impair social conditions. We know that the application of invention, the progress of scientific discovery, the industrial conquests of the earth, and the liberalizing of religious and political thought, have virtually made for us a new world. We perceive that they have changed the worker as completely as his processes ; have so broadened his ideas of social obligations that he demands the fullest share of the advantages of life that government can accord or his labor obtain ; and that, aided by enlarged opportunity, he is pressing forward in the universal race with less of impediment than ever before. We see that the capitalist, free from the risks that formerly beset him, is making all countries his domain, and that in the pursuit of profit he is increasing the comforts and conveniences of mankind, binding nations together in the strong tie of mutual interest, and affording an ever widening field for the further employment of labor. So, like an ocean steamer, with a careful captain in command and a good crew, we comprehend that Industrialism has left behind the well defined headlands of the past, and is rushing at full speed into unknown seas. That it cannot hope to escape washed decks and shattered spars we also know ; but what of new the voyage may disclose, whether officers and men are likely to work together in oneness of purpose, or by their discord add to the perils of the unseen ; and how the coming order of things will affect those who take up the shifting burden of duty as we lay it aside, — these and the ideas they suggest are questions that ought to be answered with reasonable certainty ; more, of course, from knowledge of the past than insight into the future, and still more from the assurance that unfolding and continuity of progress will as strongly mark the course of human affairs in the coming as in the closing



century. Let us therefore note the indications, and see if enough can be deduced from them to encourage or warn, and to draw, if only in dim outline, the future of a problem that directly concerns the welfare of civilization.

The enormous scale on which capital and labor are now organizing, the one in the form of simple and aggregated corporations, the other in labor unions and federations of trade, is at present the most striking feature of Industrialism.

"No such gigantic social power," says a recent writer on Corporations, "has ever existed in the world before. The conditions are not temporary. They are permanent, and in process of development, and society must permanently adjust itself to them." It is manifest also that they are necessary, not only from their tendency to economy of production, but because the work of the world can no longer be carried on by individuals. Their magnitude is therefore merely proportioned to the work they have to do. They are a natural consequence of vast undertakings; and by combining the capital and effort of thousands, immediately for profit, but also for some purpose that subserves the public good, they play such an important part in our affairs that modern society would be an impossibility without them. They represent the highest attainment of human effort; they girdle the globe with their electric wires, and span the continent with their rails. They supply us with our primary products, and minister to our thousand needs. They bridge the ocean, tunnel through mountains, and suspend highways over mighty rivers. They carry the commerce of the world by sea and by land, and exchange the products of nations. The accumulated wealth of mankind is placed in their keeping, and to them is entrusted not only life and property but provision for those we leave at death. They bring into our homes light, and heat, and water;

food for body and for mind. There is not an hour in our daily lives when we are not indebted immediately or indirectly for our comforts or for our necessities to their organized ability and far-reaching enterprise; and it is certain that as long as society remains in its present form, they must continue to be an indispensable portion of our economic machinery. The rule of the world tends to corporations, and even our government is practically one in which each voter and taxpayer is a stockholder.

Nor does it appear that they have nearly reached the fullness of their growth. It is only thirty years since the British Parliament dissolved the charter of a corporation, compared to which all others are the merest stripplings. "The Governor and Company of Merchants trading with the East Indies" (so empowered by Queen Elizabeth) represented at its formation in 1600 a capital of £30,133. In the course of the two hundred and fifty years of its existence it conquered dominions half the size of the United States, had fleets and armies in its service, established fortifications, garrisons, and colonies; made war, fought great battles, concluded peace, levied taxes, exercised civil and criminal jurisdiction within its territories, and at the close of its corporate career ruled over a population of more than 190,000,000. It is not possible that this record can be rivaled, but those who think that modern corporations have dangerous power may contemplate these facts with equanimity, as showing that even imperial functions have been wielded by them without impairing the higher sovereignty of the state.

It is indeed manifestly impossible to place a just limit on the concentration of either capital or labor, and as long as the former can be more profitably employed under a single directory than in the hands of its many owners, the process will continue. The only check is the limitation of human ability to make

vast sums profitable; and the facility with which hundreds of millions of dollars are productively used shows that such a limit is still a long way off.

Nor is it easy to say how the mobilization of these two forces is to be prevented. The process of industrial concentration is to be seen on every side. It is quite as marked on the part of labor as of capital. If the unit is to become a corporation instead of an individual stockholder, the difference will be chiefly one of size. The corporation long ago stifled individual competition against itself, and all competition on a smaller scale than its own unit. A dozen corporations under one management can do no more, because a given amount of capital is always ready to compete with the same amount, provided that a reasonable profit can be shown. The competition will therefore ultimately be on a larger scale, or prevented by keeping prices down to a fair competitive level, so that the present aggressive attempts of combinations to control commodities for their own profit is only a temporary condition, reprehensible, impolitic, and immoral, but one for which natural laws furnish a remedy, by providing that lessened consumption and increased production will speedily offset any artificial enhancement of values. It must also be remembered that industrial changes invariably bring with them an unlooked for crop of evils. The wrongs introduced by the factory system were for a long time appalling and seemed to defy all legislation, but when the right methods were applied it was found that they were as subservient to legal control as other abuses. Corporations have so often been curbed in their misuse of power that they ought not to be feared as formerly, and it is quite safe to say that whatever steps the evolution of capital may take, the states individually or collectively can always restrain them to the legitimate exercise of their functions. The case of the East India Com-

pany shows how rapidly the largest powers can be withdrawn, and the application of the Interstate Commerce Act to railroads, of the various factory acts to manufacturing establishments, and of municipal control to water and gas companies, conclusively prove that the law can make the common good as paramount to corporate as to individual interests.

There is a deep economic basis for the consolidation of capital, and this cannot be more than temporarily affected by concurrent incidental evils. The tendency of the coming age will be to consolidated railroad, steamship, and manufacturing companies, consolidated production and distribution, consolidated labor, consolidated capital and labor, consolidated peoples and nations, and ultimately, in the far, far distance, "the federation of the world." The name of Trust, now so unpopular, will disappear, but the principle of collective effort behind it will certainly remain, and become as much a part of future society as the corporation is today.

The mobilization of labor is also proceeding as rapidly as that of capital, but with the noise and irregularity that always characterize the movements of ill disciplined masses. It is not long since labor unions were looked on as containing many elements of public danger, and as having little reason for their existence except a desire to disturb fair industrial conditions and harass the employer. With them, as with other new formations, the evil came to the surface at once, and for many years they were deservedly in ill repute. But in the course of time their usefulness so far outstripped the many undesirable features prominent in their earlier history, that opinion changed, and the general verdict of social economists now is, that they have been productive of benefits, in which the employer has shared to a most unexpected extent.



Dr. Edwin Brown, in his "Studies in Modern Socialism," says: "Organization means for labor what union meant for the American colonies,—warfare for a while, but in the end prosperity and freedom. . . . Organization of labor means the education of labor. It means increasing morality, technical training, better work. It means strife indeed, but strikes decreasing in number and refraining from violence. It means a firmer battle front for its own conception of justice. But it does not mean Socialism or Revolution." "Organization has done more to bring the English employer and employed into closer relationship than anything else I know of," said a Northumberland coal miner to Mr. Henry George, during that gentleman's investigation of the condition of labor in Pennsylvania. "For two years previous to my leaving, the sliding scale was adopted by the Northumberland miners, and strikes are things of the past. The operators throw open their books every three months, and the prices realized by them fix the prices for mining during the next three months. Here their motto is, 'Take all you can.'"

It would require too much space to enumerate in detail the good that has been accomplished by the unions, but one feature must be mentioned as necessary to the subject under discussion. The primary motive for organization was protection against the power of capital, and all other objects were and still are subsidiary to this. That they have been successful in their purpose is shown by the improved strategic and social position the workingman now occupies as compared with fifty years ago, of which improvement not nearly all is due to extraneous circumstances. Education, temperance, savings banks, and the growth of public sentiment have done much, but labor unions have done more. Broadly, they have won from capital a rough recognition that labor is an equal factor with itself in industrial-

ism, and entitled to some consideration in dividing the profit that results from their joint exertions. They have in many instances compelled wise legislation in their own behalf. They have shortened the hours of labor, maintained a certain stability in wages, and chivalrously fought the battle of those defenseless wage-earners, women and children. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that the labor union has been the most potent of the many agencies that have raised the laborer from the degradation following the introduction of the factory system, and that its influence today works more largely for good than ever before.

If it is desired to examine this question in full, the English societies must be selected in preference to our own, as they are more compact, more discriminating in their membership, wealthier, and have so far carefully avoided the dangerous rocks of politics. Here they are still only formative; but notwithstanding present weakness, continual disruption and withdrawals, it requires no prophet to predict that order will gradually evolve, that they will in time rid themselves of the many reckless schemers now affiliated, and that with conservative counsels will come a wonderful increase in strength. Their past failure has been but a repetition of the English experience, and it is even now apparent to the practiced observer, that the wisdom they have so hardly gained is being put to good account.

From the solidarity of a trade union to a council of trades is but a step, and then we have not merely a commonwealth of labor, but a federation, which while allowing each separate member to regulate his own affairs, can make a common cause against a common danger, or put forward such efforts for the general good of labor as circumstances may require. Working men are themselves too conscious of the results obtained from union to discard such a powerful lever, and it is safe to say that whatever mistakes

may impair their usefulness, whatever causes of internal disintegration may be at work, the effects will be only temporary; each recession being followed by an advance, until they have attained a strength and influence surpassing the ancient guilds, and perhaps nearer akin to a true representative body than many a State legislature. Their possibilities for usefulness are almost unlimited. Under wise leadership their scope may include the widest extremes, ranging from the small duties of trade-craft to the shaping of a national industrial policy. Even now they are gathering themselves together,—

"That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do,"—

their inchoate power as unsuspected as that of the first parliament, their latent force wanting only time and opportunity for development, and that force, diffuse as electricity, needing like electricity but concentration and practical application to become the leading element in the world's progressive industrialism.

The future will therefore show two comparatively well balanced powers, the Federated Corporation and the Federated Labor Unions, each fully aware that it is necessary to the other, but for a time unwilling to work in loyalty of common interest, because of the old contention about the division of profits.

Strife indeed has so long been an accompaniment of our industrial conditions (manifest not only in the tumultuous conflicts of capital and labor, but also in the more subtle contests of pitiless competition) that it is now almost accepted as inevitable; just as in a rudimentary state of society warfare was once believed to be the natural condition of human existence.

Nevertheless, we must not fall into the mistake of assuming that because this continued struggle of opposing elements has at length attracted the grave attention of state, and church, and think-

ing men of all politics and nationalities, that the fight has waxed fiercer than in bygone days. It only shows that social questions have now largely taken the place of those dynastic, sectional, religious, and political controversies that were formerly considered of such exclusive importance as to overshadow all things else. A recognition of the fact that there are questions of deeper interest to men and women than these others, belongs exclusively to this closing century, and is in itself an abundant proof of the progress of our civilization.

In the due order of that progress, the world that works has come face to face with a problem that involves the reconciliation of apparently diverse interests; that requires the union in a common bond of those who pay and those who receive wages, of the laborer contending with his brother laborer for work, and the capitalist with his fellow capitalist for profit; and there are today a thousand organizations of capital and labor,—prompted for the most part by self-interest,—each in his own way seeking the solution. Of these various contentions, that between capital and labor is the bitterest. While the others are no gentle strivings, they work silently without the uproar of conflict; they adjust themselves as the waters to the ebb and flow of tides: but capital and labor are ever on the skirmish line, and their strifes have become so persistent that strikes, lockouts, agitation and clamor are now generally regarded as being merely the unavoidable friction of our industrial machinery, the resultants of causes beyond control or remedy.

Yet the point at issue is a simple one. Labor receives its share of the profits that accrue from a combination with capital in the form of wages, and is prepaid before profit or loss can be determined. After paying this amount,—which is generally advanced from capital,—and deducting cost of raw material, interest, administration, insurance,



rent, and other charges, the balance, if any, goes to the employer. Labor claims that this residue is too large, or, in other words, that its own recompense does not sufficiently represent the value it has contributed to the raw material, gauged by the selling value of the completed product, and that it is therefore deprived of its equitable earnings by superior might.

The principle on which this rough division of profits is made is called the Wage System, and it has been the basis of industrialism from time immemorial. It is related in Genesis that Laban said to Jacob: "Because thou art my brother, shouldst thou therefore serve me for nought? Tell me what shall thy wages be? . . . Appoint me thy wages and I will give it." Later on, Jacob complained that Laban had deceived him by changing his wages ten times, and the breach of agreement, though in a measure justified by circumstances, led to the dispute and estrangement that usually follow the reduction of compensation in our days. The method has therefore been in vogue, without essential modification, from the infancy of society, and it must be accepted as a natural way of exchanging services for such an equivalent as both parties to the agreement may determine on.

But admitting that the system is a natural one, it does not follow that it is the most perfect human intelligence can devise. It may contain the elements of crude justice, and yet be wanting in the nicety of adjustment so essential to modern conditions. If it is incapable of improvement, the relations of employer and employed must remain, with very little modification, as at present; that is, they must continue to regard each other as separate bodies, apparently governed by some master law of alternate attraction and repulsion, which forbids a closer union or joint exercise of force. This necessarily removes community of interests or accord into the regions of

impossibility, and clouds the future with a portent of storm that may some day deepen into a tempest. It is impossible, however, to accept such a theory, because modifications, which are always ultimately in the line of progress, are constantly introduced into all human institutions, and it is therefore hazarding little to say that if there are crudities in the methods by which men receive recompense for their labor, at some period not far distant they will be eliminated.

It must be apparent to all that our industrial troubles arise only in part from human infirmities, necessary competition, and the inseparable friction of numbers. Cannot they, then, be traced to the fact that the existing arrangement does not approximate with sufficient nearness to the equivalent of value rendered by the laborer? Hence the demand for higher wages or the same wages for less labor; hence the industrial discontent, the prevalence of strikes, the literature of anarchism, the undisciplined armies marshaled under the banners of trade unions, the closer scrutiny of the rights of property, and the challenge of all law and custom that is not in the supposed interest of the wage-earner. Have we not here the root of industrial disturbances, the false quantity, in short, that has, so far, vitiated all attempts at a solution of the labor problem; and is it not hopeless to look for a change until some new basis is reached for the determination of the proportionate amount of profit labor shall receive? If this could be arrived at, the labor question would be settled for generations, or until some at present unknown element acted as a disturber. "Supply and demand," wrote M. Godin, the founder of the famous Familistère, "the inexorable and heartless laws of commerce, often gave me, when I had accomplished work which procured the master exaggerated profits, wages that barely sufficed for the necessities of life, and at other times higher wages for labor affording little profit to

the employer." There must be a remedy for these familiar conditions. In the troubled records of our race many questions equally weighty have been determined. The most cherished religious convictions have faded; the strongest political institutions have been uprooted, and social systems that were apparently as old as society have been abolished. Time has done much, but the chief agency in progress has been a wider knowledge; and as we gain experience can we not reasonably hope that not only the labor problem but all other confronting difficulties will be nearer a happy solution? We must never forget that good in its broadest sense is always in the ascendant, and that our present social perplexities are as nothing compared to those already surmounted.

The escape from the inequalities of the system will probably be found in one of the many methods of industrial association known as co-operation, or in some instances, where the fixity of price will permit, by the adoption of a sliding scale, making wages dependent on prevailing market rates, as is now done in the North of England coal mining districts.

It is true that co-operation is by no means a new remedy for industrial ills, and that in many instances it has greatly disappointed the hopes of its advocates. Yet it has done far more than is generally supposed, and if it has not already effected an industrial revolution, it is clearing the way for one, and is still, in the words of John Stuart Mill, "the nearest approach to social justice, and the most beneficial ordering of industrial affairs for the universal good, which it is possible at present to foresee." Apart from the awakening conscience of Industrialism, it also remains almost the only hope of solving that great problem of morality, the difference between the commercial and the natural value of Labor.

The principles of Profit-Sharing are not nearly as well known in the United

States as they should be. Rich as our history has been in social experiment, it shows neither the successes nor the failures of England and France in this particular direction. Here the struggle of existence has scarcely commenced: there it is the common experience of life. Here an empire of undeveloped wealth stretches from ocean to ocean, waiting for the touch of toil to unlock its treasures: there a pent-up population, with scant outlet for overflow, must needs try every device that will relieve the pressure. Our abundance has made us wasteful in everything except labor, so that in the science of industrial sociology we are far behind these other nations. It is of course possible that we may devise new plans, and weld labor to capital by methods now unthought of; but it is far more likely that when we find ourselves in the stress of a fiercer competition than any yet known, our first aid will be derived from those applied economies which are now so neglected.

The practice of productive co-operation has so far made only slow and uncertain progress, and it is in this respect more than in any other that it has disappointed the hopes of its earlier advocates. Enthusiastic in their discovery of a new social element, they believed that it would immediately change the condition of the working classes, forgetting that their followers were few, poor, ignorant, inexperienced, and more than this, that their propositions were at best only untried theories. Industrialism has not yet been revolutionized. Competition is still the law of the commercial world, and a fair partnership between capital and labor seems very little nearer than before.

Yet to assert that co-operation has been a failure is to withstand the weight of a constantly accumulating counter evidence,—an evidence that reaches us from all points: from England and France, from New England and the Northwest, and even from our own doors



in San Francisco. The seed was only sown as of yesterday, and it is idle to look for harvest in the spring-time. To believe that capital, intrenched in its almost impregnable fortifications, will surrender at the first demand of labor, is as fanciful as to expect that labor, just freed from the bondage of centuries, is competent to direct intricate affairs with far-seeing wisdom. But because co-operation is based on an ethical principle; because it conserves the interest of the employer as well as the employed, and binds them together in common welfare; because it apportions reward to exertion, reduces unnecessary competition, and acts as a spur to labor without reducing the profits of capital; because it is the natural step in industrial development, and is "the accommodation of social institutions to the altered state of human society," it must sooner or later succeed.

The Hellenic republics existed centuries ago, and perished. In the lapse of time between their destruction and the foundation of our commonwealth, democracy was a failure. But today the democratic doctrines of government pervade civilization. The Grecian idea was in advance of the age, now the two are abreast. We need not despair, therefore, because the principles of co-operation are so slowly accepted. Education, savings banks, distributive co-operation, careful experiments, and a general awakening to the importance of social economy, are rapidly preparing the way, and the result will follow whenever the world is ready for it.

The industrial, social, intellectual, and moral conditions of civilization have been so revolutionized by the progress of art, science, and invention, that if no further discoveries or improvements were made for the next hundred years, it would require that time properly to consolidate and apply those already known. But there is no pause in the fertility of practical ideas, and year by

year the inanimate offspring of man's genius take their places in our planet workshop, their tireless strength competing with the limited power of his natural children, their iron fibres supplanting the sinews of flesh; and ever unwearied, asking neither food nor sleep, they do their work without recompense and almost without supervision. It would in truth seem hopeless for beings circumscribed by human limitations to compete with these monsters of their own creation; and were it not that while supplanting labor in one direction they increase the demand for it in another, the cohesion of society would be threatened from the majority being without occupation. Except for this providential law, the bulk of civilized mankind would now be dependent on the soil for both employment and subsistence; and as the most unfavorable social conditions will only restrain increase until the limit of food supply has been reached, a social degradation analogous to that of the masses in China would quickly supervene.

As an illustration of the number of people who are provided with employment by industries that have sprung into existence during recent years, it will be sufficient to mention railroads and telegraphs. The railroads of the United Kingdom, France, and Germany in 1882 had in their service 797,000 men, and those of the United States in 1880 had 468,957 men, with an annual pay roll of \$195,000,000. The telegraph companies of the United States at the same date employed 22,809 persons, and the telephone, which is but of yesterday, now requires a division of the grand army of labor numbering over 20,000. This does not take into account the multitude that find employment in procuring and manufacturing the materials that these departments of transportation and communication consume. A computation including them and all indirectly dependent on their bread winning, to say nothing of the equally large number

that live on their necessary outlay, would swell the sum many times over. Labor, therefore, as a whole, has nothing to fear from the competition of mechanical energy; and although individual pursuits will constantly suffer, the general increase more than compensates for individual loss. Further, there is no obvious reason why the gain should not keep pace with the advance of the mechanic and useful arts, so that every application of labor-saving appliances will continue to enlarge the demand for workmen.

It is not within the scope of this article to dwell upon the material advantages that have accrued to working men from the mechanical development of the age, and they are so apparent that it is unnecessary to do so; but there is one result of this progress that has such an immediate bearing on the future of the labor question that it must perforce be considered; and that is the compression of labor.

Time was when the working day meant from sunrise to sunset, and often far into the night. Severity of toil was supposed to be an adjunct of the primal curse; and the introduction of the factory system, with its relentless competition and disregard for human rights, increased the burden almost beyond bearing. The evil is still prevalent in some places, but the force of an aroused public opinion, and a partial realization of the economic truth that the law of humanity is not inconsistent with the law of profit, long ago put a stop to its worst features. With this abatement there gradually came into play one of those unconsidered effects that so frequently follow new conditions. It was found that the secondary products were being made faster than they could be consumed; otherwise, that the manufacturing of the world could be done in a shorter day. The remedy for this has so far been the temporary expedient of intermittent labor, but if the conditions continue, (of which there is

every likelihood,) it must be met by a uniform reduction of the working day from the present standard of ten and eleven hours to eight. The agitation for eight-hour laws has therefore a deeper basis than the artisan's desire to have more time for rest and recreation. A shorter day is the legitimate reward of man's past efforts, of his intelligence, of his mastery over the forces of nature; and as he further chains these to his bidding, the necessity for labor will grow still less. It is the interest he is receiving from accumulating civilization. The time will never come when he can eat the fruit of his vine and fig tree without exertion, but having cleared the fields and planted, there is no further need for long continued, exhaustive toil.

It is evident, then, that one of the industrial changes looming ahead is the material shortening of the laboring day, but it is probable that this will come so gradually that neither wages nor profits will be unfavorably affected.

Since the draft of this article was written, the Council of Federated Trades has ordered a general agitation of the subject by affiliated unions throughout the country, and there is certainly no reason why the principle cannot be applied here as readily as in the Australian colony of Victoria, where eight hours have been the artisan's normal day's work for thirty years. Colonial experience has shown that it disturbs neither the profits of capital nor the ratio of production and consumption, that the community gets along just as well, and that men make and save money as fast as where the order of existence requires a longer strain. "A government of the people by the people" is not likely to remain far behind others in the adoption of beneficial social measures, so that we may confidently look before long for an expansion of freedom in the most important direction in which it is now possible, *i. e.*, the greater control of the individual over his own daily life.



The general tendency of Industrialism is therefore towards :

1. The aggregation of Capital, with the Corporation as a unit.
2. The mobilization of Labor, with the Trade Union as a unit.
3. The general acceptance of some form of Profit-Sharing as the basis of an industrial union between Capital and Labor.
4. A material reduction in the working hours.

How long it will take to accomplish these movements it is impossible to say, but they are all in such progress that an advance may be noted year by year. The first can scarcely be checked by the most adverse legislation ; the others will be accelerated or retarded almost entirely by wage-earners' themselves. If the coming generation of workers is willing to embrace its educational advantages, particularly in the direction of technical training ; if it will put conscience into its handiwork, and aid in purifying politics so as to make reforms of all kinds easier ; if, in short, it proves itself fitted for higher duties and wider opportunities, the occasion for them will certainly come. If, on the other hand, it antagonizes capital at every turn, makes the labor union a weapon of evil threat, scatters its earnings in folly and imprudence, it will show unfitness for command, and perforce must continue to serve.

The premises on which these propositions are based have been briefly stated, and rather with a view to interest the general reader than with the nicety of definition necessary to the discussion of political economy. If they are broadly correct, — and that is all that is claimed for them, — let us consider what effect the changes involved will have on the Industrialism of the future ; not so much in its purely economic aspect as in the relations of the individual.

In the first place, it is idle to suppose that they will eliminate competition, but

they may reduce its intensity and destroy its most hurtful features. It would greatly improve the condition of both capital and labor if the price of all manufactured articles could be maintained at a figure that would admit of fair profit to the manufacturer, and fair wages to the workman, as every consideration of mercantile honor is now sacrificed in the endeavor to undersell, and the result is adulteration, misrepresentation, and that crying evil, — underpayment of women and children. It is doubtful, too, if a just standard of profit would make the slightest difference in the price of an article to consumers, as the additional first cost would be divided amongst the many unnecessary intermediaries through whose hands it now passes on its halting way from the factory to the retailer. Mulhall says that the average returns in England on bank capital are 6.5 per cent ; on mines and ironworks, 5.5 per cent ; on shipping, 5 per cent. "The share of profit accruing to the employer of labor has almost reached a minimum, and manufacturing industry will not be worth carrying on if his share be further reduced." Mr. Edward Atkinson states that any line of railroad in the United States paying 6 per cent would soon have a parallel competitor ; from which it will be seen that the contest of capital for profit is just as keen as that of labor for hire.

That the remuneration of capital invested in the manufacture of staple articles of consumption has touched a low level is evident, and it is equally obvious that capital has the same right as labor to protect itself against reckless and unfair rivalry. This it is beginning to do, and although the object may be delayed by a "vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself," there is neither a moral nor an economic reason why it should not eventually succeed. The Washington newspaper proprietors who agreed the other day that they would stop cutting advertising rates and adopt a uniform scale of

charges, are doing in a small way what capital is attempting to do on a larger; and the difference between our Industrialism and that of the future will largely spring from the movement of which this is an initiatory instance. The commercial world has far too long accepted unlimited competition as a necessary law. Even the savage respected his neighbor's hunting ground, and in the fierce strifes of the middle ages fighting was conducted with regard to chivalry. It is this system of commercial warfare that is responsible for many current ills; for the wretched wages that are paid to unorganized labor; for the inferiority of products; for the low ebb of conscience, and the feverishness of our daily lives. It antagonizes employers, makes dissatisfied workmen, and encourages every form of selfishness. It is a policy that has no sure foundation in political economy, and none at all in morals, and when combined capital discards it, the world will be all the better for the change. Prices will then be fixed by agreement; they will cover fair profit and fair wages; there will be a greater uniformity both in the standard of products and their production; and in place of the jarring clash of opposed interests, there will be substituted a unity of purpose that cannot fail of having a wider reach in the direction of industrial harmony than immediately appears.

The question of the employer's profits is also of immense importance to the laborer, as the amount of his wages largely depends on it. An increase of gain may not mean an addition to his own payments, but a decrease certainly forebodes less wages some Saturday night. The employé has consequently a vital interest in stopping needless competition, and should always support the efforts of the manufacturers to market their goods at a just price. Nor could there be a stronger precedent for such a course than his own actions. The primary object of his labor union is

to fix the value of his own services, and to prevent underbidding from others of the same occupation. Having been successful in so doing, there is every reason to believe that the principle could be applied by the employer, without making it a pretext for exaction. If it can be done, capital and labor will be in a much better position than now, and the world will wonder why one of the great factors in production should have contended so long within itself for a legitimate reward, when an equitable means of securing it was within reach.

The solidarity of labor will have a still greater influence upon Industrialism than that of capital, both as it affects the workman's relations with his fellow workman and their joint attitude towards their employer.

The ideal labor union would be composed of men of the same trade, none being admitted until thoroughly competent, so that a membership card would be equivalent to a certificate of ability everywhere. It would establish a sub-organization for learners and apprentices, and provide for all pleasant rooms, where literature pertaining to the craft would be found. Fine specimens of finished work would be on exhibition there, and classes held for instruction on any subject that would conduce to higher efficiency, but with more special reference to technical training. The bulletin board would contain information as to where labor was wanted, and where in too abundant supply. The members would discuss methods and processes, markets, and materials; regulate the internal conduct of the union, and look carefully after its financial management. Its beneficiary features would be prominent, a stipulated sum being paid during sickness and at death, and eventually on disability or old age. It would determine the hours of labor, deprecate the employment of children and married women, see that workshops were in a



sanitary condition, had ample fire escapes, and that there was no unnecessary exposure of life or limb from defective or unfenced machinery. When disputes arose with an employer it would endeavor to make arbitration easy, and strikes would be entered upon only when thrice-armed by justice. It would try to harmonize its own interests with those of capital, and on the vexed question of wages see that neither too much was asked nor too little accepted. Finally, it would make itself felt as a powerful unit on all matters concerning the welfare of the municipality, and its well considered desires formulated through the federal councils, would be accepted as an authoritative expression of the largest element in the community, and entitled thereby to careful consideration as a groundwork for legislation.

Of course the existing unions, in common with all other human institutions, fall very far short of their immediate possibilities; but they will certainly not remain stationary, and this outline of what they may become is only an anticipation. Those who watch the current of progress know how rapidly it carries all things forward to higher levels. Labor is just emerging from centuries of depression. It is for the first time learning the meaning of political liberty, and trying to apply its new-found power. Of all the gifts of good that fall in these latter days upon the earth, labor receives the largest share. There were poets before Homer, soldiers before Alexander, and law-givers before Solon; but never before has the rule of their own affairs been given to men who labor with their hands. What they can do when severed from politics has yet to be seen. That they will make mistakes we know; but if their follies and misjudgments equal those of our past governors and legislators, they will have to be very unwise indeed.

With capital and labor, then, in solid

front, there will come not collision, but contact. The old conflict, older than the pyramids, will cease, and the long approach of class to class end in a final blending. The profit of capital will then mean the content of labor, and the well recompensed workman a larger return to the capitalist. With a common interest, a common object, and a fair allotment of joint earnings, the larger benefits must far transcend mere economy of production. It will make all the factors of Industrialism a composite whole, and not, as at present, a temporary union of opposing elements. It will reduce dissension to its smallest possibilities, eliminate many disturbing irritants, develop a higher sense of moral responsibility, and stimulate worthier ambitions. It will tend to a stricter honesty in the workshop and in the mart, and hold out the strongest incentive that can be offered for exertion. It will make reward much more dependent on merit than at present, and encourage the most desirable conditions that can be presupposed for the general welfare of society. In short, co-operation will mean a better adjustment of the industrial machine, perhaps the most perfect one that our complex civilization can for a long time to come hope to attain, and ultimately the adaptation of its most successful features to social life.

These are not idealistic dreamings. Godin's *Familistère*, the late Mdme. Boucicaut's "Bon Marché" in Paris, the Oldnam (England) Joint Stock Mills, where a population of 30,000 cotton operatives are practically their own employers, the Pillsbury Flour Mill of Minneapolis, and hundreds of other establishments, including every variety of industrial production, are practical answers to such a suggestion. "Co-operation," says Professor Jevons in a work not many weeks old, "is in accordance with the principles of political economy, and will probably be widely adopted in some future generation." "There can be no doubt,"

wrote Professor Ely not long ago, "that in the one form or the other it will yet be the predominating influence in the production and distribution of economic goods." When that time comes it will give a new strength to civilization, by adding the lacking moral impulse to Industrialism, and by lessening the harshness of that universal struggle which in its gentler form is salutary and necessary.

It must not be understood from this that the advocates of profit-sharing and productive co-operation believe that therein is the panacea for all industrial ills, and that the general adoption of either system is going to make our cities and towns modern Utopias, with every workingman prosperous and contented. Such an idea is far from their thoughts. They know that a large class must always remain "hewers of wood and drawers of water"; that many more are only fitted to tread the beaten path of their daily vocations dependent on others for employment; and that the majority of men, either by self-created conditions or untoward circumstances, are prevented from attaining the full breadth of their expansion. All that they claim for co-operation is that it is practical justice, a closer assertion of right, and a solvent of troublesome difficulties; that it is a step forward in the slow but ceaseless march of humanity, and a nearer realization of a more perfect society than we have yet attained. Beyond this is surmise and dim conjecture.

The compression of labor will benefit the workingman only as he makes proper use of his additional leisure; and it is but fair to assume that a large portion of the time gained will be spent in useful pursuits or physical rest. Few of us realize how small a portion of a man's working life is really his own, and how much one or two free hours will add to the enjoyment of existence. If a shorter working day does nothing more than this it will have done much, for after the

period of youth, opportunities for enjoyment are all too scarce. It is almost certain, though, to do more. People are everywhere becoming more temperate. Drinking is losing its attractions as a national pastime. Ideas are broadening. The beauties of art and literature appeal to constantly widening circles. Man's aspirations are higher; they seek to know more, and the impulse from which these desires proceed, will necessarily lead them to take good advantage of their leisure. So in the new Industrialism men will realize as never before the conquests of their civilization, and those benefits of ease, now the sole possession of the wealthy, will be shared in common by the laborer.

Thus our "unknown seas" are neither perilous oceans nor placid waters. Prudence and justice will carry the voyage far into the future with less of storm than it has hitherto encountered. The horizon ahead is clearer than the one we leave behind; the skies grow brighter, and the speeding vessel hastens on its way with favoring promise.

These are optimistic views, but why should they not be so? The generation has witnessed far greater changes in the direction of social progress than any here indicated. Those who have lived to see the abolition of slavery and serfdom by three great nations, the legislative emancipation of labor in England, the added functions of the state for the benefit of the masses, the decrease of all that is socially destructive and vicious, and the increase of everything that improves, builds, and consolidates; those who have lived to see how much better the world of today is as compared with only forty years ago, have reason for their courage and their hope.

We stand as yet but at the beginning of the productive era. Behind, in the vista of the past, far beyond the foot of the centuries where time began its reckoning anew, and from thence almost



to this present, the Roman stigma has been attached to labor. With its disappearance, the workman takes his place acknowledged as an equal factor in production, and a just claimant for a share of the advantages hitherto possessed by capital alone.

We have had every age but the age of labor. Each in its turn has done its part to mould and fashion with mighty blows an improved social condition. Each one has bettered its inheritance, until now society is for the first time fused together, and working with a common energy for the common good.

Never before have the conditions for human exertion been so favorable; never before the reward so great; and never before has the feeling of universal kinship held such sway. Commerce has beaten down national barriers, education and political equality those of caste, and the old prejudices that once kept men apart have disappeared. The cultivation of the moral qualities through so many centuries is at length bearing fruit in a quickened sympathy and a lessened selfishness. The noble names on the fast growing roll of philanthropists, the awakening of wealth to its responsibilities, the newly discovered truth that social neglects and wrongs are retroactive on the entire body politic, — these and a

thousand other things point to the dawning of a better day than any mankind has record of in history.

Industrialism cannot fall behind the advances of science and invention, nor can it ever again be separated from the morality and humanity of the time. Art and literature may outstrip it, but the contrasts of an Augustan period can never be repeated. So whatever the future holds in store of peaceful triumph and conquest, whatever new powers may be wrested from nature, however much the growing spirituality of the race may smooth the pathway of men's lives: in these, and all things else of good, the greater gain will fall to those who work, whether they command as captains, or labor as the unmentioned many in the ranks of toil. A new era is at hand for all that earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. Both capital and labor have awakened to a truer knowledge of their duties, and the new Industrialism, richer in promise of unity, more perfect in its justice, and warmer in its humanity, is already supplanting the old.

These are the changes that are taking place. Few note or appreciate their importance, yet they are destined to exercise as great an influence on society as any of the distinctive movements that have left an impress on history.

*Harry Cadman.*



## A HERO OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

## I.

THE bells along the city front struck five o'clock, all absolutely at the instant, as the electric wave from the central station struck them, so that the great sweet cathedral-toned peal poured out from the city as if it were one vast bell; and Kitty, under the orange blossoms at San Rafael, looked up, and thought that Theodore was at that very minute tossing his tools into the pneumatic receiver, and that it would scarcely be half an hour before he would be with her.

Some of the workmen, who really loved their work, were standing a few moments, with their eyes on the tube mouth, as if to follow in imagination the swift flash of their tools to the racks where they rested overnight; the young fellows who did not expect to remain in this grade of work longer than was necessary to get them their promotion, stood chatting here and there. Theodore was generally one of these, for he was a sociable little fellow, and there were many of his own school set immediately about him, this first year in the industrial service. But Wednesday afternoons there never was any lingering. He walked rapidly down the arcade, paved with the dark red granite that the deputy national architect, who was Boston-bred, had ruled for buildings of the class, somewhat to the discontent of the more florid San Francisco taste, which had been much disposed to white marble, tessellated with red. In his dressing-room, the transformation from a laborer to a somewhat dainty carpet knight went a little more slowly; for he had no mind to spoil the complete effect he intended to present to Kitty's eyes, in order to present an incomplete one a few minutes earlier. Moreover, the lad was fastidi-

ous, even if there had been no Kitty in the case, and those of the workmen that preferred to pass their working hours in the antique style of overalls and jumpers inherited from the dirty workrooms of the nineteenth century, jeered him a little for his willingness to wear out a pretty good quality of shirts and knickerbockers on his work. But the grizzled old workman who teased him most, and who had spent his life contentedly in the lowest grade of labor, and wore the most battered jumper and overalls in the whole regiment, blazed outside of working hours in such diamonds and embroideries, and rode out in so gorgeous a curricule, with so imposing an electrician (for Patricius Gooley had never been able to manage the motor himself), as always set Theodore off into one of his jolly gales of laughter. It was really only a modest sort of display that he went in for himself, and as he hurried out of the dressing-room door, his dark red silk stockings, sash and scarf, and soft olive flannel shirt and knee-breeches, were only a trifle finer feathers than other young fellows of his age wore for afternoon calls.

He had been quick, if he had been careful, to the last settling of the fine jade pin that held his scarf, and the plashing of the baths was still audible all along the row of dressing-rooms, while the laughter and shouts in the great swimming court were just beginning. He walked along the marble dock, — an attractive little fellow, with the kindest of round faces, and yellow curls waving under the red silk Phrygian cap. At the far end of the long shining quay, beyond the part devoted to the bulky, mastless steam and electric monsters of commerce, was visible a glimmer of the silk sails and awnings of the pleas-



ure fleet, — white, and rose, and blue, wine red, and rust red, olive, and gold, and violet. The April sun, still two hours high, shone through them, and threw soft lights over decks and waves, and several artists with sketching easels sat about the dock, trying to catch the effect of the silken translucence with their colors. Theodore looked at the fleet appreciatively, as the car he had boarded to save time flashed along the dock toward it. He was an unromantic lad, and would never have thought of comparing it to a pond of irises, if he had not been so proud of Kitty for making the suggestion; but he liked pretty things. "By gracious!" he said, "it was lucky they invented good stiff sailcloth silk in time for the *Puss*. I should not have liked to put canvas stuff, such as father used to put on his boat, on her pretty polished masts."

The red silk sails were furled this time, however, for her owner was bent on speed, not on the lazy floating or plunging run before the wind that never can be superseded for pure pleasure by any invention, but fascinates men now, as it did when the Argonauts "hoisted sail, and bared their brows to the salt breeze." On this dainty boat Theodore had spent his credit and more of his thought than on his books. Her carvings and trimmings were of the finest, her cushions of the softest plush, her silvery and ivory finishings lavish, her electric motor of the best and latest make. He had learned to manage it well, too, though he was not otherwise handy with electric machinery, and no yacht on the bay could have shot out from the dock and across the channel,—a whizzing line of olive and silver, a sinuous arrow-flight,—with more skillful precision. Ten minutes brought him to the steps where the garden he sought sloped down into the artificial cove. He stood for a moment, laughing with the exhilaration of the run, getting his breath back from the rush against the air, and shaking his curls

off his forehead; then ran up the tiled walk to the arch of the orange *patio*, and looked for Kitty.

The fine old stone house, with its many courts and squares, had been built, and most of the trees had been planted by her grandfather; the orange trees were at least fifty years old, and their shining dark green towers were clustered over, this last day of April, with the white deliciousness of the blossoms; the air of the court was full of it, a very dream of love and perfectness. The trees grouped around a marble basin in the center, where later in the season would bloom a colony of the gold and purple and white flags Kitty had compared to the pleasure fleet. Here a fountain splashed all day and all night, and on a marble pavement, running back from the basin under the white and green of the branches, was tossed a heap of cushions; and either curled up here with her book, or swinging in the gold net of a hammock close by, the young man looked to see the darling only child of the house.

Sure enough, there was the soft primrose yellow of her tunic across the brown and gold cushions; but why was Kitty tumbled all in a little heap among them, her face hidden, the curly brown knot at the back of her pretty head disheveled, and the tunic slipping from one plump shoulder? Theodore stopped and stared under the orange trees, an awful dismay rising in his heart and throat, as an unheard-of suspicion forced itself through his brain.

He had seen babies cry; and he had read of girls' crying in such bits of nineteenth century novels as he had read when he studied literature in school, and one of the boys, who had a knack of caricature, had constructed from his knowledge of crying infants a "conjunctural restoration" of a maiden in tears. Kitty had gone into such fits of laughter over it that he had tried to beg it of the proud artist for her, and had got into trouble by swapping for it a morning's use of

his boat, the predecessor of the *Puss*; for his father shook his head, and told him that the government control of all exchange of services would soon be upset if such private bartering were allowed to continue. Theodore had pointed out that the government had never employed Tom to draw caricatures, so that there was no way to get the coveted sketch into the warehouse stock, and if there were, some one else might have taken it out; but his father had only shaken his head, and said if there were any class of transactions the government had not provided for, they could not be proper transactions. This made Theodore feel quite grave; but when he told Kitty, it set her to giggling again, at the idea, she explained, of Teddy's upsetting the government. Some of the girls he knew laughed all the time out of sheer jollity, like Kitty; some of them smiled brightly, some only beamed calmly upon the world; but O, when had any one ever heard, outside of an old novel, of a girl's lying in a disheveled heap among her cushions and crying? Yet there seemed to be no other solution of the thing he saw and heard; he could not doubt his senses; the thing that Kitty was doing was certainly crying.

He had not the smallest idea what a man did in such a case; but he was too good a fellow to stop to think of his own embarrassment. As soon as he was quite certain what was happening, he went down beside her, and put his arms about her in whatever way he best could. "Kitty! Kitty! Why, Kitty!" he said in the greatest anxiety.

And then Kitty turned round, and got hold of him, and dropped her face on his shoulder. "O Teddy!" she sobbed.

"Kitty, — Why, Kitty!" he repeated helplessly.

At that Kitty, getting a glimpse of his face, giggled a little, sat up straight, and stopped crying. If he had been better read in old novels and letters, he would have known that she had not been crying

very hard, for her blue eyes were untarnished and unreddened, and the smooth, healthy rose of her cheeks unspotted.

"It was the book, you know, Teddy," she explained.

"The book?"

He looked about, and saw crushed in among the cushions a book in dingy old covers of the style of the nineteenth century. He opened it, and recognized the print, — the absurd little tips and hooks on the types making them so much harder to read. Everybody had seen copies of them in the college and public libraries, and indeed of much older books, — books with long s's of the eighteenth century, and black-letter books of the sixteenth in much better preservation than these flimsy later ones, whose cheap adornments had long since faded to squalor; but Theodore had never troubled them much, and he had not the smallest idea what this one was about. "The Heir of Redclyffe," he read, a little slowly, for the forms of the letters bothered him for the moment.

"Yes," said Kitty; "it's an old novel, you know. We have the history of the novel in literature class this term, and we give about a month to nineteenth century novels, and Professor Rees is always at us to do a lot of reading, besides what's required; and I thought I'd astonish her for once, because there are a lot of great-grandmother's old books up garret, and I've been reading them all the week."

A light broke on Theodore. He had always heard that the novels of that period were sad, and that it was not at all uncommon to cry over them. And he had always been taught that life was too pitiful in the nineteenth century for any one to contemplate with cheerfulness.

"You ought not to read about horrors, Kitty," he said. "Come, take a run on the yacht. There are two good hours before dark. If you like, I'll put on the elec., and we can skip clear up to Bolinas and back, and you'll lose your breath



so you'll forget everything else. I suppose those old duffers did have melancholy times, and I'm no end sorry for them, and all that; but they're dead and gone, and all their troubles are over, — and you know," he went on, brightening with a sense of invincible logic, "you can't make it a bit better by crying."

Poor Teddy, — decidedly he was ill-read in the history of the last century, for he had no idea how many times, and with what absolute futility, that last sentence had been addressed to mourners, so he produced it with cheerful confidence.

The corners of Kitty's pretty mouth went down.

"They had such hard times," she said; "such lovely, sad, romantic times. The good times are over. There is nothing at all like it."

"Good gracious, Kitty!" cried Theodore, startled. "I never heard anybody talk so in my life. The glorious twentieth century —"

"It is n't glorious! It's — it's *flat*," cried Kitty, with a little tearful quiver. "Nothing happens, and you don't have to be sad and heroic."

"But Kitty," said her astonished lover, "you speak of sad as if it was something nice. I'm sure I always heard it described as something quite unpleasant, and — and uncomfortable, you know, to be sad. I don't know what you are driving at. What did they do in the book that you like so much?"

"O, everything," said Kitty. "He died, you know; and she grieved, and grieved."

"Well, you don't want me to die, to let you know if it feels nice to be sad, do you?" said Teddy; and so sunny was his spirit that he laughed instead of glooming, as this extraordinary state of mind in his sweetheart presented itself to him.

"No-o," said Kitty, irresolutely, yet looking longingly at the quaintly lettered page. "No, — I don't want you to *die*,

Teddy. O, I would n't have you *die*, dear. But I *would* like to have you do something heroic. The girls in the books all have heroic lovers, who do the most daring things for them."

"Well, what sort of things?" said Theodore, dubiously, and without any sign of kindling to the thought.

"O, all sorts. There's another book, — they went through everything: they only just met, and were separated for years; his enemy stabbed him, and he almost died, and she thought he was dead, and she ran away and hid, and they burned the town, and he went to rescue her, and their enemies took him and kept him prisoner for *years*, and tried to make him marry somebody else, but he was perfectly faithful to her. That was n't in the nineteenth century, but earlier, when they were still more heroic. If only you would do things like that for me, Teddy!"

"But really, Kitty," the young man remonstrated. "I never had an enemy in the world, so how could he stab me? And I don't think you realize how it would feel to be stabbed almost to death. It would hurt very much. You would not want me, to be hurt."

Kitty began to show some signs of temper. "It is a calculating, selfish century!" she said, pouting. "I don't mean," she added, relenting, "that it's *your* fault, Teddy; you're no worse than your times, but I should like you to be a good deal better. I should be so proud to have a gallant lover, like the men of old time. You know," she went on reasoning, "you will never distinguish yourself in any of the regular ways, because you're not clever, dear. We both agreed we should just have to bear that. But think what a distinction it would be to be heroic nowadays, and to get almost killed, and suffer dreadfully, and be parted for years, and have it all come right at last. I should be so proud of you, Teddy! I should rather we were distinguished that way than any other, it would be *so* unique and different!"

Theodore looked very sober, and as nearly unhappy as the lines of his sunny face permitted. He could not understand Kitty's archaic taste, but no young man of the twentieth century could be unmoved when his sweetheart appealed to that craving for distinction that is avowedly and deliberately the ruling passion of the time.

"I—I was n't brought up to be heroic, Kitty," he said. "I don't think I should do it well at all. I say," he cried, brightening with a look of relief: "if you want us to be unhappy, why not take that to be unhappy about?—that we can't ever be distinguished, you know."

"O Teddy!" said the girl reproachfully. "There's no *distinction* in being unhappy because you're not distinguished."

This was obvious, after all, and Theodore looked distinctly depressed, until another idea occurred to him. "See here, Kitty," he began, somewhat aggrieved: "it seems to me you're putting all this off on me. You want *me* to get hurt, and run risks, but you would n't like it yourself a bit better than any one else."

"Why, I should suffer *agonies* of suspense on your account," said Kitty decisively. "I should have a great deal harder time than you. The girls always did in the old times."

Theodore felt that there was something wrong in this statement of the matter, but he had never been a match for his little sweetheart in dialectics. He considered a few moments, and then made another venture.

"I should hate awfully to have you suffer agonies, dear," he said ingeniously. "If we've both got to suffer, it would be better for *me* to take the hardest part;—and then you like heroism, and sadness, and pain, too, and I don't."

Kitty stared for a puzzled moment, for her lover, though undoubtedly less clever than she, had almost by accident stumbled upon a complete flanking of

her dialectic; and then, with a singular sudden atavism, she resorted to a sort of tactics that in the days of oppression her great-grandmother had been adept at.

"Teddy," she cried, "if you really loved me you would *want* to bear all and dare all for me. And when I love you so much, and want you to be heroic, and distinguished, all for my sake, and to prove your love! O, why was I born in this century?—I don't see how anybody can really know if anybody loves anybody nowadays,"—and down went the curly head into the middle of the cushions, and Kitty began crying again.

Theodore, though he had not, as he justly urged, been brought up to be heroic, was the kindest-hearted little fellow in the world, and he suffered quite the worst pang he had ever known as he stared at the tumbled brown knot of hair, and the pretty shoulders shaking with sobs; but he was also practical, and hesitated very much to commit himself by any indefinite promises of futile hazards or pains, in order to assuage his little love's misery.

"Say, Kitty," he ventured at last. "Let's go yachting. Don't let's talk about it any more. There's time for a little run before dark; or your mother and father will come perhaps, and dine on the *Puss*, and stay out for the moon."

Kitty only sobbed.

Another miserable silence, then Theodore broke out desperately:

"What do you want me to do, anyway? I don't see anything practical in it. I have n't any enemy to stab me and put me in prison, and you have n't any enemy to try to burn you up, for me to rescue you. You don't want me to stab myself? I should get laughed at, or taken up for crazy, instead of getting distinction."

Kitty sat up, smoothing her ruffled plumage, and brightening, now that Teddy came to the practical consideration of her idea.

"I don't truly see the way to heroism



in these times myself, dear," she said thoughtfully; "but then we don't have to decide on details today. Any time before we are married will do to achieve your emprise, and I sha'n't be through school for three years. If you begin very soon, you might do it in three years; or if not, then we can put off marrying. If you will devote *all* your spare time between now and next Wednesday to investigating the opportunities for heroism offered by the twentieth century, I feel sure that you can find *some* lingering somewhere; and then we can plan in good earnest."

Theodore looked profoundly dismayed, for he had really said nothing at all to commit himself to any acquiescence in such a plan; yet as Kitty added, "So we need n't discuss any more about it now. Let's have some music," he hesitated to set her right on that delicate point, and begin his bad half hour all over again. Much better to be jolly, and trust that she might change her mind next week,—though indeed he had an uncomfortable recollection that Kitty had never had the habit of changing her mind, or giving up her way till she had attained it.

"All right," he said, rising with alacrity. "Let's have some lively, happy, *modern* music."

"We will have something appropriate to our talk," said Kitty reproachfully. "Something grand, and sad, and inspiring." And she went to the telephone, — which was always connected with this orange court in summer, as well as with a room in the house, — and turned on a sonata of Beethoven, which she told her lover the music professor said was meant to describe the storm and stress period of humanity. When they went in to dinner, she let her father and mother talk to Theodore, and when they asked her why she was so abstracted, she said she was very much interested in her lessons that week, and was thinking about them; and when they asked Theodore

what was the matter with him, he said Kitty had been showing him some nineteenth century books, and it always depressed him to think about the nineteenth century.

After dinner she took him back into the *patio*, and insisted on reading to him "The Rhyme of the Duchess May," (familiar to students of old literature,) with a voice that quivered sympathetically; and when he told her that his teacher had said Mrs. Browning was an excellent instance of the morbid melancholy of her time, and that for his part the poem made him feel very uncomfortable, and pointed out that Sir Guy must have been partially insane, for no man in his senses would go out of his way to die in such a horrible manner, when the same object could have been so much less unpleasantly attained, Kitty declared that it was thrilling and magnificent, and she would *adore* him if he were like Sir Guy. And when he went down to the *Puss*, an hour earlier than he had meant to go, she walked down to the water with him, and stood on a lower step, with her head against his arm, and remarked in her sweetest way:

"I'm so glad we've had this good talk, dear, and quite understand each other; we shall love each other so much better now we're beginning to be serious together, instead of making life all child's play. And how proud I shall be of you, Teddy dear, when you get to be a hero, and how much surer I shall feel of your love than other twentieth century girls can, who don't have lovers that are willing to suffer and die for them!"

## II.

THE assistant foreman, next day, watching Theodore, hesitated over the report that should go down on the day's record. He liked the boy well enough to strain a point in his favor; but he knew that "old Patricius," as the lads called him, since he was now nearing

his time of discharge, had learned by twenty-three years' experience in the same grade of labor to gauge pretty exactly the probable standing of every one; and that while not making the least effort for promotion himself, he regarded with considerable suspicion and jealousy the promotions of others, and was perfectly willing not only to raise a considerable private clamor, but to appeal to the courts whenever he considered his officers at fault, until he had become a notorious terror to generations of foremen.

Theodore was too true a child of his applause-craving century not to admit Kitty's right to demand that he should distinguish himself. He looked over at Tom, all whose leisure went to training himself in caricature and character sketching, and who would certainly, every one said, end in a most creditable position on the staff of *Laughter*. He saw how the tall young laborer's shrewd eye continually took in the possibilities of his surroundings: the suspicious glance with which Patricius looked from Theodore's languid movements to see whether the sub-foreman was noting them properly; the furtive uneasiness with which the sub-foreman in his turn observed the "old man's" alertness; the unusual indifference of Theodore himself to the vicissitudes of his dark blue flannel working costume. If anything seemed to poor Theodore worse than the idea of braving daggers and dungeons, it was that of thus slaving all his free hours, instead of going off for a good time in his yacht, and even carrying into his working hours the burden of an incessant thought for the cherished ambition. He admitted sadly that Tom, who so heartily embraced this severe discipline, had a better right to the smiles of the fair; and he remembered with a pang that only three weeks ago Tom told Kitty that he alone of twentieth century men could know the meaning of the word remorse, when he reflected that he had

had to be bribed to give up for her the "conjectural restoration," and had lost the opportunity of his life in not hastening to lay at her feet the first fruits of his ambition. Theodore had been quite certain since then that Kitty might have had Tom; and he had felt as a modest-minded lad of old times must have felt to find himself and poverty preferred to a rival and wealth. An insidious wonder made its way into his mind whether that speech of Tom's had anything to do with Kitty's growing ardor for distinction; and for one dark moment he thought that possibly if Tom were the enemy with the dagger, and he had a *very* good weapon himself — But the thought broke down as he noted the firm hand and unerring eye opposite; and broke down again on another side as Tom looked up with a friendly smile, which brought the amiable little fellow's native good will rushing back upon him. And in point of fact, the evening found him in Tom's studio on Russian Hill, asking his advice about the whole matter.

It was an ascetic studio. Tom did not go in for beauty much, and although he had a fine and expensive collection of drawings, with some paintings and casts, there was more tendency to the quaint and grotesque than to what he called the "pretty" among them. The beauty of the room was its window, with a view of the noble towers and trees on Telegraph Hill opposite, and the colossal golden statue on the crest, symbolic of the utmost West reaching hands to the utmost East, to join at last the circle of humanity the world around. Of course, from Russian Hill the figure cannot be seen in its proportions, but even so near it has an impressive and majestic effect. A copy, not more than ten feet high, at the eastern end of one of the terraces below, facing a similar copy at the western end, of the corresponding figure from the harbor of Yeddo, gives an excellent idea of the effect and purport of the statue.



When I was a young fellow in San Francisco, a favorite limit for yachting trips was the distance, fifteen miles or so out, at which the figure takes its just proportions.

We used to run out after school, aiming to reach this point about sunset, then to rest floating in the low western light that glorified our silken sails, and watch the outlines of the grand figure melt and dissolve into a pyre of burning gold as the sunset struck it; and then, as the sun dropped below the San Francisco horizon, reassume their form, pale gold against the rosy eastern sky. And meanwhile the sunset would strike our translucent sails, and pour soft floods of violet and amber and crimson light through them over the girls, who would sit with their pepla draped gracefully over their heads and shoulders against the light chill of the hour, and lean back in pensive, unconscious poses. Then the sun would drop, and the yacht would come rushing homeward, while all the way before it the statue, a paler and paler silhouette against a grayer sky, or perhaps against a yellow, spreading moonlight, held out its benignant arms.—Ah, well, we have all been young, and many of us have “run out to see the statue by sunset,”—and sometimes in a company of only two.

Besides this fine window, Tom's room had an excellent specimen of the old-fashioned fireplace so much affected by artists, where he could burn wood, turning off the electric heater. Established by this now with his pipe, he laughed immoderately as the disconsolate lover's case was laid before him, and swore that Teddy and Kitty would be the death of him yet; but after he had had his laugh, he inquired very seriously of Theodore what he thought of doing.

“The only thing I could think of,” said Theodore, “was to make a pretty thorough inquiry, you know, as to the possibilities of—of danger and discomfort in modern times. I thought, you see,

that if I could get a positive statement in writing, from some such authority as the professor of modern history or of sociology at Berkeley, to the effect that there were no such opportunities now,—why, that would be conclusive. But, then,” he went on anxiously, “in case there *are* any lingering evils of that sort, the professor would be the very one that would know of them: and then, you see, it would be the very worst step,” said poor Teddy desperately, “to have consulted him.”

“I see,” said Tom, looking gravely into the fireplace.

“And I thought—perhaps you might have some idea of what he would be likely to say. I did not think of any one I could well consult. My father, now,—I thought he would not—exactly enter into the situation.”

“Your father?” repeated Tom. The muscles under his mustache quivered a little in sympathy with his voice. “No,—no, I do not think he would. So Kitty has gone into nineteenth century literature, has she?—bless her heart,” he went on meditatively. “Well, I've done a little that way myself,—I find the old fellows very suggestive; and we have to go back to them for our best models in *my* line of work. I declare, I like the little girl's having the literary feeling to get on to the value of those old books, in the face of all her teachers' telling her they are obsolete. She's really stumbled in a juvenile way on a note in them that nine tenths of our professional critics never perceive, in their present devotion to everything modern. The literary value of the mournful is at a discount now, as that of the grotesque is. They had a school of old jokers that do my heart good: they never seemed able to make up their minds whether to laugh or cry at their world; and their medley of grim jests, of tragic contrasts, of pathos and laughter, was most interesting. But when it comes to making practical applications, Kitty is too young yet to

discriminate very well between literature and life. I guess girls in all times have been disposed to take literature too seriously."

"O, I always knew Kitty was clever," said Theodore. "And I'm sure I'm willing the old fellows should be of as much literary value as you like, if they will only let me alone."

"Well, let us come down to business," said Tom. "I am sorry to tell you, Theodore, that your plan of appealing to the professor won't help you. He would promptly tell you that there are criminal lunatics in all our hospitals, and sample wild beasts preserved in all our menageries, whom it is sufficiently risky to fool with. Or I could engage to tinker with that electric attachment on the *Puss* in a manner that would give you livelier experiences with fire and flood than our ancestors ever dreamed of. As for running away on red-roan steeds, that is hardly so practicable. Somebody would have to play Leigh of Leigh, and lock her up, before you could rescue her; and I suppose her father is not very likely to do that?"

"No, indeed," said Theodore, scandalized at the serious question. "And if such a thing could happen, it would be much simpler to appeal to the government than to try to interfere myself."

"Well, all that business is archaic anyway,—belongs to the sixteenth century, not the nineteenth. I take it the dear girl is not so particular as to just *what* shall be done, as anxious to have a dash of vicissitude and adventure somehow infused into her love affair, and also to find an excuse for taking *you* a little more seriously and ardently. I say, Teddy, you leave the whole thing in my hands, and I'll put it through! Agreed?"

"I won't consent," said Theodore desperately, looking very white and miserable, "to be put in any rash position. I never told Kitty I would. It's—it's no use, Tom. I'm not used to tigers, nor fires, and I'm not used to being hurt,

and I should simply make a botch of it, and get her and everybody down on me, and lose her in the end,—and I might as well give her up first as last."

"Very well," said Tom, "I'll manage it without bloodshed. All that I will ask you to do is to write a note to Kitty, saying that you understand it is customary for a knight seeking his emprise to be forbidden his lady's face until he has achieved it; that you hope she will not enforce that condition, but will write to say you may come as usual—otherwise you shall feel bound by the requirements of the code. Then wait results."

When the *Puss*, next Wednesday, drew up at the garden steps, Kitty stood waiting eagerly; but instead of the natty little figure she expected, Tom, in his negligent gray blouse, stepped ashore.

"Yes," he said, as she looked past him for some one else; "Theodore has sent his excuses by me instead of coming this time."

The light went out of the young girl's face. "I had a *great deal* to talk to him about,—very especial things," she said, as she walked disconsolately up the path by Tom's side. "And it will be a whole week more, because I promised mamma I would give him only Wednesday afternoons, as long as I am in school!"

But later, when she stood in the arch of the *patio*, watching the yacht disappear in the twilight, her face was soberer yet. What was this impression that Tom had left?—that Teddy had *chosen* to stay away?—chosen to stay away from *her*!—because he did not like something she had said? because he did not wish to do things for her? because—she did not know exactly what; but she did not believe it anyway. *She* knew Teddy better than Tom did; and he would explain it all next Wednesday. She had told Tom so; she had been very stately to him, and had refused to be drawn out about the old books he found ranged on the marble seat in the *patio*,



—telling him with dignity that she and Theodore were making some literary studies. But as she gathered them up to put away, there was a queer uneasiness in her brown eyes, and once or twice they dimmed in a way that was not so pleasant as luxurious crying over a book.

Meanwhile, on the *Puss*, Tom took from his pocket a sealed envelope, and surveyed it with a grin. "A twentieth century man cannot lie," he remarked with complacency: "I have fulfilled my promise to the letter, Teddy,—I have 'taken your note over' safe and sound."

Two or three Wednesdays later, Kitty turned suddenly to Tom,—for he was at San Rafael a good deal these weeks,—and under cover of the music, to which her mother was listening, she said, "Tom, you shall tell me:—has Teddy said anything to you about me?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He said he might as well give you up first as last," said Tom plumply.

Poor Kitty stood a moment with struggling breath and changing color; then, "He may give me up tomorrow, for all I care!" she said, exactly as her great grandmother had said it more than once a hundred years before; and she turned and marched out of the court with her head in the air. When she reached her room she snatched from the table a little note all ready and directed to Theodore, and fiercely thrust it into the very focus of the electric heat, so that it floated off in a second, volatilized into thin air. But she had cried herself sick before she went to sleep that night.

"What an uncommonly easy century to intrigue in!" reflected Tom, as in answer to Theodore's piteous entreaties, he repeated to him this first comment Kitty had made on his absence. "Really, it is too elementary,—the devices are puerile."

It was impossible that Kitty's mother and teachers should not know that she

was crying herself thin day after day; and she admitted perforce that something was the matter between her and Theodore, and that he was not coming any more for the present. But what was wrong she positively refused to say; and no less positively refused to allow her mother to see him, or do anything about it. And after all, the seniors agreed she had been too young to be engaged in any event, and it might be all for the best in the end.

Pretty soon they were very sure of it, for it began to be unmistakably reported that Theodore was spending a great deal of time with Tom's older sister, a brilliant young lecturer on modern history in the city high schools,—handsome and fresh at twenty-eight as a girl of eighteen, as our girls nowadays are wont to be, and only approaching her full bloom of young womanhood; university bred, and as thoroughly a believer in comfort and prosperity, and all the achievements of the century, as it was possible for a woman to be. Once, when Kitty had been persuaded to go out with a party on the water, she saw the *Puss* near by, and drew her peplum close about her head, not to be recognized by its two occupants. But people about her, who had not heard of the boy and girl engagement between herself and Theodore, began talking of them: no one thought, it seemed, that it could be possible the ambitious and intellectual girl could take any serious interest in the lad; but he was clearly infatuated with her. And it seemed, too, that he was likely to amount to even less than used to be expected of him: it was said,—and Kitty leaned forward to catch the voice, unconsciously dropped in saying so grave a thing of anybody,—that he was making as bad a record as possible in this first year of his work, and would fail to receive any honorable notice or mention at all; that if things went on thus, he would certainly be left among that small residuum of the army who, like "old Pa-

tricius," were left at the bottom all their days. He had even been positively reprimanded for neglected work and unpunctuality.

"I don't believe it," said Kitty, hotly. "In school, everybody said he was not very clever, but he was conscientious and careful. And he is quite clever enough, too, to do all that lowest grade work, and very much more."

Some one said kindly that they did not know that he was an old schoolmate, and that they were sorry to have spoken hardly of him in her presence. But she heard the same things often enough afterward.

She read no more novels nowadays,—she had no heart for them, and her literature class had left the subject. But they had gone on to nineteenth century poetry, and that suited her mood very well. Tom had never drawn her out about the novels, but he read much old poetry with her, and talked very cleverly about it. He spared a great deal of time for this, for a young man who had hitherto spared no time for social purposes. None the less, he made progress in his sketching, and was more and more heard of as likely to set the river afire; while in his regular work he had clearly the best record in his company.

It was impossible that a girl who had to take her swimming lesson and her riding lesson, to play her match games of tennis and ball, and keep up her gymnasium practice, should droop and brood as girls used to do when tight dresses and anæmia added their load to troubles; and Kitty was undoubtedly heard to giggle uncontrollably when she was actually trying to duck some other girl in the school swimming bath, or getting her breath after a wrestle. But, nevertheless, there were plenty of intervals when she was a very sad and anxious little girl,—and she did not like it in the least.

As the time approached for the annual reports to be published, her father drew her down on his knee one day, and

told her that he must have a serious talk with her. He hoped she and Theodore had entirely given up their engagement,—which had been, in fact, no real engagement, since she was not free to actually promise herself until she was twenty-one.

"We all regarded it and treated it as the same thing," he said, "but that was on the presumption that Theodore was going to acquit himself as if he appreciated our confidence. If he does not, he cannot expect you to feel bound, especially by such an understanding between children as this was. Now I have taken pains to inquire, and I find that all we have heard of Theodore is quite true. He has done nothing bad, but he has been entirely worthless. He takes no interest or care in his work. His foreman says he might stretch a point this once to give him a report that is not positively discreditable, and would be no drawback to him afterward, in case he chose to do better another year, but that the other men would resent the partiality."

"I know what that means," said Kitty. "That means 'old Patricius.'"

"Very likely," said her father. "I know the man you mean. He becomes a voter this year, and he has quite a large connection, all very clannish, and many of them voters. The foreman is very ambitious, and the Patricius set have long really held the balance in the municipal government. You see, he is in fact hedged about on both sides. If he wishes promotion, he must keep favor with his superiors, and to have a great row with his men, perhaps be cited before a court to answer charges of partiality, would be very bad; while on the other hand, a man who cherishes ambitions to be sometime elected general cannot afford to offend any influential part of the electorate. And remember, my dear, that many who are now under him will be of the electorate long before he is ready to ask their votes."



"Will Theodore?" asked Kitty quickly.

"No, Theodore is quite too young. This foreman is past thirty, and has some ten years before he can come before the electors. So the men under thirty-five, — or in case he ventures to dream of the presidency, we will say under twenty-five, — need never concern him. Remember that, my dear," he went on, launched on his favorite topic, for he was a devoted politician, and since his retirement had given his whole time and thought to politics: "an officer must always bear in mind that all his subordinates over thirty-five years old are going to have a chance at him if he comes to election. And while they count for few among the voters of a whole guild, a man should look to them for his main nucleus of support. And on the other hand, he must keep on terms with his superiors, or he will never get to where there is any question of the voters. And if he cuts his ambitions smaller, and switches off into the municipal government, as I did in my day," he went on complacently, "so much the more immediate the need of looking out for all these matters of local popularity."

"I don't understand much about it," said Kitty listlessly. "We don't have modern civil polity till next year. All I know about it is that corruption and intrigue are impossible under our system, and used to be shocking in old times, — they told us that in the primary school. But about Te — Theodore. You mean that his getting through at all this year without disgrace depends mainly on this old professional kicker —"

"This — what is that singular word?"

"O, one of Tom's, — he got it from some of the old humorists he reads," said Kitty, who had indeed used it rather in a pedantic than a flippant spirit.

"O, Tom," said her father, looking pleased. "Well, I guess you'll learn no great harm from Tom. *There's* a young

man that is going ahead. But to return to Theodore: his fate for this year, at least, is practically settled now. The foreman and the assistant foreman are not ill-disposed to him, but they will not compromise themselves to shield him from the consequences of his own shiftlessness. That is all there is about it."

It wanted ten minutes of 'one o'clock when Theodore came slowly back across the dock from his lunch, and approached the great palace of industry with an absent and dismal air. He knew well enough that he was making a bad record and displeasing all his friends in this his first trial year; and the universal love of approval that is the passion of our time, while it had not showed in him as ambition, had found its satisfaction hitherto in being liked by everybody. But his miserable consciousness that his official superiors were "down on him" only served to deepen the pit of helpless despondency into which he had fallen upon Kitty's unreasonable surrender of him, and to still further spoil him for his work, — for which he had, in fact, never cared a straw for its own sake, following only his habit of docile and sunny eagerness to please, in doing it fairly well. If it had not been for the unfailing kindness of the young modern history lecturer, it is hard to say where he would have collapsed to; and feeling her his one stay he clung to her and followed her about quite piteously. Tom was as friendly as ever, but Theodore had a wretched certainty of his status at San Rafael, which he was fallen into too deep an abasement and dejection to resent, but which made Tom none the dearer.

As he lounged dismally up to the entrance of the great building, he saw Patricius standing near a group of pillars, and listening to some one who stood in their shadow.

"It depends upon *you*," this somebody was saying, with dramatic zeal. "If he were sure you would not make trouble,

he would strain a point. And if you will only promise not to, I will tell him myself."

"Bless your pretty eyes!" said Patricius, immensely flattered, interested, and pleased. "And is the young lad your sweetheart, annyhow?"

Theodore could see now the little brown school tunic, with its gold Greek border, and the swinging gold ball on the peplum point,—evidently the small diplomat was a deliberate truant.

She flushed and hesitated. "I—I don't really know," she said. What possible combination of impulse or circumstance should make her say to this burly workman in jumper and overalls what she had not said to her mother? "I suppose he is n't. He does n't come any more. I don't know why, and I don't know why he does n't do his work right. I think it's that modern history woman's doing, somehow. But I *do* know Teddy very well, and I know it is n't his fault, and everybody talks about him, and says he is n't good for anything, and I know he is; and I know he is n't very clever, and he never will be distinguished; but it always was just Teddy and me, ever since I can remember; and everybody is very unkind and unjust to him indeed,—and I won't have him treated so any more!"

"So that's what ails the lad," said Patricius, grinning broadly at some one over her shoulder: "a quarrel with his sweetheart, to be sure! Well, no one need think Patricius Gooley's the man to—"

But Kitty, following the direction of his grin, had wheeled sharply around,—hot-cheeked and bright-eyed, quivering with excitement and defiance at the sense of her daring in meddling with the discipline of the great industrial army, ready to cry, and ready to challenge the general himself.

In after years, there was one thing that Theodore and Kitty could never

come to an agreement about, after the most exhaustive comparing of notes. What did Tom mean? Theodore was unalterably convinced that Tom had played him false, and intended to ruin him and secure Kitty,—showing that intrigues as dark and deadly hid under the crust of modern society as in the more brutal past; but that, considering the enormity of his temptation and anguish of his complete failure, Tom was to be forgiven; indeed, the sweet-tempered little fellow, always cherishing this belief in the magnitude of the other's disappointment, developed toward him a sort of pitying tenderness, which, if the theory was false, must have amused its subject vastly.

Kitty, on the other hand, held that Tom was no more in love with her than the man in the moon, and that Teddy should not be so romantic, for Tom had evidently simply carried out his promise, and had showed himself very ingenious, since even she had been completely taken in.

I confess I never was sure which of them was right; and Tom's sister was no wiser. We used to conjecture sometimes that it might have been a whimsical desire to experiment in human nature that led him, or a cold-blooded quest for material for his own art. He never offered any explanation himself, answering questions as to points of fact with great suavity, but for the rest, telling us that we had all the facts before us, and could draw our own conclusions. Whether this was a grim silence on his part, under which he was in reality a deeply chagrined man, or whether he was privately laughing at us all, I never knew. He has not married yet; but he certainly never seemed like a man to take Kitty seriously,—especially after living with a woman like his own sister.

As to that accomplished lady, Kitty at first insisted on regarding her in a baleful light; but after being solemnly assured that Teddy had never for a sin-



gle instant, in his inmost heart, compared her to disadvantage with the handsome baccalaurea, she became one of her most devoted admirers, and always said she owed her undying gratitude for her support of Teddy in his darkest hour.

But that was all later. The very next Wednesday after her truancy, — after her father had been assured that Theodore's report was to go up to the effect that he had been "at a disadvantage from circumstances," and would be regarded as making no record, one way or the other, till next year, — she was permitted to go out in the *Puss* "to see the statue by sunset"; and it was on this occasion that she sat down by Theodore, and laying her smooth cheek on his hand, said :

"So now you see, Teddy, I was quite right about its being better in the nine-

teenth century, when people were parted by calumny, and suffered, and were heroic and constant; for just think how happy we are now, and how constant we have been! And I am sure I shall be so proud of your heroic constancy to me, and your chivalrous fidelity to the terms of that note I did not receive, and your endurance of calumny, and injustice, and oppression from your superiors, and desertion by your friends, all for my sake,—so proud, you don't know, Teddy! and I never can be good enough to show my appreciation."

And whether Teddy regarded the episode in as pleasant a retrospective light or not, he was wise enough to take the goods the gods provided without argument; and I think in time under Kitty's tuition he really came to feel as if he had been a hero at one time in his life.

*John Henry Barnabas.*

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### IF IT WERE COME.

If it were come, that great millennial day,  
And each within his man-appointed sphere  
Toiled tranquilly for other, with no fear  
Of want, no care, no wish to break away,—

In that calm life of measured work and play,  
Could we tread patiently year after year  
The endless levels, while sublime and clear  
The far peaks glistened all along the way?

Nay, rather would our foolish spirits stir  
At each new dawn, and voiceless longings fret,  
And leaven of ambition—ay, the myrrh  
And honey of the unattained—beget  
Such ferment that responsive to its thrill,  
Our silver found, we should go searching still.

*Francis E. Sheldon.*

PICTURES OUT OF THE FUTURE.<sup>1</sup>

[From the German of Lasswitz.]

## I.

## THE ODOR-PIANO.

AROMASIA was sitting in the garden of her home, gazing dreamily into the blue haze of a beautiful summer's day, in the year 2371. Now she followed with her eyes the small dark clouds that appeared here and there on the horizon and suddenly discharged their burden of moisture upon the earth; again she turned her attention to the flying coaches and air velocipedes that hurried past each other in the bustle of the broad thoroughfare far beneath her. For Aromasia's garden was situated at the airy height of about three hundred and fifty feet above the earth, upon the top of her residence. It had become a matter of necessity to construct the houses in such enormous dimensions, and to transform their tops into gardens and pleasure-grounds, since the whole area of the earth below was reserved for the purposes of agriculture. The globe had become so densely populated that every bit of available ground was used for the plant-

ing of cereals and the raising of cattle, in order to avert the dangers of starvation. Wherever, therefore, air and light permitted, there were to be seen waving grain fields, and above them upon high and solid columns stood the houses, the lower stories of which were used for the purposes of commerce and manufacture. Above them followed the private residences, and the roofs of these gigantic structures were transformed into charming gardens, which, on account of their airy and healthy situation, became the favorite abodes of men.

This upward extension of the houses to as many as fifteen or twenty stories was not at all inconvenient, for air carriages had become the general means of travel, and elevators, constructed on the latest scientific principles, and fitted up with all the conveniences of this advanced period, had altogether taken the place of the tiresome stairway of the nineteenth century. In the towns, — and they had become almost innumerable, — the corresponding stories of opposite rows of houses were connected with each other by galleries. These were, however, used only for business purposes, since it was not considered proper among the higher classes of society to promenade upon them. It was also considered highly improper, and even prohibited by law, to ascend higher than the tops of the houses in the air vehicles within city limits, or to navigate through the air over private residences. Of course there were always to be found vulgar and mischievous trespassers upon this custom. And just as in the New-Middle-Age, as the nineteenth century was now called, young men intoxicated with wine made night hideous for the sleep-loving

<sup>1</sup>Some time ago I came by chance across the little German book that bears the above title. The same is written by Kurd Lasswitz, and contains two stories. The first, of which the following is the opening chapter, is laid in the twenty-fourth century, and bears the suggestive title, "As Far as the Zero-point of Existence" (*Bis zum Nullpunkt des Seins*); the second is a tale of the year 3877, and is called "Against Universal Law" (*Gegen das Weltgesetz*).

"What will be the condition of the human race a hundred or a thousand years hence?" has become an oft-repeated question, since Bellamy published his celebrated book. This very question is attempted to be answered in the light of present scientific progress, aided by a strongly poetic imagination, in this little German volume; and it may be an interesting fact to the reader to know that the first sketch was published in Germany as far back as 1871, while the book as it is now before us reached its third edition in the year 1879.



Philistine by ringing the door-bell in the small hours of the morning, or by disfiguring the signs of tradespeople, so it happened in these days that the chimneys of houses were found blocked up in the morning with bouquets of choicest flowers, picked in the family garden; or that the windows were pasted over with funny pictures.

Aromasia Odosia Ozodes, the celebrated *artiste*, sighed deeply, after she had failed to discover the object of her longing among the many air carriages that passed and repassed before her view.

"I wonder where Oxygen is today," she murmured in the harmonious sounds of the German language. For although in general intercourse everybody talked in the Universal Language, still the tenderest feelings of the heart were expressed in the original mother tongue. "I can't understand that he has not hastened to my side long before this. It is already nine hours, eighty-four minutes, and seventy seconds." (In this period the day was divided into twice ten hours, which again were subdivided according to the decimal system.)

"And Magnet also is not here,—but poets are never punctual. I suppose he is composing one of his famous jingellettes, which makes him oblivious to anything else."

The jingellette was a new form of poetry, and combined all the best qualities of the sonnet, the Spenserian stanza, the alcaic verse, and the family novel. It was composed in the Universal Language, and its principal beauty consisted in a combination of the alliteration and the rhyme:

Aromasia now took the micro-telescope, which was lying on a table near by, and carefully examined a certain spot about fifteen miles away, situated in the suburb of the city, above which at that moment one of the clouds previously mentioned had become visible.

"That is Oxygen," she said to herself,

laying aside the telescope. "I recognize his machine. He is evidently very busy, and will be here later. Until that time, let me practice my beautiful art. The all-powerful ideas of the great odor-masters shall shorten the lonesome hour and wing my soul into those regions where human desires and longings vanish under the spell of a higher inspiration."

With this exclamation she stepped into the automatic elevator, and found herself in a few moments in her own apartment. In the center of it stood an instrument resembling the piano of the nineteenth century. Aromasia opened it, touched the keys, and soon was reveling in the rich perfumes of a phantasia by Smellman, which in their sublime harmony of odors enthralled the player into ecstasy.

The ododion or odor-piano was invented in the year 2094 by an Italian by the name of Odorato, and its primitive form had been greatly improved upon from time to time, according to the latest discoveries of chemical science. The instrument of our artist was of German make, and was celebrated for the great compass of its odors, commencing in its lowest keys with the musty odor that permeates a cellar and the mouldering smell of a sepulchre, and reaching up to the exceedingly fine perfume discovered in the year 2369, and called "essence of onion." Each touch of a key opened a corresponding gasometer, and the proper condensation, extension, and harmony of the various perfumes was brought about by scientifically constructed appliances.

After music had been brought to such a high state of perfection that it was impossible for the ear to endure any further improvements in that direction, attention was more and more called to the nose, which organ of the human body had hitherto been sadly neglected. The proper development of the sense of smell had up to this time been almost com-

pletely lost sight of by past generations. Why should not it also be more carefully cultivated, thus adding to the symmetrical development of the human body? No other sense has a more potent effect on the association of ideas than that of smell, and therefore it could certainly be used to call forth certain definite ideas and feelings in the human mind. Scientific men began to study carefully all the peculiar qualities and effects of the various odors, and discovered by the empirical method the laws of harmony and discord governing them. On account of the great strides in chemical science, it became very easy to prepare the most varied aromas in great quantities; and after the ododion had been exhibited as a curiosity only in all the cities of the world, it soon found its way into the houses of private families that made any pretensions to culture whatsoever.

The great masters in this new field of art, among them Naso Odorato, Mrs. Sniffer, Sr. Aromata, Herr Smellman, Miss Ozodes, a native of Greece, and the parents of our heroine, produced a literature of odor-pieces and operas, which, for their originality of conception and their suggestive beauties, soon took rank with the works of the greatest musical composers of former times. The ododion, accompanied by the human voice, had such an entrancing effect upon the mind that it became the favorite instrument of the period. Everybody studied the new art, and parents considered it an essential part of the education of their children, who spent all their leisure time in practicing upon the ododion, often to the great annoyance of some of their neighbors, who did not always appreciate the efforts of the amateurs, and complained very much that the atmosphere was overcharged with the most discordant odors, which produced very disastrous effects upon their highly sensitive nasal organ.

Aromasia Odosia Ozodes, however, was an *artiste* in the true sense of the

word. Her odor-chords had the most captivating effect upon the listeners, and as she sat there, putting her whole soul into her play, roses, violets, and lilacs called forth memories of that golden springtime when love first budded into bloom. Now this fragrance vanishes, jasmine fills the room; we believe we hold in our hands that bunch of withered flowers whose beauty had vanished even as our young love passed away, and an inexpressible feeling of sadness fills our heart. But there, through all this melancholy, we smell the scorn and the frivolity of the inconstant, conveyed by the aroma of the wine,—the presence of alcoholic fumes is more and more perceptible, and now like a cry of horror,—a soul-disturbing discord,—it is powder, and we are surrounded by the odor of the tomb, bringing with it hopelessness and despair. Once more the chords rise to a shriek of endless grief; then all is subdued and quiet resignation.

Exhausted, Aromasia let her hand drop. The next moment it was seized and covered with burning kisses. Unobserved, Magnet Rhymer-Uppernote had entered through the open window on his air velocipede, and was now kneeling at her side. In his soul the last chords of Aromasia's play were still reverberating.

Magnet, like all his contemporaries, had a compound family name. Since the complete emancipation of the female sex, the children went by the combined name of their father and mother. When they married, the daughters dropped the name of the father, the sons that of the mother, and added in its stead the name of the spouse.

Rhymer-Uppernote was a poet. According to our notions he would have been considered a radical realist, but in his time he was looked upon not only as an extreme idealist, but he was counted among the effeminate followers of the Romantic School. To him the age of



steam, when the kingdom of the air had not yet been conquered, and man was still forced to look up to the mountains, was the Golden Age of poetry. To him the century in which calculating reason alone was idolized, was utterly devoid of poetic ideas, and he was constantly singing the praises of the New-Middle Age, when men still believed in miracles, and did not despise to commune with the unseen world by means of spirit-rapping. He had, however, introduced one innovation, which secured him a permanent place in literature. He had substituted strictly scientific and technical definitions for the rather indefinite and hazy conceptions in regard to certain poetic processes that had held sway during the *régime* of transcendental philosophy. Most of the products of his poetic fancy were written in German, and he only composed an occasional jinglette in the Universal Language.

"Fair Aromasia," he exclaimed, "you are the greatest ododiste of the twenty-fourth century! Your sublime interpretation of the great odor masters dominates the minutest movements of all my brain cells, and thrills every fibre of my nervous system. Just as the morning air, laden with moisture, sighs for the warm rays of the rising sun, so the highly sensitive membranes of my nose sniffle for the bewitching fragrance of your ododion."

"Magnet," replied Aromasia, disapprovingly raising her right hand, "do not be so ardent. You have again forgotten our agreement; your attentions are allowed, but within proper limits. You deserve that my *fiancé* should dampen your ardor by sending one of his instantaneous rain showers down upon your feverish head."

"You are cruel, indeed. But I do not fear condensation; the warm blood that circulates within me will evaporate at once a whole ocean of water molecules."

"We shall see. You know how you exaggerate everything. Your flatteries

sound to me more like scorn, for I know my imperfections only too well, feeling that all my efforts fall short of the ideals of my nose. Where is the depth of thought of a Smellman in my play? Do you smell the simple transition from the exquisitely fragrant triple-aroma by means of a subdued minor odor softly permeating this final odo-chord? How much is contained in that simple movement! Power, courage unto death, the lion's roar, the whole history of the invention of the electro-motor, human greatness, the voice of the storm, the shadow dance of antediluvian elfs, and even the elements of the course of the comet of 1890. That could only be created by the divine genius of the immortal Richard Smellman."

"You are too modest. But yesterday you interpreted the annihilation of materialism through criticism and the completion of the Nicaragua canal, with irresistible force upon your ododion."

"They are only feeble attempts. O, Magnet, when shall that Master appear who will create the odor-epic of the future? Smellman? He is lacking the creative force of language, — alas, Magnet, why are you not an ododist?"

"Because I am called to be a poet, and a poor one at that. But you must not look for the realization of your pet idea in the future, — look back upon the past."

"What do you mean? Shakspeare, Goethe —"

"O no, they are too antiquated — but think of Anton Fire-Eater and his drama, 'The Last Locomotive.' There is poetry! Do you remember the closing scene, — the music is by Herr Growler, I believe, — when the boiler bursts, and the ill-fated engineer, who in his attempts to reconcile the conflicting duties towards the human souls entrusted to his care on the one hand, and those due to his employers on the other, is hurled high into the air, his lower jaw and one arm torn from his body, and who in all the chaos

of destruction preserves his presence of mind, and with a voice of thunder shouts :

'Alas, in vain, steam, thou hast robbed my breath !  
The train derails, farewell my arm, put on the  
brakes !'

The curtain falls, and carried away by the music imitating the screeching noise of the brakes, the mind realizes the transcendent power of true poetry. And I am not even capable of rendering a miserable jinglette into German !"

"But you have the power to lift many a soul above the petty aims of common everyday life, where they soar upon the wings of your thoughts into those heights where they are not swayed by the superficial judgment of the vacillating masses. And that is just what I also claim for my art."

"Not everybody will agree with you in that. The party that arrogates unto itself the name of 'Sober Thinkers,' maintains that human progress is only possible through the cultivation of the reasoning power; that the highest development of the intellect is the sole means by which man is emancipated from the power of his inherent passions; that it is the royal road to moral perfection; and that our present high standard of ethics and culture was brought about entirely through the great acquisitions in the field of science; that to these we owe our tolerance, our benevolence, and the pristine purity of our morals."

"Magnet, your last words remind me very forcibly of that unhappy party strife which reaches deep down into our social relations, and which in its fierceness does so often destroy the tenderest of human ties. You know well that that is the only thing which prevents complete harmony between myself and Oxygen, for on this very point all our opinions diverge. And no matter how devoted I am to my betrothed, it is my holiest conviction that it is alone due to the influence of the fine arts, and especially the ododistic, that humanity has reached its present stage of morality

and culture. It is just this difference of opinion that has led to some bitter words between us, and sometimes I fear —"

"That is not worthy of you, Aromasia. How often have you yourself said that in consequence of the practice of our time, to allow the greatest freedom to individual opinion, and the separation of the idea from the person, it is impossible that personal feeling should be engendered by reason of the exchange of even the most opposite views. How can you give vent to such fears by means of sound waves, resulting from the contraction and relaxation of your organs of speech?"

"Because I am not at all certain that our generation has reached this vaunted height of objective contemplation. If it were only a theoretical difference, it would not disturb me. No matter how strongly this may be insisted upon by our opponents, it is not true. Here is a contrast which has its foundation deep down in the nature of man; which has always existed, shall exist forever, and which at present manifests itself in this particular form. It is true, we are today no more capable of deadly enmity because our religious creeds contain certain opposite dogmas, but the inextinguishable strife called forth by totally different ideals is waged by the two parties of the 'Sober Thinkers' and the 'Fervent Dreamers.' The former ones are the worst fanatics, and in constantly arguing from what they are pleased to style the point of view of sober cogitation, they lie. Their innermost mental attitude is inimical to those higher inspirations of a soul that takes hold upon life as it ought to be, and does not coldly analyze it as it is."

"Do not grieve too much, Aromasia," replied Magnet. "These people are sadly deficient in the development of the sense of smell; the quality of their nasal membranes is of a very inferior kind, the spiral convolutions being most rudimentary. Their brain is not capable of a refined



odor-sensation, and they will never be able to understand an Aromasia."

"But Oxygen —"

Magnet made no reply. Aromasia's fingers wandered softly over the keys of her ododion, and rich perfumes filled the room.

An air velocipede shot through the air, guided by Oxygen. He fastened his vehicle to the window and entered the room. Aromasia hastened to meet him and greeted him tenderly. The two men shook hands as old friends. Oxygen approached the window, accompanied by Aromasia, and looked through a stationary microscope.

"Excellent! I congratulate you, Aromasia. I have seldom seen a better developed specimen of protoplasm."

"That is to please you, Oxygen. I know how happy you are when I take an interest in your little favorites. Many an hour I have sat there, and watched the formation of the cells."

It was the fashion of the day to engage in the production of protoplasm out of inorganic matter. Professor Cell-maker was the first one who demonstrated beyond a doubt the generation of this lowest type of animal matter. Instead of playing with parrots and dogs, ladies and gentlemen amused themselves by watching the formation and transformation of these types of the most primitive life, which was by them subjected to the most varied physical and chemical conditions that fancy could suggest.

"You are later than usual," continued Aromasia. "You must have been very busy."

"Yes, I was overcrowded with orders. The weather has been unusually dry, and I had to do my utmost to manufacture enough water to supply the demand. And today I was especially busy, because I wanted to be free tomorrow. I have planned a little excursion, and I hope you will join us, Magnet."

Oxygen Fair-Weather was nothing

less than a manufacturer of weather; that is to say, he was proprietor of a large establishment, where machines and appliances were made by means of which atmospheric changes could be brought about in an artificial way at any desired moment. This was done by a combination of chemical and physical processes, so that large volumes of steam could be produced, great masses of air expanded and condensed, upper strata of air drawn down, and lower ones forced into higher altitudes, clouds formed and dispersed. Oxygen's skill had won a great name for his establishment.

"Well, then," he said, "I have arranged all my business for tomorrow, in order that we may have the whole day to ourselves. Tomorrow is one of those very few days when the whole northern hemisphere will enjoy fair weather, and we shall be enabled to make our trip without calling to our aid artificial means, and without fear of any change in the condition of the weather."

"Where do you propose to go?" asked Magnet.

"I propose that we visit Niagara Falls. At first I thought of going to the upper Nile, but we were there only last winter, and at the present time it would not be very pleasant to sojourn in the tropics."

"To Niagara!" exclaimed Aromasia. "That is very nice of you, Oxy. But we will have to start pretty early."

"We shall have plenty of time by leaving at six o'clock, without using the maximum speed of our machine. Even if we spend four hours<sup>1</sup> at the falls, we shall be back in Berlin at ten o'clock in the evening. We shall be able to reach the Niagara in six hours. I suggest that we start at sunrise, about four or half past four o'clock. Since we travel westward, we shall adjust the rate of speed of our machine in such a manner that we shall be enabled to neutralize the op-

<sup>1</sup>For the convenience of our readers we are here speaking of our present unit of time.

posite motion of the earth around its axis. And so we shall soar upon the wings of dawn over the western portion of the continent and the Atlantic Ocean, enjoying during the entire time of our trip the magnificent spectacle of a continual sunrise; which, upon the ocean especially, is of transcendent beauty."

"Before us day and back of us the night," recited Magnet.

"Strictly speaking, we should reverse that time-honored quotation of the ancients," said Oxygen.

"I shall excuse that stricture upon the mode of expression of my revered predecessors, friend Oxygen," replied Magnet, "for your idea is really brilliant, yea, I might say jingellettal. Of course we shall reach our destination when the first rays of the sun shall illumine the topmost peak of the Catskill mountains."

"As a compensation, sage poet, we shall also escape the scorching heat of the midday upon the land, and shall be enabled to enjoy the cool ocean breezes upon our return trip. For by starting back at about eight o'clock A. M., traveling with the same rate of speed towards the setting sun, we shall arrive in our home at eight o'clock in the evening."

"Are we absolutely sure of fair weather during the entire day?" asked Aromasia.

"Convince yourself," replied Oxygen, fetching a weather-atlas from his carriage, and referring to the chart for the day in question.

This atlas contained for the space of half a year in advance, accurate information in reference to the condition of

the atmosphere upon the whole globe for each separate day. Down to half a mile and each quarter of an hour the meteorology was recorded with mathematical precision. Each day had a separate map on a large scale, upon which these scientific results were indicated by various colors.

"You see," said Oxygen, pointing out the proposed route, "it is perfectly clear all day."

"Very well, we will go," said Aromasia, "preparations are not necessary."

"Agreed," replied Oxygen, "I promise you an exceedingly interesting journey in my new motor."

"I must grant you this," added Aromasia: "science has done a great deal for us women in the matter of facilitating our choice of toilets. How inconvenient and unpleasant it must have been in those days when all one's plans were so dependent upon the forces of nature, and one could not even take a little journey like the one projected by us without taking along the greatest variety of wearing apparel to meet the many conditions of the climate!"

"There is one force of nature, however, which we have not yet conquered, and that is hunger, and I must confess—"

"We are ready," exclaimed Aromasia, striking up an odor-waltz, whose controlling motif was an appetizing aroma of mock-turtle soup and roast beef.

After a few minutes the three boarded the air motor of Oxygen, and wended their way to their favorite eating-house.

*Emil Pohli.*





## HERBERT SPENCER'S UTOPIA.

It seems that when it comes to utopias, individualist and socialist are pretty much the same thing. They desire to bring humanity to about the same place, however one protests that to reach it we should start east, and the other west. Everyone wishes now that the time should come when each human being should live the largest and best individual life. Indeed, one might almost play with the definitions, and say that the socialist is such by virtue of his passionate individualism, and the individualist such by virtue of his reverence for the social whole. For the very inspiration of the socialist is that it cannot be borne that any one should be sacrificed to the rest, and therefore the great powers of government should be exerted to forbid it; of the individualist, that the development of society proceeds by immutable laws, which involve great sacrifice of individuals to the general good. The one calls himself socialist because he looks to society to compel the well-being of its members; the other individualist, because he looks to the individual to work out the well-being of society; and each knows well enough, if pressed to the wall, that "society" has no compelling power save that of the individuals that compose it, and no well-being to be sought save that of these same individuals. In the essence of our aspirations, we are all individualists.

Inevitable as this sort of individualism seems now, impossible as it seems that any one's aspiration should not be

That not a life shall be destroyed,

Or cast as rubbish to the void,

When God hath made the pile complete,—

it certainly has not always been so. This seems to be an essentially modern ideal. Plato's utopia is not based upon it; even

the conceptions of heaven worked out in earlier centuries, and inherited in this, depart strikingly from it. Some Greek Christian theologies contained it, but they were not accepted or preserved by the Christian world. Yet no teleological speculation could originate now that was not based on this ideal. And in this unity of aspiration that the world has arrived at, however diametrically opposed are men's judgments as to the way in which it shall be realized, is ground for great hope that in some way the movement of humanity will be urged toward its realization.

Probably the name of Herbert Spencer would occur first to most people as that of the great defender of individualism; but Spencer is so only in that he is also the great exponent of the evolutionary philosophy. It is as an evolutionist that he so firmly believes that society should work out its own salvation by individual freedom of action. In his earliest book, the crude and youthful, but suggestive one, "Social Statics," he thus outlined his essentially evolutionary attitude toward the subject of government interference in the development of society:

In truth, it is a sad sight for one who has been what Bacon recommends, "a servant and interpreter of nature," to see these political schemers with their clumsy mechanisms trying to supersede the great laws of existence. Such an one, no longer regarding the mere outside of things, has learned to look for the secret forces by which they are upheld. After patient study, this chaos of phenomena into which he was born, has begun to generalize itself to him; and where there seemed nothing but confusion, he can now discern the dim outlines of a gigantic plan. No accidents, no chance, but everywhere order and completeness. One by one, exceptions vanish, and all becomes systematic. Suddenly, what had appeared an anomaly answers to some intenser thought, exhibits polarity, and ranges itself along with kindred facts. Throughout he finds the same

vital principles, ever in action, ever successful, and embracing the minutest details. . . . Irresistible as it is subtle, he sees in the worker of these changes a power that bears onward peoples and governments, regardless of their theories, and schemes, and prejudices,—a power which sucks the life out of their lauded institutions, shrivels up their state parchments with a breath, paralyzes long venerated authorities, obliterates the most deeply graven laws, makes statesmen recant, and puts prophets to the blush, buries cherished customs, shelves precedents, and before men are yet conscious of the fact, has wrought a revolution in all things, and filled the world with a higher life. Always toward perfection is the mighty movement, toward a complete development and a more unmixed good; subordinating in its universality all petty irregularities and fallings back, as the curvature of the earth subordinates mountains and valleys. Even in evils, the student learns to recognize only a struggling beneficence. But above all, he is struck with the inherent sufficingness of things, and with the complex simplicity of those principles by which every defect is being remedied,—principles that show themselves alike in the self-adjustment of planetary disturbances and the healing of a scratched finger. . . . Each new fact illustrates more clearly some recognized law, or discloses some unconceived completeness, contemplation thus revealing to him a higher harmony, and developing in him a deeper faith.

And now in the midst of his admiration and his awe, the student shall suddenly see some flippant red-tapist get upon his legs, and tell the world how he is going to put a patch upon nature. . . . They have so little faith in the laws of things, and so much in themselves, that were it possible they would chain sun and earth together, lest centripetal force should fail. . . . Nothing but a parliament-made agency can be depended upon; and only when this infinitely complex humanity of ours has been put under their ingenious regulations, and provided for by their supreme intelligence, will the world as it ought to be.

If such study of science and such evolutionary thought as Herbert Spencer had done at the age of thirty, and in 1850, thus influenced his sociological thought, he was not likely to have less faith in the potency of natural law after the tremendous re-enforcement he had received from Darwin's great book nine years later, and after he had himself completed his systematic conception of the evolutionary process. In the words of Grant Allen's treatise on Darwin: "The total esoteric conception of evolution as a cosmical process, one and continuous, from nebula

to man, from star to soul, from atom to society, we owe rather to the other great prophet of the evolutionary creed, Herbert Spencer, whose name will ever be equally remembered side by side with his great peer's." And thus impressed by all his study of phenomena with the conviction that evolution has unaided brought life safely from protoplasm to mammal, from simian to man, from savagery to civilization, he is more strongly than ever sure that it is competent to complete the process, and perfect civilization.

Although Spencer and the evolutionists come into touch with the *laissez faire* economists on the one point of government interference with industries, it is rather as an incident than an end of his philosophy, and he does not seem to have exerted any marked influence on economic thought, which rarely cares to go back to the nebular hypothesis or to "scarpéd cliff and quarried stone," to find reasons why parliament should or should not insist on the white lead worker's use of hot water and soap on himself. But his conception has completely possessed scientific thought, and infused itself more or less vaguely into literary thought, and the upper levels of the popular mind. So thoroughly is this true that all the socialism of the literary sort,—as a late careful writer (Mr. Nathaniel Gilman, in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*) has noted that American "nationalism" is,—feels it altogether necessary to make its peace with evolution, and carefully stipulates that it is by the working of natural social law that its changes are to be wrought.

But this is a concession merely in words: the nationalist, or other gentle socialist, is willing to consent to a bloodless and fangless evolution; but the "nature red in tooth and claw with rapine" that the real evolutionist has to deal with, does not enter into his scheme. It is exactly from her that he wishes to get away; and it is exactly with her that



Mr. Spencer and his school insist that we cannot dispense, until her part is played out to the end. If the world is to be wise, strong, and good, the foolish, weak, and bad must be pushed aside and trodden down, that the best types may leave their offspring behind them, and people the earth with an ever choicer and choicer stock. Natural selection, adaptation to environment, struggle for existence, survival of the fittest, have been the law of life and of progress from the outset, and are not to be evaded now. That ameliorations of the brutality of the progress are possible, and increasingly active, he fully believes,—indeed, much of the present progress of society consists in them, and all its tendency is toward them. But that government can shorten by any compulsion the way that remains till society reaches the goal of its evolution, he utterly disbelieves,—holding, indeed, that such efforts in most cases, at the present stage of progress, impede instead of helping. For the quality of the social organism depends on the quality of its individuals; when they are developed into perfect members of society, society will be perfect; while they are imperfect, any form of society they make up will have their imperfections.

Yet no one believes so fully in the organic existence of society, in the power of co-operation to unite men into something far more than a mere collection of units. Indeed, this co-operation, which makes society, instead of a mere mass of people, Spencer distinctly says is that same “integration, progressive differentiation of structure and function, and interdependence of parts,” that make a living organism everywhere. “What biologists call in an animal the physiological division of labor,” is “that which in society, as in the animal, makes the living whole.” The lowest animals are almost homogeneous,—all stomach, all eyes, all limb; what dim perception of light they have, they have all over; they

can digest anywhere that food happens to touch them; or extend any portion of their surface to take hold. So in primitive society, every man is hunter, builder, warrior, manufacturer. And thence, by exactly similar processes of evolutionary growth, the most complex animals and the most complex societies are produced, in which “arresting the lungs quickly brings the heart to a stand,” “loss of even such small organs as the eyes deprives the rest of a service essential to their preservation,” “the workers in iron stop if the miners do not supply materials.”

But in all this process of evolutionary growth, the part played by government is small. And necessarily, for government becomes thus only one power of the complex social body, as if it were the nervous system in the animal body. It cannot confuse itself with the digestive system,—the spinal cord cannot take the place of the lungs, nor the cerebellum of the eyes. That would be to return to the condition of the protozoan, all eyes, all stomach, all limb. In progress away from such confusion has evolution consisted. Now, as in the animal structure, instead of one all-competent substance, there have been separating themselves more and more completely, till the beautiful complexity and adaptation of a horse or a man is reached, nerves, and organs, and bones, and muscles, never to be fused together again save in decay and death,—so from the governmental, industrial, religious, and ceremonial control, all joined in one; of primitive societies, there have detached and differentiated themselves the great independent systems of the modern civilizations. Not yet perfectly differentiated from each other, they tend to become so more and more as the social organism comes nearer to the beautiful complexity and adaptation toward which it is tending; and to try to reverse the process, and fuse them together again, would mean decay and death. Religion in the early clan

or tribe is as a matter of course one with government; step by step, with infinite pains, civilization has detached it, till the connection of church and state has dwindled to a mere thread, soon to break entirely. Custom and fashion,—that potent system of regulation of human affairs,—now stands quite apart from government, but is in primitive societies an important part thereof. The vast system of industrialism, which handles more money in a day than governments in a month, and affects human beings far more nearly and constantly, and changes the face of the earth more completely, although still connected at many points with the state, is much freer from it than formerly. The state did not create it, any more than it created custom, or religion,—it grew up from the dawn of human society, unconsciously, unplanned for, without any enactments of law; but like religion and custom, it ran side by side with the state, confused together with it, and becoming stronger and more perfect in proportion as it separated.

Judge, then, how utterly reactionary, how complete a reversal of the whole process of evolution, seems to Spencer any such proposal as that of the socialist to re-fuse social institutions again under governmental power; and how absolutely the converse of the nationalist's creed is his, in spite of their assumption of some of the phrases of evolution. To him, human activities must, in the very nature of the evolutionary process, differentiate themselves more and more completely from government, leaving to it only its own natural and essential function of protecting each member of society from encroachments.

But now, what of the end to which all this leads? What is the goal of the evolutionary process? Industrialism, religion, manners and fashion, all set free of regulation by force, and grown to their full complexity of voluntary organism, government securing to each individual

only his individual freedom from aggression, thus leaving the atoms of the social organism free to work out progress by natural interplay,—what is the result they will work out, the final social condition to which they tend? Spencer declares his ideal in *Social Statics*, and declares it attainable; later, in the *Sociology*, and still more in the *Ethics*, he recognizes it as a utopia which we may progressively approach, but never can actually realize, and which we cannot even come near until changes not merely radical, but absolutely transforming, have been wrought in human nature. Yet evolution has already wrought changes as great in man, and is visibly working these very ones to which he looks forward; however distant the goal, it is discernible, and the inspiration and hope of human life. And even the way that leads thither may be dimly pointed out.

For morality,—which he treats as simply a question of conduct between man and man, putting supernatural relations out of the question,—is based on a progressive adaptation to the social condition. Plants, crystals, planets, are in harmony with their environment, and fulfill spontaneously and inevitably their duty; man is out of touch with his. The rapid and complex progress of social evolution has left his nature still roughly adjusted. But the process of adjustment is visibly going on. A development of the consciousness such that the greater pain to be expected in future from a wrong act shall balance to the desire the smaller present pleasure,—and the human being has become instinctively prudent, and unable to sin against his own future, because the desire to do it is killed by the vivid prevision of consequences. A development in which the greater pain to another from a wrong act shall similarly balance the smaller pleasure to one's self,—and the human being has become instinctively just, unable to sin against his neighbor. To put



it technically : when cerebral pains produced by the presentative power of imagination acting on distant material, shall come into balance with cerebral desires produced by that same imagination inflamed by near and present objects, — right conduct becomes spontaneous. The thing is not fanciful, but a process going on under our eyes. The Damaras laugh when they see one of their number torn by a wild beast ; we turn sick and faint with a sense of the claws in our own bodies. Our Danish ancestors flayed their captives alive ; our own surgeons have to undergo a hardening process to endure the dissecting room. It takes no laws, says Spencer, to keep us from cannibalism, nor even an exertion of our consciences. A man does not have to tell himself people should feel for others' grief, to make him flinch from telling a woman her child is dead. Brutalities common among our ancestors have become literal impossibilities to us, — great terror, desperate excitement, or tyrannic desire can in some people make a fleeting capacity for them ; in others nothing can. Some of the Donner party ate human flesh ; others died without finding themselves capable of touching it. The DeLong party drank willow tea, and when no sustenance whatever was left, lay down and died beside the bodies of their comrades, without seeming to have even thought it a possibility that human flesh could be food. In the maternal relation, the balance of vividness in desire and fear has actually been transferred from the egoistic to the altruistic side ; and the mental processes that created maternal feeling far back in the course of animal evolution, are working more slowly and feebly in all human relation. The whole weight of cosmic processes is pressing mankind toward a just balance between present and future enjoyment, between his own and his neighbor's. Human sensibility, under pressure of all the forces of the universe, must expand sidewise and forward, — into

others' consciousness, and into the future, — till an equilibrium of constitution and environment is reached ; is visibly so expanding, in spite of exceptions and retrogressions.

But, meanwhile, humanity thus becoming inherently and instinctively prudent, just, and sympathetic, what becomes of government, the compelling agency in the social organism ? It disappears by absorption into voluntary co-operations. Step by step, as ethical relations expand, it shrinks, falls into desuetude, and disappears. A thousand of its enactments have done so already, — first becoming inoperative, then wiped off the statute-books as obsolete. Say that it merely becomes latent, still residing in the wills of the people as a potential authority that may be called into action at need ; it comes to the same thing, so long as in an ideal society there would be no need. And it disappears, not to leave any gap, but because voluntary institutions have taken its place and made it superfluous ; because society has grown into a far more complex and perfect unity than it could create.

Here, then, is Spencer's utopia : a co-operation no less all-embracing than that of the state socialist ; a supremacy of the general good no less complete, — a socialism indeed, but not a state socialism, the completest socialism and the completest individualism. Instead of unifying all social activity by the extension of the compulsive agency into all the others, the converse is the process. Instead of turning evolution back upon itself, and re-fusing together the slowly differentiated powers of society, it carries forward evolution to its natural completion.

And when the utopia is reached, how far, after all, does it differ from the Bellamy ideal in its leading traits ? The aspiration is in the main the same. But the scientific philosopher's utopia is a remote and never perfectly attainable ideal, approximated only by secular changes

in human nature ; while the novelist's is to be created in a day, so to speak, by an act of will on the part of the present race of man, and an adjustment of governmental machinery. The philosopher reasons from the forces now moving slowly toward it, to some dim foreshadowing of its nature, and rejoices to find this in accord with his desire ; the novelist constructs the utopia in detail from the desire, and assures us the processes of attaining it are mere matters of adjustment, easily managed. The philosopher sees no way for humanity to reach it, save by paying the full price of waste and sacrifice ; the novelist will do away

with all that, and have the *palma sine pulvere*. Surely every generous soul must wish the novelist might be right, and that not only should justice reign among the people of that ultimate utopia, but that all the way thither not a worm might be cloven in vain ; and surely every thinking mind must reflect that if the philosopher's path that stretches ahead between us and the desired end, a path of steadily decreasing wrong and agony, yet still of awful individual sacrifice, is too hard to be traveled, too unjust to be the divine intent,— then what are we to think of the one that lies behind, and has been already endured ?

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## THE LAST SINNER.

### I.

NOBODY ever questioned the fact that Orrin Carter was eccentric. Everyone who came in contact with him admitted that fact without hesitation. From his earliest childhood he had shown characteristics that set him off apart from his playmates, and filled his parents with concern. He not only refused to share with his playmates the small possessions of his childhood, as every healthy minded child desires to do, but he frequently coveted their toys and trinkets, and on one memorable occasion had purloined his sister's doll, which he hid behind a bureau, where it was not found for several weeks.

Of course such peculiar behavior filled his parents with anxiety for his future, but his mother, with maternal partiality, used to say, "Orrin is a strange child, but then he is very young, and when he

gets old enough to understand he will not do such things." They hoped that the discipline of the school would correct these traits, and when he reached the school age his little cap was put upon his head, and he was started on the broad highway of education. His teachers labored long and earnestly with him, but all their efforts seemed in vain. In his classes he always stood fairly well, for he was bright beyond the average. But he would not work, he would not make the most of the faculties with which nature had endowed him, and it was in vain that every incentive to study was tried upon him. The melancholy fact was that he had a natural disinclination to work ; that to revive an expression now become obsolete, he was "lazy."

Even those studies that are particularly affected by the children of the present day, the study of the social organization, of moral ethics, of physical sciences, he



took no interest in. There was, however, one exception to this general mental inertia. The history of the last century he would never tire of reading. When, as often happened, he was absent from his classes, and a search would be made for him, he would be found in some out-of-the-way corner poring over Liston's "Thought in the Nineteenth Century," or Rismanson's "Political Organization before the Social Revolution." Sometimes it was a work of fiction, describing the life of one hundred years ago, a volume of Dickens, or a story by a now forgotten writer for children named Oliver Optic. But political affairs seemed to attract him more strongly than fiction, and his mind evidently had a strong mediæval bias toward the speculations of this long-forgotten science. Old and unfamiliar magazines he would dig out of the remote corners of the public libraries, until he could talk as familiarly of the obsolete political intrigues as a modern school boy does of the aims of civilization.

In his relations with his playmates the same peculiarities were observable. They recognized the fact that there was something extraordinary about him, and regarded him with mingled feelings of awe, fascination, and distrust. But this distrust did not prevent his being selected as their leader in any movement where organization was required, for they perceived his superiority and daring originality.

He introduced the idea among them of playing their games for a prize consisting of so many marbles or tops, or even small pieces of money,—"for keeps" he called it, borrowing the expression from one of his favorite books,—and as he was an expert at all these games, he soon had more than his share, and was then ready to "swap" with the others, in spite of the fact that he knew such transactions to be strongly reprehended by the teachers. His playmates indeed were averse to such exchanges,

for apart from an unwillingness to break the rules of the school, they felt keenly the immorality of barter, where the only object was to get the better of somebody else. But Orrin had a genius for arousing in others a desire to obtain what he possessed, and he took advantage of their moral scruples to drive a better bargain for himself. Indeed he lacked the moral sense, or at least, so imperfect a development of that sense had he that it seemed almost to be atrophied.

Even judged from his own peculiar standpoint, these practices would have effected little benefit for him had he not indulged in another immoral practice even more reprehensible than the others. At the regular Saturday "turning in," when all the school playthings were given to the principal of the school preparatory to Monday morning's equal redistribution, it was known among his classmates that Orrin frequently reserved a certain part of his winnings, and in this way accumulated quite a store of tops, marbles, fishing lines, and such articles. Not that the accumulation did him much good, for where all the others received from the principal each week all the playthings they wanted, there was but a limited opportunity to make use of his stores in the way of exchange.

In time, too, the decrease in the general supply of the school began to be observed, and the principal delivered them a lecture on the extreme carelessness that caused such a loss, which was not fully appreciated by any of the scholars except Orrin. Some new method, however, was necessary to satisfy his ambition, and this he soon discovered. He organized a nineteenth century "shop," and by skillful exchanges soon secured all the tops, marbles, and jack-knives in the school. But this shop, as was inevitable, was short lived, for when the next Saturday came, it was found that none of the pupils save Orrin had anything to turn in. Of course, explanations followed, and his knowledge

of nineteenth century methods in this case secured Master Orrin a severe punishment, and the shop ceased operations.

These experiences, however, so far from restraining Orrin and setting him in the right course, as they would any well regulated child, simply whetted his desire, and he increased his efforts, though turning them in a new direction, where discovery was less certain. He soon had quite a store of such playthings as were not obtained in the school, but here was foiled by an unexpected attack from the rear. His parents ordered him to return his collection of tennis rackets, birds' eggs, and base ball bats to their original owners. This was a flank movement, for which he had not been at all prepared, and he was inclined to rebel. But rebellion was useless; so making a virtue of the necessity, he used the credit that he gained by this unexpected generosity in driving better bargains in securing a new supply, which he kept more secretly.

When his school days ended, and he entered upon his college course, the only difference that Orrin made in his behavior was to extend his operations, as befitted the wider field. In the class organizations he always had some scheme on hand by which he effected combinations, and used others for his own purposes. His candidates for class offices were always elected, he named the essayists and speakers for public exercises, where the students had any voice in their selection, and he dictated the policy of the college papers. And in all this he worked behind the scenes; his hand did not once appear. In time, tiring of the simplicity and ease of these machinations, he succeeded in dividing the class into two factions, elected two separate sets of officers, and then posed as peacemaker between the two, as became the only independent member of the class.

What Orrin's object in all this was nobody ever knew. When asked about

it by those few who had some imperfect idea of what he had done, he denied his instrumentality, and then, when pressed, admitted that he liked to see strife; that there was no excitement in the easy going, humdrum existence into which he had been born. Of course, such a character was an anomaly among the people of this generation; one hundred years ago such people may have existed; indeed, the books tell us that there were many such, and perhaps Orrin was trying to live the life of some nineteenth century hero of whom he had read. The professors with whom he was thrown in contact at college declared it an aggravated case of atavism, and this was probably a fact; for an examination of the family records proved that his great-grandfather, whom Orrin strongly resembled in features, had exhibited very much the same characteristics. In fact, these characteristics had enabled him to accumulate a large fortune amid the false social surroundings of his day.

It was when Orrin finished his college course, and was about to enter the industrial army, that he gave his greatest surprise to those who knew him. His father and mother had both died the year before, and his sister being married, he was practically alone in the world. Had his parents been alive, they would probably have been as much dismayed as others were astonished by Orrin's performance.

His graduating thesis had been prepared secretly, and no one had a suspicion of even its subject. When this subject was announced, therefore, there was not a little curiosity, mingled with considerable amusement. He had never been a hard student, and when he announced that he would treat of "Social Systems, Past, Present, and Future," all felt that he was undertaking a subject too broad for his understanding. It was certain, however, that he would say something original; and when his turn came to read before the vast assemblage



that had gathered to hear the thoughts of those who were so soon to be the new recruits in the industrial army, there was a hush of expectancy.

The thesis was more than a surprise. He showed an unexpected familiarity with the details of the modern social organism, which he compared with that of his favorite nineteenth century; declared that the liberty of the individual had been lost in the effort for co-operation; characterized existing institutions as a despotism ruled by old men, who made progress impossible; and concluded with an appeal for personal liberty. The language was eloquent throughout; the manner of the speaker impressive; and he commanded respectful attention. Yet none the less there was a suppressed excitement during the whole of his delivery. Such a thing as an attack on the industrial organism had hitherto been unthought of; had been considered unthinkable. And that this young man, whose position was at best doubtful, for the proposition of confining him in a hospital as an incurable case of atavism had been seriously discussed, should have the audacity to thus attack all existing institutions, was astounding. The thesis was the subject of discussion by all; and when the vote was taken to determine which thesis of the graduating class should be published in book form, Orrin's effort was found to have an overwhelming majority of supporters.

The result of this was more far reaching than could have been suspected. Discussion roused the curiosity of those who had not been present when the address was delivered, and the demand for the book increased day by day. The royalty on the sale of the book, to which Orrin, as author, was entitled, soon amounted to enough to relieve him from the necessity of serving in the industrial army during the first year, a relief of which he was by no means averse to availing himself. Furthermore, it put an end for the time to all talk of confine-

ment in the hospital. He was now known to a large number, whose acquaintance with him was confined to what they read in his book, and confinement would have the appearance of persecution for what he had written. What though they might disagree with his conclusions, the book evinced thought, and thinkers were needed by the state. Criticism, even though unfavorable, was healthy; and so the hands of the authorities were tied.

## II.

THE position in which Orrin found himself placed by having a year's leisure thrust upon him just at this time of life was full of temptation. We cannot tell how many of us would be strong enough to resist it. Even the strongest would find it hard to estimate the true value of the discipline involved in the three years of apprenticeship in the industrial army. The discipline of school, which we considered severe while subject to it, is but a preparation for the stricter discipline of the industrial army. How many of us would be strong enough to resist the tendency to drift back to the savage individualism of our ancestors, were we relieved from this discipline? We cannot tell how far our characters are strengthened and moulded by the broader views of our social relations gained in the intimate associations and far-reaching operations of the industrial army.

To Orrin, with his natural retrogressive tendency, the temptation was necessarily stronger; the impulse toward self aggrandizement harder to resist. Indeed, for a time he gave way to these inclinations. He had inherited from his father the homestead where the family had lived for generations, reaching back even beyond the time of the great social revolution. It was here that his great-grandfather had lived at the time of the social upheaval that ushered in the pres-

ent industrial system. This ancestor had been reputed immensely wealthy, as wealth was then counted, but when the inventory of his property was taken by the public officials, they could discover little beyond the house and the handsome grounds that surrounded it. He was supposed to have accumulated considerable personal property, but what became of it was a mystery; and as he had lived a solitary life since turning his only son out of doors because of his advanced social views, nobody was ever able to solve the mystery.

Orrin shut himself up in this house for a time, and few people knew anything of his movements. He took his meals at the town eating house, and sometimes appeared at the wine rooms, where over their glass of wine or beer the more unambitious laborers who made up the lower grades, and those electors who having no offices found the time hanging heavily on their hands, were accustomed to spend their leisure hours. Here he was something of a favorite, for he was good company when he desired to be, could sing a song or tell a story with the best of them, and sometimes he ventilated his peculiar social views in impassioned harangues.

But for the most part, he devoted his time to his house and grounds, expending the surplus of his credit card in beautifying the latter, and then, through pure selfishness, put a high fence around all to shut others out from the enjoyment of their beauties. Save Orrin himself, and those who came to perform labor on the grounds, nobody ever entered the premises.

This manner of life he continued for some time, and then a change, as sudden as it was inexplicable, came over him. He applied for admission to the college of chemistry, and his application being granted, he devoted himself assiduously to the work of the course. All the energy that had been lacking in his former studies seemed to have been

stored up, and was now finding vent. At the end of the course he graduated with honorable mention, and then, instead of making any use of his acquired knowledge, he returned to his former purposeless mode of life, and the episode was set down as another of Orrin's eccentricities.

It was not altogether an eccentricity, however, for in one of the unused rooms in his house he improvised a laboratory, and devoted himself to a series of experiments. He was searching for a certain chemical combination, and it was evidently a difficult one, for he labored there day after day, from early morning until late in the night. Finally he felt that he had been successful, and proceeded to test it. Writing some words on a scrap of paper, he burned it, carefully preserving the charred remains without mutilation, and then suspending them in a bell jar, held it over a beaker containing a white powder, into which he poured a liquid. Soon thick fumes arose, which, coming in contact with the charred paper, slowly developed upon it the characters of the writing in bright red.

He had been fully successful, and was now about to fathom the secret over which he had pondered so long. In examining some old papers he had found in a desk that had not been used since the death of his great-grandfather, he had come across one that had aroused his curiosity. It was yellow with age, and a large part of the writing had faded, until it was illegible. The writing still decipherable, however, told him sufficient to convince him that the paper contained some important communication; and he had devoted himself to discovering some means of reviving the faded part of the writing.

Chemistry has made such advances in the last century, he argued, that such a problem as this ought not to be difficult of solution. The difficulty of obtaining a sufficient amount of old writing to ex-



periment with was one that troubled him for some time, and he feared to risk complete failure by experimenting with the precious document that contained the secret. The thought that burning paper would produce the same chemical changes as those produced more slowly by the atmosphere swept away this difficulty, however, and after this the problem reduced itself to comparatively simple proportions.

Taking the faded and yellow paper, he carefully held it over his beaker, and gradually the writing was developed. Trembling with the excitement of his gratified curiosity, he read as follows :

Anarchy Reigns ! At the next election the question of adopting the nationalist state will be decided. The people are drunk with excitement ; the reckless promises of politicians have closed their eyes to the dangers that beset them. I fear that destruction cannot be averted. But they shall not profit by my wealth. My treasures of art they shall not possess. I have buried them in the northwest corner of the garden, beneath the old oak tree, where they shall remain safe should the powers of anarchy prevail. I write this paper with a purpose. Should it be deciphered while the nationalist state continues, I hope that it may be by an enemy to that system of robbery and oppression, for I have placed my curse upon them, and the unearthing of these treasures shall be the beginning of the end of nationalism.

WALTER CARTER.

"I shall test this matter, whether destruction comes or not," said Orrin to himself. "What care I for the system of collectivism ? I think my respected ancestor is right ; it is a system of robbery and oppression, and the times are ripe for its overthrow. What satisfaction is it to me to know that my labors help to make the life of others easier ? I am supported by the state no better than the most incompetent, however hard I may labor. Whether I labor well or ill, I receive the same support. It is all injustice, and I shall see the treasures, come what may."

Following out this purpose, Orrin proceeded to the spot indicated, and after a few unsuccessful attempts succeeded in unearthing a curious jar of a

pattern and design such as he had never seen before. Other articles followed as he extended his excavations in all directions, until he had collected several hundred articles, carefully wrapped in oiled cloth to preserve them from the ravages of the earth and moisture. Some of these he recognized as art curios, highly prized for their great beauty and rarity ; others even more beautiful he had never seen anything like before. "The old cock must have been quite a collector," muttered Orrin, as he gathered his unearthed treasures together, and conveyed them to his house.

"The curse part of that paper is queer," he mused. "I wonder whether my crusty ancestor really believed in it. I know that the belief in ghosts was exploded before the nineteenth century, but they had a queer fad called 'theosophy,' or 'psychic telegraphy,' that corresponded rather closely to it. Then there were the Spiritualists—perhaps the old man was a Spiritualist. And yet the old reprobate seemed to have a clear as well as a hard head. I wonder what he did think."

Then a new idea seemed to come to him, and he sat down in his smoking room, took a pipe tube, and turned on the smoke. "The government is economizing on tobacco," he muttered : "this is not imported leaf, it is domestic, and bad domestic at that. Do they think that because we do not see the reservoirs filled we cannot tell the quality of the tobacco ?" He mused on in silence for some time, puffing the smoke out in curling clouds. Suddenly, he slapped his knee with great force, got up, and turned off the smoke, and remarking, "By Bellamy, I'll do it ! I'll do it, if I die," he proceeded to clean up the unearthed treasures, some of which had become tarnished.

In a few days the people of the community were surprised by a communication that appeared in the official paper. All were invited to come to Orrin's

house, and examine the improvements he had made in his house and grounds. Of course they came in flocks, for the community was not a large one, scarcely more than ten thousand people in the whole town, and curiosity was on tiptoe to know what this eccentric had been doing.

All the day they passed in and out of the house, examined the gardens and conservatories, admired the arrangements, and complimented Orrin on the perfection of his bachelor quarters. But the greatest admiration and surprise were lavished on the ceramic treasures. With tiresome repetition Orrin told them how they had been buried by his cranky ancestor, how he had discovered the paper describing their burial place, and how he had unearthed them. He told them all but the curse upon the treasures. "They would think the old man was a crank," he thought, with a chuckle. "Well, perhaps he was ; perhaps he was."

That evening as he sat alone in his room he regarded with satisfaction a pile of papers that lay on the table before him. The top one, which was a counterpart of the others, except for the signature, read as follows :

For value received, I promise to pay on demand to Orrin Carter three days' services, it being understood that such services shall not be demanded except during leisure hours, and that they shall be such as shall be demanded by said Carter.

[Signed] OCTAVIUS BARTON.

"With such a body of three hundred workers, I can organize an industrial army of my own on a plan that will rather astonish them, I am thinking. Tomorrow I shall commence my next move ; for I think today's work has been successful. The exchange of those vases and curios for services was an inspiration."

The sales of Orrin's book had not fallen off as time passed ; indeed, he was almost secure for another year of leisure. Far and wide throughout the whole coun-

try it was read, and orders for more copies came in from all directions. Moreover, to his own surprise as much as to that of anyone else, he found that he was beginning to make converts. In the wine rooms he was greeted as a leader, the apostle of a new social religion, and his harangues on personal liberty listened to by the frequenters of the place and applauded to the echo.

Going down to the wine rooms the next afternoon, when he knew the laborers would have finished their day's work, he called aside the one man of whom he had made a friend. They were not intimates ; Orrin never allowed anyone to come so closely to him as that ; but they had grown somewhat closely together, and Tom Arkelt felt the importance of being the friend of the hero of the wine room.

"Tom," said Orrin, when they were closeted by themselves, "I want a newspaper. My ideas are beginning to permeate the masses, but I want something to push them home. If we are ever to accomplish the emancipation of the youth of the country we must have a paper."

"What do you want me to do ?" inquired Tom.

"You must get up a petition. If we can get five hundred signatures in this town the government will publish the paper, and we can have an organ to express our views. Or better still, the *Expositor* is wasting away. I have heard that their subscription list does not exceed two hundred and fifty. The editor is an elector, an old man who continues to work on the paper through inclination, not necessity. His ideas are old, obsolete ; he is not capable of understanding the newer ideas of today. It is the only admirable feature of the present system, that the papers are generally edited by young men, whose young blood capacitates them for understanding the newer forces. The *Expositor*, with its superannuated editor, is an anomaly, a



blot upon the system. If we can get two hundred new subscribers, and win over thirty of the old ones, we can oust him, and have an organ already established."

So the plan was formulated, and Tom went to work with a will. It was understood that he was to be the nominal editor, while Orrin should do most of the writing. The object of obtaining this paper soon became apparent, for no sooner had they gained control than a most active campaign was commenced. The elections for town officers were to be held in a few months, and already the political activity was commencing. The parties of the town were divided on the question whether there should be a variety of industries, or a concentration on a few. The government at Washington had confined the productive energy of the town almost exclusively to the manufacture of woollen goods; and as the work was not attractive to the people of the town, the hours had been cut down almost to a minimum, and an immense force of laborers was needed to furnish the supply.

The old conservative party had supported the government in this policy, but another party had been formed to oppose it, and at the last election it had come very close to electing its ticket. Orrin's intention was to put a new party in the field, in the support of his ideas of personal liberty, making that the entering wedge for the establishment of a national party. As the time of the election approached, he got out his bundle of promissory notes, and called upon the signers to perform their three days' service in electioneering for his ticket. Some of them demurred at first, for they did not altogether agree with his views; but he called their attention to the fact that the agreement was to perform any kind of services he demanded, and then left it to their sense of honor whether they should fulfill their obligations.

In this he made no mistake, for as he

expected, the ethical consideration proved too strong for them to resist, and they went to work to perform their obligations as he directed. Of course the greater number of the signers of these notes were still members of the industrial army, and therefore had no direct voice in the election, but they were all related either by blood or marriage to a large part of the electors, and upon these they brought their pressure to bear. Promises of favoritism at the next regrading of laborers, made by the Personal Liberty candidates in favor of the sons of other electors, secured further support, and when the election was over, it was found that the Personal Liberty ticket had been elected, and that Orrin, who had not yet served in the industrial army, practically controlled the whole town.

### III.

ONE effect of the success of the Personal Liberty party was not long in asserting itself. The Personal Liberty Club, which had been formed to advance the new ideas, had been obliged to meet at private houses, because every obstacle was thrown in their way by the conservative government. Now, however, they had the government in their own hands, and the club met regularly in the town hall, to the profound indignation of the old conservative element, who looked upon the movement as revolutionary, and tending to anarchy. The freedom of public speech and meeting was too strongly established, however, for any effective resistance, and the club continued to flourish. Besides, the proposal to establish greater variety in industry was in accordance with the personal liberty principles of the new party, and therefore to this extent they had the support of the old progressive party.

A petition had been forwarded to Washington, requesting the establishment of other branches of business in

the town, supported by a resolution of the town council, but it had met with a curt refusal. This irritated the personal liberty advocates, so that they began to apply for transfers from the woolen mills to the agricultural fields adjoining the town. The superintendents of industry being in sympathy with the movement granted these applications, until the woolen mills began to be crippled for lack of laborers.

It was just at this time that the annual visit of the government inspector came around. He presented a lengthy report to the authorities at Washington on the state of affairs, and they took hold of the matter earnestly. They transported a large body of laborers from the woolen mills of Ohio, cut down the hours of labor in this branch of industry, and directed that no further transfers should be allowed.

It had been the expectation of the Washington authorities that the importation of the new laborers would bring in a new element, sufficiently strong to counteract the revolutionary tendencies of the Personal Liberty party, but in this they were disappointed. In fact, the Ohio laborers were distinctly aggrieved at being transported from their homes and their old circle of acquaintances, planted in a community where they were strangers, and compelled to work under a climate and amid surroundings to which they were unaccustomed. At first also they found considerable hostility, for they had been brought in for the purpose of breaking down the independence of the town.

The strength of the new party was, however, among the members of the industrial army, and the forcible transportation of the Ohio laborers furnished the Personal Liberty advocates with a powerful argument. Some of the new men attended one of the Personal Liberty meetings; then more came, and soon the party found that it had gained a large body of recruits from among the imported labor-

ers. Each had some particular grievance to complain of, some act of oppression by which his personal liberty had been curtailed, and the meetings became more interesting as each got up and related his experiences.

Many of the Ohio men were familiar with Orrin's book, and they reported that he had gained many converts in the neighborhood from which they had been transported. "They tell us that in time we shall all graduate into the body of electors," said one of these men, "but how long have we to wait for it? By the time we have any voice in the government, we shall be so old as not to be open to any new ideas. Everybody knows that progress comes only through the adoption of new ideas, and the enthusiasm of youth is necessary for their promulgation. An old man is necessarily a conservative, and a government wholly by conservatives is necessarily a government of stagnation."

"What benefit is it to us that we edit the newspapers?" said another. "The electors pay no attention to what we say in them. Collectivism is well enough, but collectivism and despotism are joined together in this government. When we had our recent dispute with England, everybody knows that the young men of the country were opposed to the declaration of war that was precipitated by our government. And when the war actually commenced, and non-intercourse was declared, we suffered more than England did. In fact, I believe the accusation made in many of the papers at the time, that the President was animated by personal enmity to the Governor of Foreign Commerce. Everybody knows that warfare conducted as at present, by commercial non-intercourse alone, cannot accomplish anything. If we are to have warfare, why not return to the old last century methods, and make it sufficiently destructive to amount to something. If we had had a young man in the government, we should



never have entered upon so foolish a course."

This informal statement of grievances was being carried on in the town hall, where they were waiting for the meeting of the Personal Liberty Club to be called to order.

When the meeting was called to order, they were treated to a surprise for which they were wholly unprepared. Orrin ascended the rostrum, and announced that he had an important communication to make. "This paper," said he, drawing an official looking document from his pocket, "was served on me today. I shall read it to you." Amid profound silence he read as follows :

DEPARTMENT OF DISCIPLINE, WASHINGTON, D. C.  
To ORRIN CARTER, *Laborer*,

*Sir* : It having come to the knowledge of this department that you have been stirring up a revolutionary movement, and have incited the laborers of San Paulo to rebel against the natural and necessary discipline of the industrial army, and as such conduct is subversive of the well being of the nationalist state,

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to report forthwith at the offices of this department in Washington, to answer to the charges brought against you ; and in the meantime you are to consider yourself under arrest.

Given under the hand and seal of the Department of Discipline, this 24th day of June, A. D. 2054.

W. A. MASTINGLY,  
Disciplinarian in Chief.

As Orrin finished reading, loud cries were heard in all parts of the hall, and a general tumult arose. Cries of "Don't go," "Despotism," "Down with the Department of Discipline," were heard on all sides.

"I have thought this matter over carefully since the service of this paper," said Orrin, when quiet was restored, "and have decided that it is a crisis to be met by decisive measures. The justice of our cause is so evident, that the fossils at Washington have become alarmed, and they propose to crush us out. Their efforts heretofore have been worse than futile, and now they propose to use the power of despotism

to defeat us. I have decided to refuse to obey this order, and shall publish a statement of my position in the *Expositor* tomorrow."

Several times during his brief statement Orrin was interrupted by cheers, and when he sat down he was applauded for several minutes. Resolutions endorsing his position were adopted, and the meeting adjourned amid enthusiasm.

The next day the *Expositor* contained Orrin's defiance of the order, and an appeal to the public to see that justice was done, and the right of free discussion vindicated. The Washington authorities, when they learned what had been done at the meeting, determined to put an end to the movement at all hazards. Long and earnest discussions followed as to the best means to adopt. The situation was one for which they were wholly unprepared. The police force of the country had dwindled away from the lack of demand for its services, and such a thing as an army had been unknown for generations.

But something must be done, for new and startling developments were occurring daily. Meetings were held in all parts of the country, and resolutions were adopted endorsing Orrin's position. Collectivism, it was declared, was not inconsistent with personal liberty. Despotism was an abuse that had grown up, and content had blinded the people to its growth. Now was the time to make a stand against it, and Orrin was urged to persevere in his course.

The government, recognizing the gravity of the situation, decided to adopt severe measures. Antiquarians were set to work to study the subject, and were then sent out to California, to organize an army and put down the revolution by force. This move on the part of the government was met by a similar one on the part of the Personal Liberty advocates. Supporters flocked into San Paulo from all directions, and soon Orrin had an army organized to oppose that of the

nationalists. The old institution of war was about to be revived.

On the evening before the battle, as the two armies lay encamped against each other, a last effort was made to compromise the matter, but without avail. Orrin demanded a recognition of his principle of personal liberty, and this was necessarily refused. The general of the Nationalist army returned to his camp, and prepared for the fray of the morrow. Drawing his troops up, he addressed them as follows :

"Fellow laborers, and supporters of the collective commonwealth. The great

duty has devolved upon us to protect the state against the greatest danger that has ever threatened it. An aggravated case of atavism has placed in our midst a man with all the degraded, selfish characteristics of the last century. He has insidiously undermined the social structure until the edifice topples. Shall we permit him to succeed in his efforts? Is the Nationalist state incapable of coping with this great emergency? Upon the efforts that we make tomorrow, upon the fate of tomorrow's battle, rests the answer."

History has recorded the outcome.

*H. Elton Smith.*



"A FIFTH SHALL CLOSE THE DRAMA WITH THE DAY."

THERE came a gentle and a stately form,  
 As though the wavering moonlight gathered shape,—  
 Even he who slept in trustful hope and warm,  
 That some wide western future should escape  
 The little ends, the narrow measuring tape,  
 Of old world living, and arise to be,  
 Even to the new world's utmost western cape  
 His fine ideal of society,—  
 And now he comes in hope his dream fulfilled to see.

Ah, good old Bishop, full of faith and hope,  
 And love as well, and wide in wisdom too,  
 One thing beyond thy soul's prophetic scope  
 The slow years prove, that bring to old the new.  
 Not anywhere the weary ages through,  
 Hides any secret wisdom that shall bring  
 By sure and sudden paths within our view  
 The life ideal, the perpetual spring,  
 The future golden age, Astræa's returning wing.



Only by slow-wrought heapings-up of toil  
 Comes strength to move the world one inch the higher;  
 Only by countless drops on rocky soil,  
 This world is chiseled nearer man's desire.  
 Unhelped of Titan to all-working fire  
 Our sires, half human, groped their stumbling way,  
 And as in days when they climbed from the mire,  
 And as in Berkeley's Europe, so today,  
 On either side of trembling scales men's actions weigh.

And he, the gentle ghost, who looked to see  
 Time's drama rounded to its perfect close,  
 Finds drawn round life the world-old mystery,  
 New words, new weapons,—lo, the ancient foes!  
 And lo, the ancient dream, that ever goes  
 Fleeting before the world's pathetic faith,—  
 New-built as each eager century grows,  
 New-broken as each century's outworn wraith  
 Goes down the long and ever fading past of death.

Immortal dream, that ever crucified  
 Before men's eyes as futures turn to now,  
 Still breaks the tomb in endless Eastertide!  
 O flying glory, ever on the brow  
 Of untried heights, whose dear deceits endow  
 The anxious way with hope, the failing will  
 Inspire, and heal the broken heart,—lead thou,  
 Lead toward thine unknown goal, for, good or ill,  
 In thee we live, and move, and have our being still.

*M. W. Shinn.*



LOOKING BACKWARD IN PERU.<sup>1</sup>

IT is not my intention to repeat the story of "Looking Backward," nor to argue the probability of benefits or evils that would result from such legislation as is there suggested. I do not ask you to stand with me tonight beside the bewildered hero, at the close of the next century, to view the imaginary improvement of our own people. Knowing what they have accomplished in the past, we may safely trust to them their own future. Nor, had I the inclination, would words of mine avail to change the steadily flowing stream of progress, whose boundaries are ever widening out into the ages to come.

In Mr. Bellamy's imaginary community there was no competition, no hiring of labor, no buying or selling, no money, no private enterprise, and no pauperism. The government was in the highest degree paternal; it took charge of the fortune of all its citizens so long as they lived, and directed their occupations during all their active years. It provided for their support. It supplied their intellectual as well as their physical wants. It furnished bread and meat, telephone music and telephone oratory, to every house. The citizen turned a faucet to get his opera or his preaching, as he did for his water or his light.

<sup>1</sup> This article is the literary property of the author, and his consent has been given to its publication in this number of the *OVERLAND MONTHLY*. It was delivered as a lecture before the Society of California Pioneers on the 19th of February, 1890.

This community of Bellamy's was a product of pure fiction; it was constructed by looking forward into the realm of fancy. Now I invite you to inspect a companion picture, to be found by looking backward in the realm of fact. We are told that there is nothing new under the sun; so too have we learned that sometimes truth is stranger than fiction; and for both those sayings I may furnish an illustration in the condition of a people whose government in many important respects was wonderfully like that of Bellamy's vision, as like as possible, we may say, in a state that had a despotic monarch and a hereditary nobility; in a culture that had neither letters, nor iron, nor steam.

Four centuries since there was a large barbarous monarchy or empire in South America, south of the equator, extending two thousand miles along the western coast, and inland about three hundred miles. Much of the territory, including the capital city, Cuzco, is on the eastern slope of the Andes. Several names have been given to the people of this empire. They have been called Peruvians, but this title is objectionable, because it confounds them with the citizens of the present Spanish-American Christian State; and because Peru is only a small part of the old empire. The term Incas has also been applied to them, but this was their word for their royal family, which included all their high nobility. Their language was called Quichuan, and the best name for them as a people is the Quichuans.

Nine-tenths of the area and population were in the torrid zone, but the land rises steeply from the Pacific, and on account of their high elevation most of the provinces have a genial climate. Indeed, the most equably cool temperature on the globe is that of Quito, which has



a mean of 58 degrees in January and 59 degrees in July ; and those two are the coldest and warmest months in the year. Of all the great cities not in the torrid zone, San Francisco has the most equable temperature, and it has a range of eight degrees between January and July, while London has twenty and New York has forty-five degrees. Quito, only a quarter of a degree south of the equator, and 9,000 feet above the sea, was the second city of the Quichuan empire in population and importance. The capital, Cuzco, nine hundred miles distant to the southward in a direct line, and more than twelve hundred by any passable road, is 11,000 feet above the sea, and has a temperature similar to that of Quito, but not quite so equable.

As among the Bellamites, so among the Quichuans, the government took charge of the bed and board, the body and soul, of everybody. There was no private property. There was no money, the love of which was supposed to be the root of all evil in ancient Judea ; but in modern California, the lack of it is a source of more worry than the love of it. There were no traders, and no hired laborers. There was no idleness, and among the common people no choice of occupation or residence. Every man had his orders what to do, where to live, how to dress. There were no disreputable classes. There was no thief, no lawyer, no pauper, no millionaire, no public woman, no politician, no toper, no peddler, no old maid, no old bachelor ! It was a happy land ! Without the aid of the industrial wonders of the nineteenth century, without railway, steamboat, steam press, magnetic telegraph, or electric light, the people lived free from care under a government that prevented all competition among them, that assumed all their responsibilities, guarded all their interests, and was ever watchful of their welfare.

The cultivation of the soil was the chief occupation of the people. The

dryness of much of the territory during a large part of the year, and the abundant supplies of snow in the higher Andes, made a demand and gave facilities for irrigation which the people did not neglect. Great reservoirs were constructed in the mountains, and from them the water was led to the fields in artificial channels, which in some cases were forty or fifty miles long. Some of these channels were subterranean, and are in good order now, after the lapse of more than three hundred and fifty years, and when even tradition fails to tell us of the sources from whence the water comes. Gold and silver were abundant ; the former obtained by washing from alluvial deposits, and the latter by smelting from vein-stone. The monarch Atahualpa filled a room twenty-two feet long and seventeen feet wide, to a depth of nine feet, with vessels and ornaments of gold, and he promised to give four times as much silver in addition as his ransom to his Spanish captors, but they slew him before he had time to keep his promise. The value of various minerals as fluxes to aid the fusion of ores was understood by the Quichuans. They alloyed gold, silver, and tin with copper, and their bronze contained from two to ten per cent of tin, according to the various degrees of hardness and elasticity required. They made use of scales for many industrial purposes, and understood the art of joining pieces of metal with solder. They could not gild, but they covered copper and stone with thin sheets of gold. They forged and cast metallic hollow ware, ornamental figures, and tools. They made images of plants and animals of the precious metals. Among the plunder taken by the Spaniards were ten golden statues of women, and four of llamas, all in life size.

In the midst of these vast riches, yielded so lavishly by nature, and embellished by skillful art, the mass of the people lived the simplest of lives. In every department, whether in military

service or not, they wore a peculiar color or combination of colors; and even if transferred for life to another department, they and their descendants were required to preserve their hereditary costume. Usually, their garments were pieces of cotton or woolen cloth, worn without sewing, as waist-cloths, skirts, or mantles. They had sandals, but no shoes, and bands or turbans round the head in place of hats. The crops of grain, cotton, and wool, and the manufactures of cloth and arms, generally exceeded the requirements of the population, and the surplus was collected by the government in storehouses, which often contained a stock sufficient for the consumption of ten years. From these stores, any want among the people was supplied, and a tribute was taken by the provincial governor to the imperial capital at every spring equinox.

They erected many large and durable buildings. Their adobes were made of some wonderfully tough composition, and still retain their shape in uncovered walls after exposure to four centuries of storm. Stone was quarried in large masses and transported long distances. One block in the wall of the fortress near Cuzco is twenty-seven feet long, fourteen wide, and twelve thick. Another weighs three hundred and sixty tons. Such immense blocks were fitted together accurately. In some buildings the stones were simply squared; in others they were cut with irregular corners, or with straight lines of contact, and with rough surfaces, or rustic work on the face of the wall. Squier tells us that in no other part of the world had he seen stones cut with such mathematical precision and admirable skill. Many of the buildings required much labor in their construction. Tradition reports that 20,000 men were employed for fifty years in building the fortress at Cuzco, a remarkable feature of which is, that, like modern defensive structures, it has a succession of salient angles so ar-

ranged that the entire face of the walls could be covered by a parallel fire from the weapons of the defenders. This fortress is the grandest specimen of cyclopean architecture in America. The palaces were built of either stone or adobe, and enclosed much ground in their courtyards. The houses of the common people were small and simple, and were built of adobe, reeds, or wattle covered with clay. The stone used in their temple walls was much of it very hard. Porphyry, basalt, marble, and jasper were made into idols, cups, bowls, vases, and various ornaments for temples and dwellings. Some of the Quichuan heads in stone and pottery show correct proportion and good expression. Emerald and turquoise were cut, polished, and prized. Pottery shaped by hand or in moulds was abundant. Large vases or pots were made for storing grain underground and for coffins.

Weaving was done with cotton, wool, or agave, and — like other work — under official supervision. All the fibre was collected in public store-houses, and thence distributed among families, with orders to produce specified quantities and qualities of thread, cord, and cloth. The garments of the common people were coarse and warm; those of the sovereign and nobles were fine, and dyed with brilliant colors, some of them more beautiful than any known at the time in Europe. The women did the spinning, weaving, and dyeing.

The Quichuan Empire had no foreign commerce by land or by sea. The common people had no precious metal. All the necessaries of life that they could not produce in their own family were supplied to them by the government.

Public roads connected all the towns. Two main highways, parallel with the coast line, each 2,000 miles long, extended through the empire from north to south, one near the level of the sea, the other high up on the Andes. These roads were twelve or fifteen feet wide,



with a paving of flat stones, or small, broken stone, laid in cement, which in some places is so hard that it stands as an arch after the soil beneath has been washed away by cross currents of water. Wheeled vehicles being unknown, steep grades and steps were not considered objectionable. There were tunnels, bridges, embankments, and side cuts into steep cliffs. In crossing streams, the suspension plan of construction was sometimes adopted; cables of osier were twisted to a thickness of ten inches and a length of seventy yards. Such a bridge, the origin of which is attributed to Quichuan enterprise, now crosses the Apurimac at a height of more than a hundred feet above the water, with a span of one hundred and fifty feet. On one side it is reached by a tunnel several hundred yards in length. These roads were intended to facilitate the marching of troops, the journeys of officials, and the transportation of supplies. At intervals of four or five miles were huts for runners, who carried official messages or packages at high speed, with a fresh man to take up the burden at every station. In this manner, a distance of one hundred and forty miles was traversed in twenty-four hours. At distances of eleven miles there were large houses for the accommodation of high officials on their journeys.

The Quichuan government was a hereditary, theocratic, despotic monarchy. The sovereign was the chief priest, the head of the national religion, divine in his character, the terrestrial representative and son of the great national god, the celestial luminary, the Sun. He chose his chief wife among his sisters, and her eldest son was the legitimate heir to the throne. This marriage with a sister appears very strange to us, but it existed among many nations besides the Quichuans. It was a survival of the feminine clan, which seems to have extended over a large part of the earth, and to have recognized no inheritance

of name, allegiance, rank, or property, save through the mother's blood. When male inheritance by the male line supplanted that of the female blood, monarchs thought it safer to give their heirs both titles to the throne. Therefore, kings married their sisters among the ancient Egyptians, ancient Persians, and some modern African tribes, as well as among the Quichuans. In this manner the blood of Quichuan rulers had remained unchanged for twenty generations. The dynasty so bred from brother and sister, instead of being weak physically or intellectually, was noted for its career of success, uninterrupted for centuries, until it encountered the iron civilization of Europe.

Next in rank to the monarch were the high nobles, persons descended from the imperial family. They paid no tribute, and were supported from the public revenue. They owned no land, serfs, or slaves, and were dependent for everything on the throne. They wore a distinctive dress, spoke a peculiar dialect, held all high positions, whether sacerdotal, military, or political, and were the only persons educated to take charge of the imperial offices.

The second order of nobility consisted of the native chiefs of conquered provinces and their descendants. It was the established policy of the empire that such chiefs, if submissive, should be retained in their offices, and that their power should descend to their sons. Usually the office went to the eldest son, but sometimes to one younger who showed superior capacity. Nearly all the inferior offices were held by these nobles of the second rank.

The remainder of the people were serfs. Without the consent of their noble officers, they could not leave their communes even temporarily; they could not change their occupations, nor idle, nor marry, nor refuse to marry. The families were organized into squads of ten, each of which had a decurion, whose

duty it was to make periodical reports of all births, deaths, marriages, crimes, and other important facts in his jurisdiction to his superior or centurion, who was the chief of ten squads; he in turn reported to his superior, the chief of ten centuriates; he to his superior, an inca, who was at the head of 10,000 families, and these incas reported to the sovereign. The lower officials were also prosecutors and judges, and were held strictly responsible for the maintenance of order, and the punishment of crime among their respective subjects. This system was most effective. All the higher crimes were tried by noble judges, who were required to render a final decision in every case within five days. There was no re-hearing and no appeal. Inspectors went from province to province at regular intervals, to examine and report upon the conduct of the local officials, and the condition of the palaces, temples, storehouses, and communes. Justice was administered efficiently and cheaply.

The Quichuans were a warlike, conquering, and consolidating people. No other nation succeeded more completely in a comparatively brief career in founding by arms an extensive dominion on a basis of permanent peace, with an entire absorption of numerous and extensive heterogeneous elements. When inca officials had any doubt about the fidelity of a province, they moved a portion of its people into the midst of some Quichuan district, and filled the vacant place with a trustworthy population, — a system previously used with success by the Assyrians and Babylonians, but of them the Quichuan rulers had never heard. Such compulsory migrations by thousands of families served not only to preserve the peace, but also to make the Quichuan tongue, arts, and ideas familiar to the whole people.

Every department of the empire had its quarter in the capital, whither the sons of nobles were sent as hostages

and students. The conquered generally were treated kindly. One of the princes is quoted as saying, "We must spare our enemies, or it will be our own loss, since they and all that belongs to them will soon be ours." When they invaded a country, they treated it as if they already considered it a part of their empire. They did not wantonly destroy the property, nor massacre the people. Their only aim was to overthrow the government, and replace it with a better one. So soon as their authority was accepted, they gave to the conquered people an increase of protection against injustice, tyranny, and foreign enemies. The new subjects found themselves placed on a social and political equality with the mass of their conquerors. They were not cruelly plundered, nor driven to work in exhausting slavery, nor humiliated in any manner. They found no degrading discrimination against them on account of blood or recent subjection. They were fed and clothed as well, and cared for as attentively, as were their Quichuan neighbors. Compelled to learn the language, to adopt the religion, and to submit to the officials of the Quichuans, within a few generations they became Quichuans themselves in spirit.

It was with the aid of such a policy, and within a period that, according to tradition, did not exceed five centuries, that the Quichuans extended their dominion from Cuzco a thousand miles to the northward, and as far to the southward. They maintained a population much denser than is found now in the same region. Every monarch was a leader of armies and a conqueror, with no serious interruption in the career of military success. Whether all the rulers were brave and capable is not distinctly stated, but we know that their armies were triumphant. Their troops were the best on the continent, and with them every campaign meant an extension of dominion. About the beginning of the



sixteenth century the sovereign could bring into the field 200,000 soldiers. At least twice a month there was a military drill of all the healthy adult males. On such occasions they wore the head-band or turban and the dress of their respective districts, and were marshaled in regiments, or divisions, each of which had a sacred standard.

The country was divided into communes, with their definite boundaries. The tillable land consisted of three portions: one for the priesthood, one for the people, and one for the emperor. The common people cultivated all. Their labor on the tracts of the nobles and sovereign was their tribute to the church and state. There was no individual property in land. The people's portion was redistributed among them at the beginning of every crop year, when each married man got a share proportioned to the size or working capacity of his family. All children, after reaching the age of six or seven, were required to have regular employment in contributing to the productiveness of the country. The cultivation of the sovereign's field in every commune was the occasion of a festival. On the days designated, the men, women, and children, dressed in their gayest garments, assembled before sunrise, and did the work amid continuous chants, which had the word "haili" for the chorus, and conveyed ideas of joy and triumph.

Marriage was compulsory for the man when he reached the age of twenty-four, and for the woman when she was eighteen or twenty, and it was not permitted sooner. On a fixed day all the common people that were marriageable met in the public square of every commune, and then and there all the couples were wedded in the presence of the communal chief. The parties interested were allowed to choose their spouses, but if they did not agree the chief chose for them, and refusal to submit to his decision was a crime. The inca nobles were

married in a similar manner in the presence of the emperor. Polygamy was permitted among the high nobles, not among the common people. The question has been asked what happened if the sexes were unequal in numbers, since no old maid or old bachelor was allowed to exist? On this subject, concerning the common people, history is silent. I might hazard the suggestion that widows and widowers were used to level up matters. I do not say, however, that that is all they were good for. But we are told that in the large temples of the Sun there were convents filled with maidens of inca blood, who were there educated, employed in guarding the sacred fires, in spinning, weaving, and doing other work for the imperial family. They could never leave the convent unless to marry an emperor, or some inca by imperial order, and no man save the emperor could lawfully enter the precincts of the convent. The great temple of the sun at Cuzco had 1,500 of these vestals. As we hear of no monasteries for surplus men, it is safe to infer that women, among the nobles at least, were in the majority.

The religion was polytheistic and idolatrous. It recognized a Creator and Governor of the universe, besides an almost infinite number of subordinate divinities, including the souls of all dead men. But the chief object of worship was the sun, who alone of all deities had a temple in every large town, and whose temple in Cuzco was the grandest ecclesiastical building in the empire, the emperor himself officiating as chief priest.

There was no incompatibility between the religion of the Quichuans and that of the surrounding nations. The idols of the conquered countries were taken to the temple or temples at Cuzco and kept there in honor, and the people of the subject provinces were allowed to worship these idols and their own ancestors, but they were required to adore the sun as the divinity of the empire.

There were numerous ecclesiastical festivals celebrated with much pomp. The most important, that of the summer solstice, required the participation of the emperor, and most of the incas at the temple in Cuzco. At dawn a large concourse of people assembled in the great square, the high nobles being under canopies of feather work supported by numerous attendants, to await the rising of the sun. As soon as the rays became visible on the tops of the buildings, the multitude shouted for joy, and the musicians greeted the light with vocal and instrumental music. The emperor offered a libation of maize beer to the god of day so soon as he appeared above the horizon, and all marched in procession to the temple of the sun, where a llama was sacrificed, and its entrails inspected to obtain omens for the coming year. With heat from the sun's rays collected in a concave mirror, a fire was lighted and taken to all the sun's temples in the city, to be kept there until three days before the next solstice, when all were to be extinguished. In case the sun rose behind clouds, the fire was kindled by friction.

Temples were numerous, and their remains are now among the most remarkable ruins in Peru. The chief sun temple of Cuzco, called also the Golden Palace, was built with an elegance of masonry rarely equaled. A thick sheet of gold, six inches wide, ran round the outside of the edifice as a frieze, and there was a similar decoration in every apartment. The room of the sun had a large plate of gold, shaped and engraved to represent the god of day, and decorated with precious stones, so placed on the western wall that at certain seasons the rays of the rising sun should shine upon it through a large open doorway. On both sides of the golden luminary were mummies of deceased emperors, embalmed with gums and spices, sitting in golden chairs. Another room, dedicated to the moon, had a silver plate

representing that heavenly body, and numerous ornaments of the same metal. Other chambers were dedicated to the stars, to lightning, and to the rainbow. Attached to the temple was a large garden containing ornamental plants, and also imitation trees, bushes, flowering plants, and animals in gold. The vases for fruits and flowers, the ewers, the pipes leading water into the temple, and even the tools for cultivating the temple grounds, were of precious metal.

All the high priests were nobles, and all the high nobles were priests, but few of them devoted themselves exclusively to the sacerdotal profession. Their ecclesiastical authority was an incident of political rank, and they had no more thought of controlling the sovereign in matters of church than in those of state. Although religious ideas had a great influence over the people, the priests never attempted to get control of the government. Nor was there any lifelong and strictly ascetic monasticism, nor any chance for personal aggrandizement by exciting the admiration of the most ignorant people.

The priest had power to absolve from sin after confession, which was required at least once a year from all the people, and he determined by lot whether the confession was truthful and complete. If not, he imposed a severe penance. Morality had a prominent place in the Quichuan religion. The common salutations were ethical maxims, such as, "Revere the truth," "Be industrious," and "Respect property." All suffering was regarded as punishment for sin, which might be much diminished by repentance, confession, and absolution, but could not be entirely atoned for in this life. The happiness or misery of the soul in the next world depended on its conduct while in the flesh. Among the companions of Pizarro was a certain Captain Lejesema, who, while among the first in a fight or a frolic, could also, if occasion required, look at life serious-



ly. When the plunder taken in Cuzco was divided, it was the fortune of Lejesema to become the owner of the first prize, the image of the sun taken from the wall of the great temple. This image was a circular plate of solid gold, said to have been three feet in diameter, and half an inch thick. The distribution was made in the afternoon, and in the evening the victorious adventurers sat down to try their luck at cards. Before daylight many of them had lost everything, and among these was Lejesema. He could not keep his gold twenty-four hours. His conduct suggested the Spanish proverb, *juega el sol antes que salga*, "He gambles away the sun before it has risen"; that is, "He wastes his opportunity before it arrives." When Lejesema found himself on his deathbed, and looked back upon what he had done and helped to do, he regretted that he had contributed to the overthrow of the Quichuan empire, and to the establishment on its ruins of a much inferior social and political system. He left a will, which is a very remarkable bit of testimony to the moral condition of the Quichuans. He says:

"Before beginning my will, I declare that for many years I have desired to inform his Catholic majesty, King Philip, our Lord, knowing how true a Catholic and Christian he is, and how zealous in the cause of God, for the purpose of easing my own mind, because I took much part in the discovery, conquest, and settlement of these kingdoms, when we took them from the incas, who possessed the land and governed it as their own. I wish to inform his Catholic majesty that the said incas governed in such a manner that in all the land there was not a thief, nor a criminal, nor an idler, nor an adulterous or evil woman. The men had their honest and profitable occupations. The forests, mines, pastures, and game, and all kinds of national wealth, were governed and divided in such a manner that each one knew and

occupied his property without any danger of molestation or lawsuit. The affairs of war, though extensive, did not interfere with traffic, or mechanical work, or agriculture. Everything, the smallest as well as the greatest, had its regular and exact order. The incas and their officers were respected and obeyed by their subjects as very able and good rulers. I hope that his majesty may understand that I make this statement to ease my conscience for the sin of having taken part in corrupting by our bad example such moral people as the Quichuans were. Rich and poor never committed either excesses or crimes. When they left their homes they never locked their doors."

The Quichuan government was the most paternal that ever existed; it was thorough and successful. No other state ever even approached it in preventing idleness, pauperism, mendicancy, and crime. By the strong socialistic institutions, poverty and idleness were rendered as impossible as ambition and greed. Obedience to the law was universal, and although the people had not the least prospect of improving their condition by toil and economy, yet, on the other hand, no one could fall into indigence.

Wonderful were the constitution and rise of this empire; and its fall was not less marvelous. With a loyal population of ten millions, with a faithful army of two hundred thousand men, with a territory more mountainous and better suited for defense than that of any other large empire known to history, with a capital four hundred miles from the ocean and 11,000 feet above its level, and behind a mountain ridge 15,000 feet high,—with such defenses we might suppose that the Quichuan empire would have resisted a great invading army for many years, and that if conquered in their capital, its royal family and their adherents would have established and maintained themselves for generations

in some of their numerous high mountain fastnesses. We know how the Persians, and Parthians, and Jews, and Gallic Celts, and Spanish Goths, when vanquished, fled into their mountains, and fought and fought again, century after century, and sometimes triumphed, and never yielded save to formidable armies after many well contested campaigns. But among the Quichuans we find no such strong national vitality. Whether because their subjection to an exceedingly paternal government had rendered them incompetent to manage their own affairs or not, the fact is that their empire was overthrown by one hundred and eighty men. This little force, with which Francisco Pizarro undertook his conquest and secured his most important successes, was not half so numerous as that of the Spaniards at whose head Hernando Cortes marched into the valley of Mexico. The Quichuan emperor, Atahualpa, imagining there was no danger from a petty band of Spaniards, allowed them to advance unresisted, and then paid a visit to them in their camp. Pizarro pounced on him and held him, the divine head of the empire, a prisoner. The only source of all political and military power was afraid to use it, and in the confusion that followed the empire of the incas was overthrown forever. Instead of sacrificing himself when the Spaniards attempted to seize him, Atahualpa allowed himself to be taken alive, and thus sacrificed his people. His subjects offered some resistance to the Spaniards, but none that did much credit to their spirit or martial skill.

This most pitiful collapse of what seemed to be a strong government and

strong national feeling, was due partly to the peculiar position of Atahualpa. His father, the last Quichuan emperor who died in possession of the throne, on his death-bed, instead of bequeathing his whole empire to his eldest son by an inca wife, divided his dominions, giving the larger southern part to his legitimate heir, Huascar, and the smaller northern part to Atahualpa, who was a younger and illegitimate son by a woman of inferior rank. Between these two monarchs war soon broke out, and Huascar was conquered, captured, and dethroned. After capturing Huascar, Atahualpa invited the high nobles to meet him, to consult about a new division of the empire between himself and his brother. When they, in good faith, accepted his invitation, he massacred all who were his enemies, thus destroying the greater part of the class most familiar with the government.

The country of the Quichuans has been less prosperous, less peaceful, and less populous than it was before the overthrow of the inca empire. Many of the great ditches and reservoirs have gone to ruin. Cuzco has scarcely one-tenth as many inhabitants as it had at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Rivero, a high authority, says that one valley, which contained 700,000 people under Huayna Capac, has not 2,000 now!

Though the policy of the Quichuan empire was different in many respects from that proposed by Mr. Bellamy, it is the nearest approach to the practical application of Nationalism recorded in history; and whether my lecture contains any valuable political lesson or not, it is at least a true picture of life as seen by looking backward in Peru.

*John S. Hittell.*



## A COMBINE.

SHE came here from the Middle West  
 And yet she had, be it confessed,  
     An air of Boston round her :  
 A figure slight, a forehead high,  
 An earnest look, a clear gray eye ;  
 And so for her I came to sigh,  
     And wise and charming found her.

But as to press my suit I came,  
 Full oft she smothered all my flame  
     By asking curious questions.  
 The wrongs of woman, the state and land,  
 What social changes Ibsen planned,  
 She'd ask me to discuss off-hand  
     And give her my suggestions.

Did I agree with Henry George ?  
 Would selfish capital disgorge  
     The share that toil demanded ?  
 How could the indigent be fed ?  
 Should criminals be allowed to wed ?  
 Did tariffs raise the price of bread ?  
     She begged me to be candid.

And when the race at last had gained  
 The highest point to be attained  
     By growth or revolution,  
 What would the last great victory be,  
 The final goal that men should see ?  
 What did Utopia mean for me,—  
     The end of evolution ?

And as I heard I grew more dazed,  
 Until at last my courage raised  
     To point of desperation,  
 "Utopia means for me," I said,  
 "The social contract when we wed.  
 We'll form a trust—" She shook her head,—  
     "Call it co-operation."

*Charles S. Greene.*



## IN THE YEAR '26.



THE year 2025 was drawing to its close in a sweeping storm of wind and rain. In the hall of a noble house on the edge of the Contra

Costa hills, a tall girl with a sad and somewhat lonely expression was taking off the wraps in which she had driven through the storm, and a sweet-faced woman, standing on tiptoe to do it, helped her, evidently anxious to lessen in every possible way the strangeness of the moment.

Juliana West had come from Boston on that afternoon's train, to make her home with her mother's cousin, Mrs. Roger Davenport. Mrs. West had been an only child, and Mr. West still more alone in the world, so that this cousin was the nearest relative left to the orphan daughter; and as Irene Davenport had been brought up more like a sister than a cousin with the young girl's mother, who had been but a few years the elder, it was natural that Juliana should come to her now.

No one could have been kinder than the Davenports had been. Mrs. Davenport had telegraphed for Juliana the instant she heard of her loss, begging the girl to come to her, and saying that Roger would go on to Boston and bring her; and it had seemed more like home to the desolate girl than any place that was possible to her. It made it the more so that her cousin's husband, instead of being a drawback to the sense of kinship and homelikeness, was already a favorite with Juliana. She had not seen him of

late years, as she had her cousin, who had made several long visits to Boston; but she remembered him with the peculiarly pleasant memory children acquire in their early teens of those who are appreciatively kind and considerate with them. Roger Davenport was, moreover, a man of very high scientific standing, and a member of Congress for many years, and the whole family were proud of his reputation and the esteem in which he was held in public and in private. It had been a pleasure to Juliana, even in her sadness, to find that her childish memory of him had not been at fault; on the contrary, she saw that her older and more trained mind perceived new qualities to admire in him. As for his behavior to herself, no one would ever know what his perfect consideration and sympathy were to her during those first days of loneliness, when he had come on by the three-day train from San Francisco,—a journey that no improvements can make anything but arduous and fatiguing,—to be with her in time for the funeral.

They returned more comfortably and leisurely. The traveling was perfectly simple, and it was for pure kindness's sake that the Davenports had not allowed Juliana to come alone; but it would have been a sorrowful journey, and she appreciated the thought that had given her this grave, handsome, kind man to watch every detail of her comfort, and especially to divert her with unflinching tact from her sadness. Roger Davenport was at this time somewhat past forty, and looked old for his age,—early touched with gray in hair and mustache, and showing a certain effect of care or responsibility in the fine, clear features of his face. Juliana thought that if he had not been so kind, or if it were in the old



days of evil-doers, one might be afraid of him. Yet, in fact, she soon became in a way less afraid of him than of anyone,—perhaps in another way more afraid of him than of anyone, for she was always conscious of a great desire to have his good opinion, and a sense that his standards must be very high, and that she was not very wise or superior; but she could say things to him easily that she could not say to any one else.

It was to him that she first found herself able to talk about her bereavement. "It seems to me strange, Cousin Roger," she said, as the train made its way across the plains, and they had fallen into one of the talks that he saw diverted her mind, and that he liked to encourage for his own sake, too, for he could not be without interest in the simple unfolding of a sweet young girl's thought,— "it seems to me strange to find myself sorrowful and lonely in the midst of our happy era. If it were not for the talks I used to have with my mother, after my father died, it would shake my faith in the essential sweetness and happiness of life, and that would almost be shaking my faith in God. She told me that after she lost my father, it was at first a shock to her faith in our solutions of 'the riddle of the painful earth'; and then she saw that she was really set apart from other people by the strange and unparalleled things in my father's history,—you know,—that made him, and her as her life was bound up in his, rather the last of the nineteenth century people, than people of our own time; that now right living and the advance of science made it almost impossible that men should die in the flower of their age, as he did; so her experience did not justify her first thought, that as long as death was unconquered all our conquests came to little. Somebody must now and then have to bear the last remnants of evil, bequeathed from the old times; and each one that does, can

be comforted, thinking the account is that much nearer being cleared off, for the perfecting of the present almost perfect happiness of the world."

Davenport listened with interest to all she said, but answered thoughtfully that he fancied in all eras the world had seemed without trouble to young hearts before they knew it in themselves. "When we first grieve, we think grief has entered into the world; when we first sin, that sin has come to man." But when he saw her look puzzled and troubled, he said she was quite right in thinking premature death grew rarer; and added with a graciousness that took an especial value from the dignity and station of the man: "It is a good comfort to feel in sorrow that others are happier,—the comfort of sweet souls. You would not like to cheer yourself, as thousands of sad hearts have done, by the opposite reflection, that pain is the common lot, would you?"

"O, I am glad I did not live then!", said Juliana, touched and pleased by the praise. But none the less, she thought over his first answer afterward a good many times.

After she had taken off her wraps in the Davenports' warm and homelike hall, Mrs. Davenport made her rest on a lounge, and sat beside her, holding her hand, and venturing after a little to speak of Cousin Edith, and her own love for her. Edith's few years of seniority, her amiable character, and her fair beauty,— "which it is a pleasure to me to see again in you, dear," she said,— had made her quite an ideal to the younger and plainer cousin. Juliana felt the affection and the welcome, but the conversation was hard for her, and she was afraid that she was going to cry, when Roger Davenport came in. He stood a moment, appreciating the young girl's beauty and instinctive grace of attitude, as she leaned back on the cushions. His wife turned to smile at his approach, which visibly gave her as much pleasure

now as when she was a bride; and Juliana felt the dangerous point of tears past, as he sat down close by, and began to talk with Mrs. Davenport about the journey, including herself in the conversation by a look or reference now and then, but not addressing her directly. She lay in the ease and warmth, with her cousin's hand closely clasping hers, and Davenport's reassuring glance from time to time seeking her, and felt the sense of comfort and home-coming deepen in her.

From time to time in the weeks after, Davenport waked again in her that troubled surprise at some of his views that had stirred on the train. She spoke once of the equality of fortune in the modern world, comparing it with the cruel inequalities of a century and a half before.

"Do you say that of your own thought, my dear?" said Davenport, "or do you repeat the current phrase of the time about it?"

Juliana stared, a little hurt, and more abashed. "I do not know that I have any own thought about it," she said. "How should I? It is an accepted fact."

"And you could scarcely be asked to have a more searching thought in your young head than the run of your seniors have," he said. "But none the less, these current laudations of our own achievements will stand some modifications."

"But people *are* all equal in property now," insisted Juliana, as nineteen years will insist when a dogma it has been taught is questioned. Perhaps we are never so sure of a generalization of our own acquiring, — we have learned its shaky points.

"Let me give you a bit of family history," said Davenport, sitting down on the divan beside the low window on whose broad ledge she was sitting. "At the time of the revolution, early in the twentieth century, my great grandfather was an architect of real fame, — you know that?"

"O yes, I know that his work is among the models studied now. I was always taught that in art we often had to go back to more barbarous times for masterpieces that we prize still."

"Very well. My great-grandfather was a prosperous and successful man in 1920. He had just married a woman of a great deal of family pride, who, like himself, had been an impoverished representative of a once distinguished line. They were at one in their ambition to re-make a great family. They bought a place on these hills, close to where we now are, and there built a family mansion, to which the heir had just been born, when the revolution deprived them of all title to it. The previous owner might have the first opportunity to rent it, if he wished. But the size and magnificence with which it was planned would have made its rent take a larger piece out of the government allowance he now had to live on than he could well afford. The allowances were small to begin with, you know; but for the great caution and shrewdness of the men who managed that transition time, it never could have been carried through at all. My ancestor had had a sufficient income to carry out his plans; he had suffered in early life every deprivation, had obtained his education at great cost of labor and self-denial, had been through a whole romance of courageous struggle, and after years of effort, — thoroughly honest effort, mind, in which he had more than once risked the whole success of his life to defy some fraudulent practice of the time, and had never (so his manuscript journal tells me) elbowed another man unfairly, or made any one the poorer, — had achieved what in those days was called an honorable and deserved success. He had not enjoyed it as he went along, but had saved, so as to buy his estate and build his home without encroaching on his means for enjoyment afterward. He had just entered into the results of his labor, when it was all



swept away, and, instead, he was given a stipend, comparatively small, and having no relation to his own exertions, by the new government. His estate was divided into smaller ones, and an idle and drunken workman, whom he had dismissed for worthlessness, was installed in the new house, with precisely the same income as the former owner."

Juliana listened with a kind of pained fascination. Perhaps it made a difference to her that the loser by the great reform had been the ancestor of Roger Davenport.

"I never realized," she said; "it must have been very hard for many just at the time of the change."

"He was a resolute man, and well accustomed to self-denial for an end in view. He felt the profoundest bitterness over the change, which he was yet too shrewd to try to resist. He said to his wife: 'This leveling business can be defeated easily enough, after all; only we shall have to take another generation or two to do it'; and she answered, 'I live for my baby,—I will make any sacrifices that are necessary.' So the old journal says. You must catch their spirit about this, my dear; they were not to themselves conspirators, but honest people, defeating in the interest of their child a popular conspiracy, and sacrificing personal comfort for the rest of a life that had already been sacrificed so far,—and in vain,—in the same way. Well, my ancestor thereupon moved a little farther along the line of the hills, and took several acres of land, paying the government ground rent for it,—a comparatively small sum, as there was no house. He then secured through a test case concerning some one else, a decision that the person who had rented a piece of land should always have the first opportunity to re-rent it at the expiration of the lease. This was approved both by Congress and the courts, since it was evident that the making of homes would be greatly discouraged if there could be

no permanency of tenure, and in fact, as you know, most men, when they have thoroughly settled themselves in a house, expect to stay there year after year, and get to thinking of it as theirs, saying 'my house,' or 'my garden,'—I remember your grandfather Leete used to, ardent nationalist as he was. And he built a laboratory in his garden, you remember. He could not have done that had not my ancestor and many other persons brought before the very first congress the question whether the government should raise rents on tenants for improvements they had themselves made on their holdings,—should rack-rent, in short. But you know about this from your history."

"Yes,—Congress decided justly, of course, that what a man had bought himself and put on the soil was his own, and government had nothing to do with it; only if it was of such a nature that he could not take it with him when he went away, he could not claim any compensation from the nation. I learned that at school, but I never thought of connecting it with grandfather's laboratory."

"Well, on the strength of this decision, which he very well foresaw could never be upset without rousing endless resistance, my ancestor proceeded to lay out his acres with the greatest care and without sparing expense. He was at the time about forty years old, and was of course in the government service as an architect. He confined his services strictly to the hours required by law, although it had been his custom to work night and day. The consequence was that almost every moment of his working time was given to public buildings, to the disappointment of those who wished his designs for their own homes. Very soon he made a proposal to an old friend, a grower of fine trees, that if he would rent a small piece of land from the nation, and employ it in raising for him the trees that he wished, out of government hours, he would in turn, outside of his hours,

make for him the plans he wished, which he could then put into the hands of the builders. Remember that a small service from him was accepted by his contemporaries as of much more value than a larger one from another, because of its quality. The tree-grower thought he was lucky to get two hours of Davenport's work in return for forty of his own. In like manner he paid the workmen who planted his trees and made his terraces. When a man did not care for his work in return, he sold it to some one else who had what the man did want, and gave him an order for the transfer. I have seen papers in his hand reading thus: 'My dear Mr. Lyon: Please transfer to *a c* of Patrick Mulhaney, who desires portrait, such and such portion of the credit due me for designs for garden studio. Yours, &c.' The portrait was, of course, done out of hours, as all the artist's work within hours was due to the government. Thus, very soon Davenport's time was as full, early and late, as it had been in his most arduous days before the revolution. Where he wanted something not to be had except from the government, he used his own allowance of credit, or bought a portion of some one else's—"

"But that is not allowed."

"Nominally not. But how much trouble was it to have his customer purchase the desired article and turn it over to him?"

Juliana caught her breath, for though as utterly untrained in business as most people of the twentieth and early twenty-first centuries, she had a quick little head, and the possibilities of this sort of transaction lengthened dimly out to her.

"Some one else records that when first refused a transfer of credit from another man's card, my ancestor raised his eye-brows, shrugged his shoulders, and remarked: 'My dear friend the nation, you are only compelling one more step in the transaction!'

"You know the regular method of

house-building is to request the nation to build for you in such a location, and according to such and such plans, previously selected from among the work of the architects: the house is built without expense to the petitioner, according to his wishes, and the ownership remains with the nation. But did it ever occur to you to ask who would own a house built by a man at his own expense, with materials purchased by himself, from his own plans?"

"No. If he ever left the place, it would lapse to government," said Juliana.

"Clearly. But as long as he paid his rent, no one could compel him to leave the place. And he was offering his descendants an irresistible inducement to continue to rent it. Living with strict economy, using all his credit, and all the large earnings of his outside hours,—and in a few years he reached the age of retirement, and had all his time for private earnings,—he was able before he died, at the age of seventy-eight, to create here an estate far more noble than his earlier ambition. My child, did you imagine that the combined credit of your cousin and myself could rent a place like this, and enable us to live in other respects as we do?"

It was not unnatural that Juliana, ignorant of house building, should have imagined that good taste only had given the singular beauty to her cousin's home: for the house, in the very best Davenport manner for home architecture, was built for lasting comfort, not for display. The beauty was inwrought in material and form so ineffaceably that centuries could scarcely mar it. Everything was done with reference to the least possible trouble in caring for the house, in keeping up and renewing. The beautiful stones and marbles, wrought with hand labor to the utmost perfection, and only more beautiful for nearly a hundred years of exposure to sun and rain; the choice woods, in the simplest possible surfaces,



whose polish and grain the years only helped; the wonderful pavements of courts, and halls, and walks, the few stone and wood carvings, the deep, firm paint inside, where color had been called for, or the frescoes, every stroke from a famous hand,—all was easier to live in, without much service or anxiety, than most houses of a fraction the cost. The few acres of grounds, too,—enough to secure a sense of retirement and seclusion, but not enough to be a burdensome estate,—were planted from the first with reference to a beauty and luxuriance so much like that of nature as to require the minimum of a gardener's care. The proud old man had builded and laid out with conscious power, and a quiet certainty that time would never make "the Davenport style" antiquated.

"I pay the nation's ground-rent on all this," said his great-grandson; "raised to meet the greater value of land now, but not to cover any of the improvements. If I were charged on all this, at the regular government per cent of the cost, it would be simply impossible for me to pay it.

"Well, my ancestor died happy, having left practically secured to his descendants the value of nearly half a million dollars, including some of these almost priceless statues, carvings, and frescoes. Now what of my grandfather, brought up from his earliest years to see the building up of this store the object of life? It became the object of his also. He lived very modestly, and spent lavishly on the books that fill my libraries,—you have no idea how rare and valuable the collection is. He also used his extra hours and his years of retirement in private earnings. But my father, who was a physician, gave his for zeal and public spirit."

Juliana drew a long breath, as one who recognizes a familiar tone among strange faces and ways.

"He had a sister, who inherited the place jointly with him. When she mar-

ried and left it, he divided with her the movables, and furnished her in such commodities as she wished the equivalent annually of the interest on her half of the remaining property. Had she not died childless, this would have been an increasing tax from generation to generation, which would have had to be settled by some sort of quit-claim transaction.

"The accidents of marriage have helped a little, too. My grandmother was the inheritor of some superb old furniture; my mother's family were devoted collectors of paintings and other works of art. Moreover, my grandfather left on the place a strain of fine horses, which we have always kept at trifling expense. So I could go on to enumerate many ways in which it has been the family habit to spend on permanent and transferable possessions, which when inherited set free the income of the heir to that extent for other pleasures, and make him a richer man than his neighbor. The things that my aunt took came back at her death."

"It was merely the accident of your being an only descendant," said the girl, using her sharpness again, "that made it possible. The payment of commodities to your aunt must have been half as great as the government rent would have been. It would not take long at that rate for the estate to become impossible to carry, once the practice of illegal private earnings to make good the commuted payments was given up."

Roger Davenport smiled, pleased at the quickness with which she grasped the new idea. "You are quite right, my child," he said; "and tell me, how was that different under the old *régime*? If a rich man had many descendants, and divided his property among them, unless each one worked hard to make good the lessening, it was soon dissipated. Inheritance by primogeniture was necessary to stem the natural tendency of inequalities to break down, and that was a

decaying custom even then. You may think of many forces tending to check my ancestor's method of saving for descendants, and re-distribute; but if you will study the matter, not in your textbooks, but in nineteenth century law books, decisions, deeds, transfers, and family records,—in certain unpopular and little read modern authors, too,—you will see that most of them were also in operation then.

"But I should not have told you this family story as a quaint and curious exceptional instance. Do you think the same thing, in greater or less degree, could have been uncommon? Think how customary it was in the nineteenth century for parents to deny themselves for their children; how wrought into their very natures was the habit of enduring present scarcity for the sake of future plenty. Why, do you fancy that the Stanfords and Carnegies of the twentieth century had so suddenly lost their business genius, that such simple adjustments to the new *régime* as my grandfather's, and far more complex ones, should never occur to them? They were merely thrown back on devices common before the elaborate banking and clearing house systems of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries grew up; private paper and securities, barter instead of purchase; they only had to go back and reconstruct the system from its original materials. That always has been done, and always will be done, after a revolution. After the French revolution, men thought they had reconstructed the whole face of society, and they *had* gained a great deal. But they could only get to a certain distance from the social conceptions their generation had been living in. They came up with a wrench from a condition that represented the most belated minds of their time, to one that was up to the most radical ideals, and then slowly settled back to one between the two, and in accord with the average moral sense of

their people,—exactly as we are doing."

"You do not mean," said the girl, slowly, "that this sort of thing is *common* now? Not an exceptional case, a survival of nineteenth century ideas and principles, now in the main extinct?"

"Let us face the truth, little girl," said Roger Davenport. "It could not fail to be common. No law was ever yet carried out that assumed sudden changes in the ways and thoughts of a people. Why, look here." He rose, and taking her hand lightly in his, led her into the next room, where Irene was assorting a number of pamphlets and faded and ancient papers, upon the shelves of the library, for she was her husband's private secretary. "These are the material for a study of the working of prohibition laws in the nineteenth century. Here are cities of that date in which the sale of liquors was prohibited by vote of the people, and continued under the eyes of those voters, sometimes without pretense of concealment. Here are newspaper editorials, suggesting that it would be decent for the saloons to close on Sundays at least, in districts where, according to law, there are no saloons. I wish to present these points to Congress in connection with some of these very questions. You ask if private exchange is not now extinct. I should say it was rather on the increase, as the systems perfect themselves, and the reaction gets swing. I am now delving in records, private letters, and deeds, to see how general it is, and whether it has or has not been so all along. Look there," and he opened a drawer, where a chaos of papers lay waiting for Irene's assorting; "those are all specimens of private securities, bonds, and currencies of various sorts, which I have been collecting. Here are some dated in the year of the revolution, and here are some of last week. Do you see how much more systematic they become? This last one bears the name of what is practically a private banking firm. That in-



timates an increase of demand for such things. A few months ago, I had an application to sublet half of these grounds, — the leaser to pay to me in this private credit paper the excess of rental value over the ground rent due to the improvements. That is often done, where improvements have been inherited. No one could have prevented your mother, for instance, from renting for some consideration of direct or indirect barter your grandfather's laboratory when she inherited it."

"She would not have thought of it!" said Juliana. "She let a young couple who were studying chemistry at Harvard take it, — the ones who took the house when I came away, you know. It saved them just so much money for other things, — the trip they wanted to make to Heidelberg, and some very expensive experiments. They were very grateful, and afterward used often to insist on taking me on pleasure trips as their guest, and gave me some beautiful books and bric-a-brac,—" and then she flushed as she saw Davenport smile. "It was not private barter," she cried. "It was an exchange of friendly services. It had no money or credit measurement."

"Surely not!" he said. "But every one is not Edith or Juliana. Supposing it *had* been a pre-arranged exchange, how would government have distinguished between that and your friendly reciprocity?"

"Do you mean, cousin Roger," said the girl, sitting down on the fine old sixteenth century oak chair by his writing table, "that government could not prevent all this? Why were not these illegal transactions forbidden from the very outset?"

"They were not illegal. They were perfectly legal and strictly honorable, according to the old laws of generations, — and remember that though these had been swept away, and deprived of all compulsory force, they had not been superseded by others. On the contrary,

it was the very note of the new *régime* that it was to meddle as little as possible in the private arrangements of citizens. It was on that condition that it held its existence. A little drawing of the reins too tight would have made it a rule of force instead of consent, and that could not have stood. The government itself was very willing to escape the endless burden of inspection, wrangling, and devising of punishments. It had indeed no provision for punishments, I may almost say no powers. The records of the first congresses contain instances of complaints against evasions, but they are among such a curious medley of wild suggestions, grotesque misunderstandings, and a general outpouring from a class who used then to be called 'cranks,' that it is no wonder all alike were ignored. There was no secret and no display about these evasions of the intent of the revolution. No one's jealousy was likely to be aroused toward one who was living more poorly than himself for the sake of a future when both would be dead. It struck no one as improper that men should exchange such voluntary services as the nation had no claim on, — the transaction was in essence the same as when two schoolboys swap knives. I find some evidence that there were men who saw danger of a re-institution of individualism in all this, but the men at the head of affairs were too thorough enthusiasts for their idea to wish to know that it was in one of its main points consistently set aside. If instances were forced on their attention, they said these were disappearing survivals. And Congress had its hands too full with far more trying matters to wish to add to its burdens. I must not pass over, either, the unquestionable and dark fact that members of Congress were elected expressly to wink at such things. This my great-grandfather, who had been a stanch civil service reformer, — you know what that is."

"By a bare mention in history, — yes."

"This he did not do. But do you think the trained founders of trusts, lobbyists, political organizers, and shrewd manipulators of every sort, went out of existence in 1920? Their hand was in at the business, and a little adjustment to new conditions was all that was necessary. But I am not going to talk politics to you. I am only going to talk of inequality. Now let us look at the other side.

"Over there in that now somewhat seedy house on the other slope, — my great-grandfather's first house, — lived Jim Farrish, a drunken and worthless laborer. His first idea was that the revolution had made him a lord, and all he had to do was to lie back and smoke and drink. He was soon disabused of this idea, for the government was rigid on the point that every man should work, and public feeling was overwhelmingly with it there. Accordingly, Jim learned after a good many experiments, exactly what was the least and worst work with which he could get off without actually going to the guardhouse. You know the law reads, — it used to be a favorite theme with your grandfather, — that each man shall do his best. But who was to say what *was* the best of such a fellow as Jim was no easy question for any inspector. Who could tell how much was stupidity, native inefficiency, shiftlessness, and indifference, and how much sheer shirking? Jim had shirked and scamped work when bread and butter depended on it; it was the sentiment of the time to believe that this proved that it was a sort of disease of his nature, which he could not help. Very likely it was.

"He soon learned, too, that the discipline was too merciful for floggings or any severe punishments, and that his superiors had really no defense against insolences and insubordinations. He could not be dismissed the service; if he chose to go off on a drunk and be unfit for work for days, his allowance went on

just the same, and work was ready for him when he wanted it again. Whatever compunction about the 'old woman' and babies had kept him in bounds before, now was at an end; each of them had a separate maintenance. Jim soon had his system down to a fine point; he drank up the whole of his allowance and lived on Katie and the children. They gave up the fine house and took a cheap one. He had learned the trick of private exchange of services very soon, and when the government shops did not supply him sufficiently potent stuff, he found the illicit low saloons, where an elaborate system of exchanges soon grew up, based on such commodities as fighting cocks, tickets to slogging matches, and all the means of the lower vices—" he glanced at the girl and saw that the phrase conveyed no meaning to her mind. "In these places Jim found opportunities to keep himself provided with his lawless indulgences till the end of the year and the next credit-card. Much that he wanted was not to be had from the regular government sources, but it was easily paid for by an indirect use of his card. Katie bore to him eleven children. They were not especially weakly in health, but showed vicious inheritance in a sort of native inefficiency, and a profound dislike of work, especially mental. They were all sent to school until they were twenty-one. While they were little, the mere physical power of the teacher kept them up to some sort of work, but after fifteen they became practically unmanageable. The subjects had gone beyond their mental grasp; they had plenty of money, and were beginning, boys and girls alike, to be absorbed in such pleasures as appealed to their natures; and they knew that whatever they did, no one could set them at work until they were of age, nor expel them from the school. The numbers of such young people in the schools had by this time led to the establishment of many technical classes, where they might per-



haps be stimulated to an ambition that could not be touched by purely intellectual studies; and undoubtedly many were thus reached: but these Farrishes simply laughed, and asked why they should learn a trade, when the government was bound to find them work and support them in any case. They came to no good, and at twenty-one were as unfit in every way to be of any service to the public as possible. My ancestor kept a record of their history in his journal, and a recent sociologist has used this with researches of his own to trace out the result of the stock. There are over four hundred of them in the same generation that in my case is represented by my single self; and not one has ever received the value of five dollars by bequest. As a rule, they are worthless creatures, though some have shown the effect of the education offered them. The death-rate has been high among them, but as they have never suffered want, not as high as it would have been in a similar stock in old times.

"Now where is the equality, even in wealth, between the Farrishes of my generation and me?"

"My father and grandfather—" began Juliana, and stopped.

"Your father did not live long enough among us to have defined his ideas, and in any event he had never been a business man, or a man given to watching social movements. I have heard him regret that himself. Your grandfather was a quiet physician, and like all the Leetes, very incredulous of flaws in any order or creed he had given his faith to. Irene here has letters among her family papers from a Doctor Leete of 1888, in which he refers with indignation to the charge that votes had been bought by his party, saying that he believes that to be an almost unknown crime under a free government, although it may be done in England. Your text books have probably told you some things about the election of 1888."

"Roger," said Irene, putting her fingers lightly over his lips. "You shall not trouble the child any longer with your pessimisms? *She* is a Leete, too — don't try to break her of her cheerful beliefs."

"She is a brave girl, who wishes to know the truth. She would rather be a meliorist than an optimist—I know her," said the senator; and Juliana looked up to his face, and the praise comforted her a little for the dismaying things that had gone before.

A few days later she had occasion to go into Oakland, and Roger Davenport was also going, to see one of his colleagues; so he suggested that instead of taking the rapid transit cars, they should drive in, as it was a clear and beautiful March day. Irene stood on the terrace, and waved her hand with her sweet, affectionate smile as they drove away, — a striking pair, the man's noble presence, and the girl's perfect figure wrapped in handsome furs, (like her mother, she spent much on beautiful dress, — a Bartlett, not a Leete trait; Irene dressed plainly,) making passers turn and comment as they saw them. "Senator Davenport, — a noticeable face. A very hard-working and public-spirited man."

"Cousin Roger," said Juliana, shyly, "I want to ask you something."

"You want to ask me," said the senator, quietly, "how I feel, as a matter of ethics, about keeping my inherited wealth."

"Cousin Roger!" cried the girl, astonished.

He laughed. "Our minds are cast in like mold, though there is no common blood. You are more kin to me than to Irene. — Well, let us see. Whom do I defraud? No stone of that house, no stick of the grounds, represents anything taken from any one. It represents production that would not have been without the extra stimulus my ancestor applied. It is as clearly my inheritance as

that beautiful fur you are wearing is yours, and its inheritance has set me free to use money for other purposes no more truly than your inheritance of your mother's furs, laces, and jewels has set you free to get that superfluous bonnet you are going to look for today."

"Yes, I see, though it is a new thought to me, that there must be some inequality. But the illegal—or I suppose you would tell me to call it extra-legal—way in which it was got?"

"You mean," said Davenport again, with the quiet tone of assertion, not question, that always surprises young people when older ones use it, divining their transparent young thought, "that though no one was defrauded at any step, some one was harmed,—the public, by the help he gave to undermine a righteous institution. You mean, too, that the best people recognize their *whole* service as due the world, and we have no business to stop at barely what is required, and use the rest of our powers for our own benefit. And you think that one should be loyal to a government that means well by us, carrying out in spirit as well as letter its demands."

"That is it," said Juliana, relieved to have her thought phrased. "Loyal is what I meant."

"I understand you. But now, my little girl, let us see. In the first place, we must not surrender our own reason to any government. You do not think it wrong to use our surplus of time and strength for our own pleasure, the purpose it is avowedly given for by the nation: is it any more than a mere conventional habit to feel that it may not be used for our *future* pleasure, or for storing up pleasure for our children? Always, remember, by means of the honest creation of new good for others, which the nation has not provided for. Loyalty must not be slavishness of thought.

"But put that one side; for myself, it is only a speculation,—my own time

is given, up to my full strength, to public service."

"O, I know!" said Juliana, quickly.

"But what am I to do with this result of my ancestor's different reasoning? There is but one thing,—keep it, or give it away. I might say that perhaps some filial loyalty is due from me to that brave and patient old man, who in his own toil laid the foundations of the beauty and unusual pleasure of my surroundings; that in surrendering the house, I should surrender not merely the wealth, but the traditions and memories of generations, letting them go where they would have only a commercial value,—"

"Yes," sighed the girl, quick to catch the sentiment of the situation.

"But put that aside, too. I have been over all this ground, Juliana," he said, speaking to her seriously, as if she had a right to be accounted to for his action; and the young girl flushed with a keen sense of the honor. "And this is the common sense of it. The house is not fit for any public purposes; the old architect builded too shrewdly for that. It is a *home* to the very heart of its rafters. And no one can afford to carry it as a home, save one to whom it belongs in absolute property. I can no more rid myself of this inequality than a man could rid himself of the inequality of having been born,—perhaps through unjust advantages held by his ancestors,—with better brains and temper than others; except that I could transfer it to some other single person. Much of its equipment I could strip and give the public, it is true, but the public does not desire it; the pictures, and statues, and plans that it chooses by popular vote, the artists it elects to the government employ by the same authority, are more to its taste. If the best old standards of art are not preserved in private homes, there is no certainty that they will be preserved at all."

"There were many who did not agree



with my grandfather in thinking that a good provision," murmured Juliana.

"Do you acquit me now?" he went on, smiling down at her.

"O Cousin Roger! I did not — You are very good to explain to me so patiently — If I seemed to criticize —"

"You did not, child. Your prompt feeling of the ethical question in the matter was a pleasure to me. And do you not realize that it is a question about which it is not merely your right, but your duty, to have your mind clear? Do you not know that it will all be yours some day? . . . Whose else?" he said, smiling, as the young girl looked at him in startled amazement. "Who else is as near and as dear to us?"

## II.

JULIANA had resumed her studies; she had always been fond of them, and her pleasure in them revived the sooner now for Roger Davenport's interest. Busy as his life was, he always found time to keep track of her work, demanding of her every night a report of the day's salient points. He had always managed, in his busy senatorial life, to keep more or less in touch with his former scholarly occupations; and to renew his college memories now through the experience of this beautiful young creature, was a keen pleasure to him. Juliana, on her side, came to count on the twilight hour when the three sat and talked over her day as one of her precious possessions. Sometimes Irene's interest flagged, when the talk ceased to concern her cousin's immediate experience, and ran into general topics; and then she would leave them and write letters, or arrange her husband's papers for the evening's work; and at such times Juliana often found herself expressing her thoughts and feelings more freely than when any one besides Davenport was present.

In these talks, he rarely repeated the criticisms on the social state that had

troubled Juliana. Whatever he did say of the sort she thought over afterward, and somehow fitted into her own faith in the natural goodness of people and things. The intimation Davenport had made of a traffic still existent in base services, of a nether world in modern society, where such people as the Farrishes lived by choice, had passed by her, only very vaguely comprehended. She had always known there were hospitals and asylums, where wretched transgressors were confined; she classed the Farrishes now as similar abnormal cases, not quite enough developed for the asylums.

And after a little reflection, it became to her clear that even if incomes were not equal, as she had supposed, it really did not matter much: for though some, by the forethought of their ancestors or the sacrifice of their own leisure, might be richer, none were poorer. Cousin Roger had showed quite plainly that this betterment of themselves was only the correlative of betterment to others, by extra service,—there was surely nothing selfish in that, nothing of the ancient competitive struggle to snatch away the limited good of the world from each other, but a creating of two new goods. And then a still more cheerful thought struck her: had not much of the ancient commercial system been the same thing? — an effort to prosper by doing each other good, not by robbing each other. Why, people were really working for each other all the time, then, after all as now! Then even more truly than she had been taught, human nature had always been right, and life essentially good.

The economical orthodoxy of the time was, in fact, not what she cared for, but its ethical optimism: so after making all her adjustments to save this, she felt as if she had, on the whole, found a new treasure, at but slight cost to the old one. She even became up to a certain point a convert, and an apologist of the

nineteenth century, delving in Davenport's books for proofs of unsuspected compensations in its life, and virtues in its humanity, and producing her discoveries in arguments with the other young women at college.

When she repeated these discussions and conclusions to Davenport, he sometimes took her seriously, and gave her suggestions, or directed her researches, and sometimes listened, smiled, and sighed. Now and then he took issue with her.

"I am glad to think," she said one night, "that the past has been happier than I was taught to believe, and people never so barbarous as orators make out to heighten the contrast with today; but some things make me very thankful to live now. Our professor referred us to Storiot —"

"Did he?" said Davenport. "That old fellow had a great run at one time, chiefly because of his tone of enthusiastic patriotism. Twenty-five years ago it was quite a note with respectable and patriotic elderly gentlemen to have him in their libraries, and quote him with great reverence. At the time he wrote, probably no more judicial estimate of the nineteenth century would have been accepted: many elderly people, who had lived in that century, resented its descriptions, but they were out of court; the professional critics and teachers were all under middle age, and were carried away with the book. It is effectively written, and has some good chapters. But he collected material very inadequately, depending largely on newspapers and agitators' books; and he had a most imperfect understanding of the industrial system."

"The chapters we read are the two that open the last section, — 'The Election of '88 and its Consequences,' and 'Political Corruption in the Last Decades of the Century.' The picture is perfectly sickening. The girls brandished it at me."

"Yes," said Davenport, thoughtfully, "there were some appalling things in the politics of that date. In a way, those chapters are not unjust, though the analysis of the causes is of no value. Storiot is at his best on these political points, because there his favorite authorities, the newspapers, are the best sources of information. But, Juliana, you will have some bitter disappointments if you think all that is done away with. Recall what you have seen already, that private transactions are not abolished by abolishing money, and you will see that if human nature remains the same, as you insist that it does, direct bribery is as practicable as ever in politics. Men may grow rich in fast horses, and fine wines, and luxurious rooms, and whatever attracts the politician's cupidity, as easily as if they used a token in coin for the transfer of these things. And if it is competition that creates all cruelty, and greed, and dishonor, why is not the same human nature to be as easily degraded by the competition for fame as for money? I am not sure but history shows blacker deeds done for lust of fame than for lust of wealth. Indeed, wealth was sought largely to buy place and fame with. And there is the greatest facility for intrigue offered by this system of promotions passionately competed for, proceeding downward from officers elected by constituencies that are constantly recruited from the subordinates of these very officers, and linked with the non-electors by family and local ties of all sorts."

Juliana did not follow this comment with any clearness. The concrete story of the elder Davenport and the Farrishes had made its point, but "intrigue" meant nothing to her.

"But fame is to be had only by doing the most good," she said, catching at the sentence that she did understand. "So it makes men better, and is next best as a motive to pure benevolence."

Davenport laughed a little, and as he



passed her to leave the room, brushed his hand lightly over the curly tips of her hair. "And false benefactors could not exist," he said. "The public knows unerringly its saviours, and never passes them by in favor of blatant pretenders. No one could have any temptation to curry favor by trickery, or to flinch from doing the unpopular right."

There was a moment's silence,—puzzled, indignant, grieved on the young girl's part, and under cover of the dusk the tears started to her eyes, as she sat still on a cushion at Mrs. Davenport's feet, leaning against her knee. Then the elder woman bent forward from the divan where she sat by the open window, through which came the smell of new-mown fields and the riotous roses of May, and the noises of birds nestling down to sleep, with many last little murmurs and interrogative calls, among the burdened rose trellises and ancient trees. "Dear," she said softly, her sweet, middle-aged face close to the beautiful young head, "Roger is in a position to know and to have to battle with whatever evil still exists among us. Congress, you know, has the hardest part of all our system, because though it passes few laws, it has charge of inspecting all the work of the nation, and enforcing good work, and seeing that all promotions are justly made, and a great many such things. So sometimes, when workmen are lazy and shiftless, or politicians are tricky, he is pessimistic, and takes low views of human nature. But I have an argument for the real loftiness of human nature and its fitness to be happy that he is the last person to appreciate. Though there are doubtless some bad people, and some lingering abuses, and difficulty in making things quite perfect, my argument is — himself, Juliana."

Juliana turned around, rose to her knees, and kissed her cousin gratefully.

SHE fell in soon with some one else to whom Mrs. Davenport's argument was

conclusive. This was a frank and ardent young man in his early thirties, an editor by profession, and devoted to Davenport as a political leader. He told Juliana a good deal of Davenport's public life, and called him "incorruptible" and "public-spirited," in a way that rather surprised her, instead of taking such qualities as a matter of course. He assured her that to many men who doubted the adequacy of the present organization, and felt that it was breaking down in its vital point, the regulating and inspecting omnipotence of Congress, Davenport was the reassuring thought; his character and record held young men to an ideal of human nature that might otherwise have crumbled.

"Between you and me," said Dick Gerry, "a fellow that is in newspaper and political work sees lots of things that make him shaky sometimes; but I pin to Davenport. If he were to go back on people's faith, I guess there'd be a pretty widespread smash-up of confidence in human-nature stock," — a phrase that was making its way in connection with some of the private commercial transactions then becoming re-systematized.

Gerry's wife was some years older than himself. She was an old neighbor of the Davenport family, and had still a pretty cottage close to them. She had just returned from a long sojourn in Washington, and had brought her husband from his rooms in the city to the cottage at the foot of the Contra Costa hills; hitherto Juliana had seen little of him.

Davenport frowned when he heard they were coming to the cottage.

"Roger does not like Sybil," said Irene to Juliana privately. "I do not know why,—for some reason earlier than my acquaintance with him. But I always feel sorry for her. She is discontented with her husband; and though Mr. Gerry is so good and bright, there is something unusual about Sybil, you

know, that seems to make them mis-mated."

"Discontented with — I do not understand," said the girl, growing a little pale.

"Do not understand what, dear?"

"In old times," said Juliana, slowly, "women used to have to marry people they did not like, and so there must have been horrible unhappiness. But now—I do not understand. What could make her marry some one she did not — did not care for?"

"We cannot judge, my dear. We do not know what motives guide other people. She might marry some one and become discontented with him afterward."

"I do not understand at all," said the girl, turning and walking slowly away. Irene looked after her, smiling and sighing a little. Not for worlds would the gentle wife have told any human being her own conjecture why Sybil was discontented with her good husband. Suppose *she* had been Roger's neighbor, and after all he had gone across the continent and married some one else?

Juliana went to her room, and letting her *Æschylus* lie open on the table before her, thought for a long time, in the strange, white confusion of a young maid's mind. When people married, it was because some feeling had fallen between them,—something very holy, and great, and unchangeable,—that set them forever apart to each other. She could not, of course, know what its nature was, and it was not meet for her to try to imagine; but it was a bond that once joined could never be broken. How was it then with this poor Sybil Gerry? Had she for some mysterious reason married without that feeling that could never be broken? Or was there something abnormal in her, which had allowed her to change after marriage? She thought of her,—the woman who was discontented with her husband, —with a mixture of fascination and

horror. Her cousin Roger knew all about it, and did not like her. Yet Juliana could see a liking struggling with dislike in Davenport's behavior to their neighbor, and she herself felt toward her a mixture of attraction and repulsion.

Sybil was in the house a great deal, coming in familiarly at all hours. She was a beautiful creature, and however one felt away from her, every one succumbed to her in her actual presence. There was an undertone of a soft melancholy in her, dashed with a sort of wicked recklessness. Gerry idolized her, and it was not possible to think that he perceived in her the discontent with him that others saw. He did not seem to be the less pleased with her for the little distance at which she kept him; possibly it increased his sense that she was a superior being. She was not especially clever, and had not much conversation, though many men talked their best to her. But every one felt the *unusualness* in her that Irene spoke of. It did not seem so much to consist in her beauty as to be expressed by her beauty,—her low, broad forehead under a cloud of dusky hair, her sweet, full, mocking lips, eyes of latent passion, and profile like a cameo. When she spoke, her voice had a cadence that haunted people after she was still.

While the Gerrys were at the cottage the home life of the three in the Davenport house was broken up. The first evening, as they sat in the warm twilight, there had been a soft movement at the doorway, and a graceful shadow, pausing a moment, had come swiftly in almost before Irene could start up exclaiming, "Sibyl!"

"No, do not touch the light," said the soft, haunting voice. "Keep your easy-chair, Roger; I will sit down here by the little cousin,—it is the little cousin, of course. Now, go on just as you were talking, and let me sit and listen."

After that Davenport dropped out of the habit of sitting with the women at



twilight. With the beginning of the vacation season in July, however, the Gerrys went away, and Juliana's life seemed natural again. For about a week Davenport remained abstracted and cold, then suddenly shook it off, and said to her that he felt as if an evil spell had been taken from the house now that that woman was gone.

One night Juliana came down from her room, where she had been writing letters, to put them into the box for the early mail, and going into Irene's little sitting room, found that Irene had gone to bed, but Davenport was still at work in the library adjoining. He came in to her when he heard her step, and reproved her for sitting up so late; then took her letters and put them into the box in the library for her, and came back. Meanwhile she sat down by the table to turn over the leaves of a new magazine there, and he lingered talking with her.

"There is an article here, Cousin Roger,—'Individual Happiness, Ancient and Modern,'" she said; "and it begins, 'We may lay it down as an accepted premise that human nature is the same in all times; and all apparent modifications come from differences in the conditions surrounding it.'"

"If he had said that real—not apparent—modifications come from conditions, I do not know that I should have quarreled with him," said Davenport, pacing up and down the room. "But it is the fallacy of all our popular preaching and poetry to utterly ignore the extent to which human nature makes its own conditions. If there was badness and suffering in the nineteenth century, it was because human beings made it for themselves out of their own natures; and with those same natures, they would wrest any system to nearly as much evil.—Give up the dream, child,—our age has dreamed as other ages have dreamed, and it must awake as other ages have awakened. Wherever we have planned to re-make human nature, as by our

educational systems, we have gained ground; wherever we have tried to do new things with an old human nature, we have got only hollow shams. You were taught to attribute all old evils to financial maladjustments. It was not the financial question that made human nature,—it was human nature that made the financial question. But put that aside,—I will not talk economics to you; I will not ask you how long this equal government allowance is to be poured out to a populace recklessly increasing in its most stupid and least productive classes, and overcrowding the departments of unskilled labor beyond any use the nation can put them to; I will not ask you a dozen more questions such as are breaking Congress down now. But suppose all financial questions were settled. Do you think that would do away with all sorrow and all sin? Do you fancy, white spirit, that there is no sin but for money, no sorrow but poverty? Why, it is one of the least of sorrows!"

He turned and walked back from the farther side of the room toward her. He had touched the key, and set a soft, wild melody to playing,—some folk-song,—which crept through the talk without interrupting it.

"Suppose," he said, "that this world in this twenty-first century were exactly as your father and mother believed it. Would that mean happiness? What of lovers, for instance, who see love going from them to some one else,—or do you think that our economics has found some adjustment by which love shall never miss its mark? What are the luxury, the ease, the freedom, of the modern ideal to such a broken heart? What are they worth to us two,—you and I? Would we keep them one moment if we could change them for a humble and anxious place in some old century where we two, in danger and pain, in good and evil, might belong to each other?"

The wild music went softly crying and calling in the silence of the room. They

looked at each other across the little space that separated them,—the man pale and reckless, the girl startled, appalled, feeling the world reel, and the solid ground sink and dissolve under her feet, and yet suddenly filled and shaken with an awful joy. All in a moment, out of the quiet and peace of the mellow little room, lit more by the great harvest moon outside than by the low light within, out of the security of simple and frank affection, it had descended upon them. Whether the man had known it before, or whether for both it sprang into being in the moment of speaking it, there it was, never to be reckoned without again in the life of either one. Even to the girl, who had tried a few weeks before, in that white confusion of thoughts, to understand how a woman could be discontented with her husband, it had become in a breath the one reasonable thing, the one thing to be understood in all the universe, that she and Roger Davenport should love each other.

He stood still. With the luring music and the unmanning moonlight about him, perhaps nothing in the world would have kept him from crossing the little space, and drawing her from her seat to his arms, except the absolute trust in her eyes that he would not do it. Confessing, adoring, they none the less looked to him with simple confidence to know what to do with this sweet and terrible thing that had befallen. As the music whispered itself away, he turned, shook his manhood free now the evil was done, and crossed the room to shut away the new chords just beginning. When he came back, Juliana had grown white, and the long, long anguish had begun in her eyes. As they met his, she whispered helplessly, "Irene!"

He looked away from her. "Go to bed, now, my child," he said gently; and she rose and moved toward the door without a word; yet as she passed him, she looked up to his face again, and then he bent and kissed her, and let her go.

"Irene!" Before the gray of the early August dawn cleared to the girl's sleepless eyes the beautiful century-old coloring and laurel wainscots of her room, and the dark tree-tops on the sky outside, this had become the burden of her tossing, wretched, guiltily happy thoughts. Not for one moment did it enter her mind to think that there was any other way than that they both should guard as faithfully as possible what was left to his sweet wife. "O, poor Irene!" she cried to herself, "O, poor Irene!" with a growing passion of pity and sense of her cousin's wrong, that almost drowned the other, dearer name out of her consciousness. Through the wild sobbing and crying of her young, undisciplined pain and excitement, pierced swift pangs of joy and tenderness; and "O, I know by this," she cried in broken moans and murmurs as she buried her face in the pillows, "I know by this how Irene cares, and what I have taken from her!"

She clung to her cousin in the days that followed, and for a time Roger Davenport let her. But one day he intercepted her under the great walnut trees, and made her sit down with him on an old stone seat that was there.

"Juliana," he said, almost sternly, "it is nonsense for us to fight fate. You believe God meant happiness for human beings. If he meant you and me to stand apart, what becomes of your creed?"

She looked at him in dismay: she had not doubted that he would be stronger and juster than she. "And did he not mean happiness to Irene?" she said. "And she is the only one who has a right,—not I nor you."

"Right!" said Davenport. "Who talks of rights and duties nowadays? What preacher or what teacher ever told you and me, as they told our ancestors, that life meant not happiness, but pitiless, self-slaying duty? Why, we have even put a stop to parents' think-



ing, and planning, and denying themselves for their children: tender-hearted society cannot bear that any one should have to suffer that much sternness in life. Whatever ability to put away present desire the ages had disciplined into us we threw away. Who ever taught you and me that the human nature in us was to be feared? No, human nature was an innocent, maligned thing, that need be no trouble to anybody, if only government would keep the harmless creature fed and amused! Ancient ways linger long in a woman's veins, and the impulse to 'bear hardness as a good soldier' may be in yours still. I, lifelong skeptic of our easy faith, am yet bred in its school. To give time and strength to public service, — that 'is an easy virtue; men have always done it, good men and bad. But wait till the life and death clinch comes between duty and desire, and see what human nature is."

Juliana was still a moment after his deep, resolute voice ceased. "I do not understand all that," she said. "I see as well as you do that it has all been a dream to think human nature safe, and life easy. I do not know if God means life to be so terrible, and us to be so weak, — I do not know any longer if there is God at all, or if he cares. I do not know if there is right or wrong, or if love is not more than they. I am not standing for right, nor duty, nor honor; I am standing for Irene. I know that if I were Irene, it would be cruel wrong to me that this should pass between you and another woman."

She said it gently, tremulously; she looked up as if she deprecated his displeasure. He thought he held her will in his hand. He spoke low, and with the full power of a man's tenderness over the woman that loves him.

"Your love for Irene is a dam of straw to your love for me. Sweet soul, we are helpless in the clutch of a mightier force than our complacent century has any weapon against. We belong to each

other: that is reality, that is truth, and nature; and no fiction, however well meant, can stand against it. Our lives will be one long falsehood till we surrender to it." He put out his hand and took hers, as it lay on the stone seat between them, in a soft and firm clasp, as if he quietly possessed himself of her forever.

The girl grew white. She had no thought of answering but one thing, — there was no struggle in her mind as to that. The thing that whitened her very lips, the thing that seemed to her beyond mortal power to do, was not to put away all the future, but to draw her hand that moment from the clasp to which every atom in her responded. She sprang up from the seat and freed herself.

"You do not understand," she said. "I know the truth you speak of, — but there is another truth. I know my love for Irene is a shadow, — a forgotten old song, — to my love for you. It is strange you do not see that every word you say to make me realize how I love you argues against itself! By every longing of mine for you, I know hers; by the impossibility to me of giving you up, it becomes impossible to me to take you from her. Don't you see? — O, cannot a man see? — that I cannot do this to her? that everything that draws me to you pushes me away at the same time just as hard."

No, he did not see; but he knew he had not reached her. A few days later he told the two women that he was going on to Washington with the Gerrys.

Sibyl Gerry came out to spend a few days with the Davenports before she left the coast. To Juliana's eyes, cleared to the knowledge of good and evil, there was no doubt now whither Sibyl's restlessness tended, — and her first jealousy ached in her breast as she watched Davenport, apparently in a sort of recklessness, no longer shunning what he had called the "evil spell," but letting Sibyl seek him as she would.

Sibyl herself was intent, quietly eager and resolute. She was more heedless of Juliana's presence now when she said daring things; perhaps she had quickly discerned about all there was to know. "They do these things better in France," she said once, on some slight apropos, in her musical, dangerous voice. "There they are not such fools as to think that when they have arranged to make everybody comfortable, with soup-pot and parlor chairs, they have made everybody happy. A nation of Philistines! There, from the time the Nationalist state was established, love had its rights, without having to hide and hang its head; as long as people love, they are husband and wife; when one changes, he is free. 'M. Maire, I wish to wed'; and he weds you. 'M. Maire, I wish to unwed,'—he unweds you. It is no one's business *why* you wish it."

"And the one that is deserted," said Juliana,—*"is her happiness secured, too, by that method?"*

"My dear," said Sibyl, looking at her with a smile that stirred a swift repulsion in her, "if we cannot hold love, let us lose it. Let the best one win."

Just before he went Roger Davenport tried once more to plead with Juliana, but she had not changed. "I am on Irene's side," she said. "I will not hear things I would not have her know." He said a good deal, however, and much of it was enigmatical to her. Later, it was all clear.

That was the last day of the year. His absence had extended on and on through the fall and winter. Irene was a little worried about him. She said things must be unusually trying at Washington, for his letters and brief telephone chats were forced and unnatural. Gerry had come back to San Francisco, but his wife was spending the winter again in Washington. There were always whispers of some sort about Mrs. Gerry, wherever she stayed long, but these did not reach the quiet women at Davenport

House. And so the end of the year came on,—not in a sweeping storm this time, but in a transcendent winter sunshine, and a mild, "star-clear" evening, as the Germans say. Juliana came home late from an "old year out" party, where she had dragged herself sadly enough; for love, and loneliness, and remorse preyed no less on her sore young heart for the months that had passed. She went to her room, and saw on the table, laid there by Irene as a pleasant New Year surprise, a letter from Washington.

He had hardly ever written to her directly, and she permitted herself to bend her head and touch the writing with her lips before she read. But after she read, she started up from the chair, with a face that grew haggard, for all her fresh young beauty. O, foolish child, that she had imagined she knew what life's torture chambers were! O, foolish child, that she had thought her feet had already broken through the thin bridge on which life walked over hidden fire!

It was no consecutive letter,—only a few incoherent sentences. "The papers will tell you,—there is nothing for me to say,—only one word:—Sweet, I love you,—not her. If I had not loved you and lost you, I should have kept away from her wicked spell,—I told you so before I came away. I have been under it before,—but she was young then, and had other plans, and did not care to hold me. Forget me, child,—and comfort Irene, if you can."

She had bought a paper as she came, a midnight edition. She tore it open with shaking hands,—not Gerry's paper,—Gerry would never print another paper. She caught dizzily fragments of what she had hoped against hope not to see:—"to France, with the well-known beauty, Mrs. Gerry—",—"—a man very widely trusted—",—"—disastrous stimulus to a growing reaction against not only the ethical standards of our time, but against all such standards—"

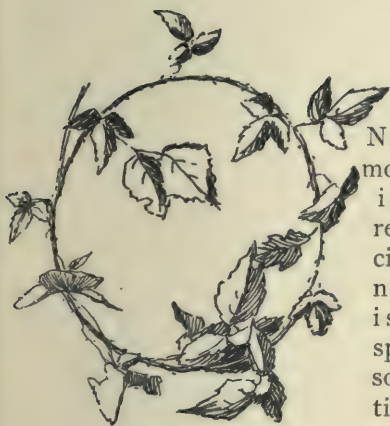


She dropped the paper. Her brain cleared from the horrible stunned moment to the more horrible realization. How should she tell Irene? How should she bear it herself? And under and over all, a torture of mad jealousy and hate, a horror of doubt of everything human or superhuman. She stood in the middle of the room, shivering and looking blindly about her as if for some respite or refuge from this utter disaster, utter pain. "God?" She laughed.

"He thinks, like her, 'Let the best one win.' She is more after his heart than Irene and I, — hers is the side God is on." She turned and threw herself with a broken cry across her bed. "Yet, in all the world's long, long, unended agony that may come my way, whether it is God's side or not, — whether he pities or laughs at the victims, — God keep me on the side of the betrayed, not the betrayers! keep me with the tortured, not the torturers!"

*Pauline Carsten Curtis.*

## NATIONALISM IN CALIFORNIA.



NE of the most striking of recent social phenomena is the spread of socialistic ideas under the

in the order named, each succeeding the other quite closely.

The organization of the second club in San Francisco a few months later began the second stage of the movement in this State. This club was established by a number of socialists who had long labored for the spread of their ideas, and saw in the nationalist movement a golden opportunity.

The object of the organization was to gain converts, and this led to the organization of other clubs, and also to a change in the character of those already established.

name of Nationalism. It is scarcely more than two years since "Looking Backward" was published. Yet today there is hardly a State in the Union that has not one or more clubs devoted to the dissemination of nationalist ideas.

The movement in California dates from the formation of a reading circle in Oakland in the early part of last year. This circle was organized for the purpose of discussion among the members, rather with any idea of spreading the faith. Similar clubs were formed in San Diego, Los Angeles, and San Francisco,

The spread of the movement from this point has been rapid. In San Francisco, the original club has become the Pacific, the second adopted the name of the Central, and two others have been formed, while the Ocean View Club may also be considered as belonging to this city. In Los Angeles, the movement has shown the greatest strength, and there are now seven clubs there working in harmony, and very enthusiastic. San José has two clubs, and the others are distributed through about fifty cities and towns.

There are fifty clubs throughout the State, according to the last number of the *Weekly Nationalist* at hand, and I am informed that twelve clubs have been organized since the list was published.

The membership of these clubs differs very much. The Central Club of San Francisco claims about eight hundred members; the California Club claims five hundred. These figures, however, include all who have signed the roll, whether in active membership now or not. A fair estimate would give about one thousand members to the different clubs in this city, and about as many more for the Los Angeles clubs. Oakland has about two hundred and fifty, San Diego about one hundred and fifty, and the other clubs range from fifty down to about ten or fifteen members. It is probable that the clubs in the State have between 3,000 and 3,500 members.

The extreme rapidity of growth has been largely the result of the method of organization adopted. Organizers are sent out through the State, who address meetings and establish clubs wherever they go. The result has been a rapid, but in some cases not a healthy growth. The majority of the clubs are in small towns, and the membership is somewhat mixed. A country club that came under my observation is composed of the sons of Irish laborers, youths between eighteen and twenty-five years of age, who have since leaving school avoided working with a persistence that amounts almost to genius. Whether this is an exception or a typical instance of the small country club I cannot say. It is certain that the clubs of San Francisco have no such membership, and the clubs in the southern part of the State are probably composed mostly of eastern immigrants of the middle class.

The distribution of the clubs is significant. Of the list of fifty-one before me, thirty are in the southern part of the State, and twenty-one are around San Francisco, the most northerly being at

Healdsburg. Some of the clubs are in the larger cities, but the majority are in small towns, many being places almost unknown, save in their immediate locality. The list includes such places as Fullerton, Encinitas, Long Beach, Summerland, Buena Park, West Park, and Clearwater. Most of these small places are settlements of eastern immigrants. A list published in the latter part of April shows four clubs that have since been dropped, three in the northern part of the State, and one in the south. This would indicate that the growth has been more rapid than healthy.

The class of the people from which the strength of the nationalist movement has been drawn is its most striking feature. Socialistic movements heretofore have found their supporters among the manual laborers and the professional agitators, but the strength of this movement is among the middle classes. For the most part, they are people connected with literature and the professions. Practical business men have been but little influenced, perhaps, because they have had little time to think of philanthropy. But among the people who dabble in literature nationalism finds its most ardent supporters.

Among the socialists, particularly the Germans, the movement has been taken up with active interest. San Francisco and Los Angeles each have active German nationalist clubs, and socialists of all shades have joined in the movement. In fact, as one of the leaders remarked, "Nationalism has put a silk hat on socialism." Socialists find no difficulty in standing on the nationalist platform, while many who fear the name socialism find no difficulty in being active nationalists. In fact, a large part of the strength of the movement is the liberality of its platform. All those who believe that the sphere of government should be extended, be the extension great or little, may become members. The president of one club in San Fran-



cisco believes that the government should own railways and telegraphs; the president of another believes in the complete nationalization of industry.

On the other hand, the movement does not attract "labor"—the workmen who form the labor organizations.

The trades unions have always opposed socialists, and have considered their efforts opposed to the true interests of labor. The aim of organized labor is to secure a larger share of the profits of industry, and ultimately, by co-operation to gain the profits of capital in addition to their wages. Of government interference they want as little as possible, claiming that they have suffered more than they have gained from it.

The most important event in the history of nationalism in California has been the convention and the dispute that occurred there. The convention opened at San Francisco on April 8th. The dispute arose during the discussion of a plan of state organization. The committee plan provided for a committee of correspondence consisting of three members of each congressional district. Any club, or any twenty members of the party might submit any question to the committee whose duty it would then be to refer it to each of the clubs. The secretaries of the clubs report the vote to the committee, and the committee announces the result as obtained by the popular vote without reference to the division of the clubs. Mr. Thomas V. Cator proposed an amendment providing for a chairman of this committee and nominating the incumbent. The amendment was defeated, and Mr. Cator withdrew taking with him those who sided with him. The majority delegates remained in the convention, and their action has been endorsed by their clubs.

The leaders on both sides of the struggle were members of the Central Club of San Francisco, and the animus seems to have been personal ambition on both sides. The bolters had been members

of the California as well as the Central Club, and since the convention the two clubs have shown a spirit of rivalry that has done little to help either of them. Efforts are now being made to establish a federation among the clubs of this city on the same basis as the State organization, but jealousy seems to have prevented its consummation.

The Nationalist press in this State consists of four papers. The *Pacific Union*, a weekly, was established in January of last year as a labor reform paper, and adopted the nationalist faith when the movement began. It is now the organ of the California Club, and represents the Cator element of the party. The *Abolitionist*, a weekly, published by Rabbi Samuel J. Freder, is also a San Francisco paper, established this year. The official organ of the party is now the *Weekly Nationalist*. It is the successor of the *California Nationalist*. The latter paper first made its appearance in September of last year under the editorial management of W. C. Owen. The capital was furnished by E. T. Smith, who was announced as proprietor of the paper. Fourteen or fifteen issues had been printed, when trouble occurred between the editor and proprietor, the former alleging that the censorship of the latter was too strict. A stock company was therefore organized among the Los Angeles nationalists, and the first number of the *Weekly Nationalist* appeared May 17th, with Mr. Owen as manager and editor.

The *Kaweah Commonwealth* is the organ of the Kaweah community, a colony established in 1886, to practically apply the principles of nationalism. Of course, Bellamy did not furnish the suggestion for the establishment of this community, for its organization dates from two years before the publication of "Looking Backwards." But the principles of the colony are nationalistic, and the colonists are strong supporters of the movement.

F. I. Vassault.

## CORPORATIONS, TRUSTS, CAPITAL AND LABOR. I.



HERE is no more striking phenomenon in modern thought than the drift of public opinion in the direction of socialism in recent years. It is observable not in any particular locality, or among any one class of people, but has spread throughout all civilized countries and among all classes. It is but a few years since the leading thought of what is known as the Manchester school of political economy was almost generally accepted; the "let alone" doctrine was considered the only safe rule of conduct in political affairs, the police powers of government were considered its only legitimate powers. That all this is changed now is obvious, yet how far we have actually drifted from this non-interference policy is scarcely appreciated by the general public.

Not to attempt anything like an exhaustive enumeration, the mass of recent legislation readjusting social relations, and regulating individual conduct is a striking illustration of this fact. In this country nearly every State has placed upon its statute books laws more or less radically affecting the relations of people to each other. The factory laws declaring certain conditions favorable to the laborers to form a necessary part of the contract between the employer and the employé, the regulation of the labor of children, the mass of sanitary legislation that prescribes certain modes of life for the individual, in order that he shall

not unduly expose himself to disease, the establishment of commissions to regulate and to a certain extent control the business of corporations, the erection of bureaus of labor to collect statistics of facts relating to the condition of the laboring classes, and in some cases to act as arbitrators in disputes between the employer and employés — these are all instances of government activity that would have been considered socialistic and revolutionary a short time ago.

In England, the home of the "*laissez faire*" school, the same tendency in legislation is seen to a greater extent. In Germany, the socialistic legislation has aimed at improving the condition of manual laborers for the avowed purpose of stealing the thunder of the Socialists.

This legislation is, of course, merely the expression in statutory form of the ideas that have impressed themselves upon the public mind, and though the wisdom of such enactments has been questioned in many directions, their general acceptance and approval indicate at least some reason in their adoption. The opposition to this has been most strong among students of the older political economy, reluctant to abandon the *terra cognita* of their old principles.

The fact is that the modern organization of industry has been carried to such a point by the invention of machinery, by the discoveries of science, by the railroads and telegraph, that new relations have arisen, and new requirements have asserted themselves. The government is the medium through which organized society asserts itself, and in order that the assertion may be adequate to the new relations between society and individual or corporate enterprise, corresponding new functions of government must be called into play.



The most striking feature of modern industrial readjustment is the immense concentration of production. Trusts have been organized with startling rapidity for the control of various articles of commerce, and have alarmed the public by the opportunities offered by this concentration for corruption and oppression. That trusts have abused their power, and have acted with an eye solely to their own advancement, is undoubtedly true, and they have probably deserved the opprobrium that has been cast upon them. But that they have certain admirable features is as undoubtedly true, though not so generally recognized. The true problem presented to the community by the development in trusts is not how to crush them out, but how to profit by their good features while crushing out the bad. Two recent books on this subject<sup>1,2</sup> approach the solution from different points of view. Mr. Baker considers them as monopolies, exhibiting the features common to all monopolies, and presents an elaborate plan for their control by government.

Mr. Bonham reduces all the abuses of trusts to railway secrecy, and proposes to put an end to them by throwing the light of adequate government investigation upon the management of railways.

He divides trusts into two classes — those which aim at supremacy through control of transportation, and those which seek to combine the producers of one branch of industry, or a sufficient number of the producers to control the price. The former class, he claims, is the only dangerous one, for in its efforts to accomplish its end it continually strengthens itself. Its method is to obtain transportation at cheaper rates than are accorded to others in the same branch of industry, thereby securing the power to crush them. The *Standard*

Oil Company is of course presented as the example of this class of trusts. The second class of trusts Mr. Bonham thinks carry their own remedy. In order to destroy others they are obliged to cripple themselves. They cannot raise the price of the commodity in which they deal beyond a certain point, without inviting new competition which must be crushed out or bought off. Thus they are doomed to be short-lived. But in arguing thus, Mr. Bonham loses sight of one or two essential points. The concentration of production carries with it a necessary cheapening of the cost of production. Economies in all directions that would otherwise be impossible are natural incidents of trusts, and this enables the trust to undersell competitors, while making a profit proportionally equivalent to theirs. Further, the immense capital of the trust renders it a more powerful competitor than any individual antagonist can be. These facts, coupled with the natural timidity of capital, restrain competition. A competitor will not enter the lists against a trust until the price of the article has been raised considerably above the point where he would be willing to compete with a private individual. Even then he knows that the price has been artificially advanced, and that effective competition must lower it considerably. Add to this the disadvantage under which a new competitor labors in trying to establish a business, while his opponent has only to keep the customers already obtained, and it will be seen why the history of trusts has negated Mr. Bonham's conclusions.

The trust has come to stay, and it is, well that it is so. Dr. Ely recently said "Production on the largest possible scale will be the only practical mode of production in the near future." On the other hand, there are abuses in the methods of trusts, which require regulation. Their very object — the crushing out of all competition — is an evil that should be re-

<sup>1</sup> *Monopolies and the People.* By Charles W. Baker. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889.

<sup>2</sup> *Railway Secrecy and Trusts.* By John M. Bonham. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1890. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

strained. The cheapening of the production and distribution of their product gives them an advantage over competitors, without their resorting to a reduction of price beyond the cost of production in order to enjoy a monopoly of the market. Such monopoly always results in two things, both of which are harmful. An increase of price sufficient to recoup the successful party always follows such a commercial war, and thus the demand for the article is decreased. Certain persons who would purchase it at the normal price cannot do so at the increased price, and thus a wrong is done them. The decreased demand causes a reduction of production, and throws certain laborers out of employment. Government regulation of trusts becomes a necessity in the face of such abuses, and this regulation applies particularly to the second class. The solution of the problem presented by the first class properly falls under the solution of the railway question.

The problem of the control of railways by the government is one of the oldest of the socialistic problems forced to the front by the modern industrial development. The relation of common carrier had been considered subject to legal regulation before the invention of the railroad, but since the development of the railway system new questions have arisen and demanded solution. Not only the relation of the railroad to the passengers arising out of the laws of common carriers, but the relations to the government, the relations to shippers of goods arising from the quasi-public character of the corporations, the relations to the community arising from strikes among the railroad employés, riots, and similar disturbances—these were all new relations resulting from the magnitude of the operations carried on by the railroads.

The development of the railway system of this country has been marked by two radically different attitudes of pub-

lic opinion. During the first period, which reached its culmination during the years immediately succeeding the civil war, the benefits of railways were considered to the exclusion of all other matters, and railway construction was forced forward at an unprecedented rate. The inevitable consequence was over-production in transportation facilities. The railroads were built in places where the traffic could not support them, and high rates of freight and fare were necessary to prevent absolute failure. Looking at the matter only from their own side, the shippers thought that competition was the cure for these excessive rates, and encouraged by means of loans of public credit and direct subsidies the construction of competing lines. This of course merely aggravated the evil; traffic that would not give a fair return to one road, would force the two roads into the hands of receivers. In the fierce struggle that ensued, the roads adopted every means in their power to secure more than their share of the business. Discriminations in favor of persons and localities followed, and with them all the abuses of railway transportation.

The result was a complete reversal of public sentiment. The benefits of railway facilities had been considered; now the evils of the railway system filled the public mind, to the exclusion of all other considerations. Government regulation was resorted to, and railway commissions were appointed in the various States. The State railway commissions, and even the interstate commerce commission, have failed to do away with the abuses complained of. Such failure was inevitable, for remedial legislation had been attempted before the cause of the evils had been discovered. Legislation had proceeded upon the theory that the management of the railways was wilfully corrupt; while the fact was that the corruption was forced on the managers by the inexorable conditions by which they were surrounded.



A scientific study of the railway problem has followed, and now the effort is being made to reform the abuses, due consideration being had for the rights of all parties interested. In approaching the problem from such a point of view, the first question that presents itself is, What right has the government to interfere at all? Mr. Bonham says that the government has a right to secure equal industrial opportunities to all persons. If so, why does not the principle extend to all corporations, and even to private individuals? A logical application of this principle would justify government interference to prevent a merchant charging more to one person than to another for an article. The distinction seems to be the public element in the character of the corporation. Railway corporations exercise a certain portion of the governmental powers of the community, and the government has a right to see that those powers are exercised for the benefit of the whole community.

There is not only a right of government control, but there is a necessity for it. The ordinary contract between buyer and seller does not require government interference, for the agreement between the parties is free on both sides. But in contracting for those articles of which there is a natural monopoly, the agreement is not free. The railroad can force shippers to accept its rates. Defenders of railway management say that if the shipper does not like the rates, he need not ship his goods. This is true; but the fact that non-shipment involves a heavy loss for him proves that the contract is not a free one for him; he may pay rates high enough to involve a small loss, rather than incur the greater loss resulting from a failure to get his produce to the market. Further than this, he may be ruined by the lower rates allowed by the railroad to a competitor.

What, then, is to be the degree of government control? Upon this point, Mr.

Baker presents an elaborate scheme, which applies not only to railroads, but to all classes of monopolies. Space will not permit a description of his whole plan, but the principle upon which it rests, is that the government should enter into a partnership, in which it furnishes the capital, while private enterprise conducts the business, subject, of course, to regulation by the government. This scheme is based upon the fact that in the employment of capital the government, owing to its ability to borrow money at the lowest rate of interest, is the most efficient producer, so far as the employment of capital is concerned; while, owing to imperfect supervision, it is the most inefficient producer where the employment of labor is concerned. Mr. Bonham, on the other hand, lays down the principle that the duty of the government is to insure equality of industrial opportunity to all. It should not, therefore, be an interested party in any business carried on for profit, because its interest then runs counter to its duty. Government control and regulation there should be, and this should be sufficient to prevent the secrecy of railway management, to which he attributes all existing abuses. This latter position seems the more reasonable.

Mr. Bonham's objection to "pooling" is not so sound. He objects that combination prevents competition, and that the railways would consider the rights of the public less without competition than with it. But in this he loses sight of the object of pooling. Most of the abuses now complained of result from the efforts of each road to secure more than its share of patronage. Combination removes the cause of these abuses, and with the cause removes them. Competition can work but very imperfectly in the case of railroads, as Mr. Bonham himself clearly points out in another place, and the work of competition must be performed by government control.

## ETC.

We had not expected in this number to give any space to the nineteenth century. But we are recalled to it by a matter which, in justice to our contributor and to the importance of the principles involved, we can neither pass over nor postpone.

IMMEDIATELY upon the death of Judge Terry we asked Mr. John S. Hittell to prepare a paper upon the dead man, who entered so conspicuously into the early history of this State. We asked him not only because of his close knowledge of the historic facts, but also because of his coolness of judgment; for popular feeling against Terry was so strong as to make unbiased writing about him somewhat difficult. Mr. Hittell was not able to prepare the article in time, and suggested Colonel E. G. Waite. Colonel Waite was a little reluctant, saying that a dispassionate estimate would not be well received until popular excitement had cooled; but upon our urging that such an estimate, anticipating the verdict of history, was what we wanted, he kindly consented to prepare the paper, at inconvenience to himself and of course in haste, as the number was then going to press.

THE article did, in fact, anticipate the verdict of history. Colonel Waite was in a position to write quite without bias. An opponent of Terry in politics and on the battlefield, detesting the class and code he represented, in no sense a personal friend, he was yet for many years an amicable acquaintance, and had never come either into conflict or alliance with him personally. The temper and veracity of the article at once made an impression, and it was very generally accepted here as expressing the best judgment of his contemporaries with regard to Terry.

SOME months later a vacancy occurred in an important federal office on this Coast, and Colonel Waite, without any solicitation on his part, was nominated for it at the request of the whole Califor-

nia delegation. The papers of both parties without an exception expressed satisfaction at the choice. Two months later the nomination was withdrawn. The reason, as announced, was that Judge Field opposed it, and opposed it because Waite had spoken with limited admiration of certain traits in the dead man's character, and with charity of the influences that bred some of his worst faults. Judge Field calls this candor "eulogy." There is no occasion to discuss the question whether it is eulogy or not: the article may itself be found in our issue for October last (Vol. XIV, p. 434). Judge Field also says in effect that Terry intended to murder him, and that a man who can find any virtues in such a murderer is not fit for office.

THE spectacle of a Justice of the Supreme Court descending from the bench to interfere in the distribution of patronage, and that upon a personal ground, is one not calculated to inspire respect. The good of the service would hardly be an excuse for such action; personal feeling is worse than no excuse. The office was a purely business one, an office that had nothing to do with the judiciary, one that could not possibly bring Waite into contact with Field. Judge Field knew that the article was not a volunteered one, and knew Waite's whole attitude in the matter; the two were personal friends for years, and until he learned that Waite had written that "the universal verdict will be that he [Terry] was possessed of sterling integrity of purpose." His interference in such a case, to defeat an admittedly good appointment, because the appointee had mentioned in a magazine article the few good qualities of Field's dead enemy, is an attack on free speech, — an attack aggravated by the fact that the influence given by a position on the supreme bench was used to strengthen it. As it stands, it constitutes an extraordinary incident in the history of the Supreme Court.





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**GREATEST SPEED!**  
**BEST FOR MANIFOLDING.**  
100,000 Daily Users.



Single Case,	No. 1,	- -	\$ 70.00
Double Case,	" 2,	- -	85.00
New Special,	" 3,	- -	100.00

We are now prepared to furnish the NEW SPECIAL No. 3, having 78 characters, fitted with an extra platen for Manifolding (platen can be changed in two minutes).

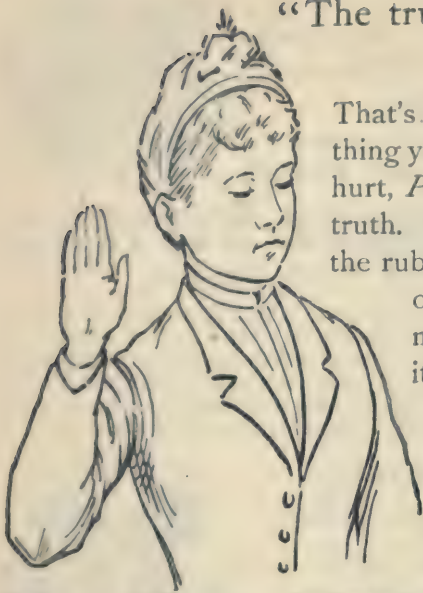
A new ribbon movement carrying the ribbon back and forth, as well as across the disk.

This special machine, in quality of material and fineness of workmanship, excels anything ever before placed on the market, and has been brought out to meet the demands of those requiring the **best that can be produced.**

**THE AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE CO.**  
**HARTFORD, CONN.**

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The SAMUEL HILL COMPANY, 29 New Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Agents.



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“The truth, the whole truth,  
and nothing but the truth.”

That's what you ought to know about the thing you wash with. What good soap doesn't hurt, *Pearline* cannot. That's only part of the truth. *Pearline* washes and cleans without the rubbing and scrubbing that wear things out—without the work that makes women old. Half your labor is spared by it; twice the work is done with it; time and money are saved by it. “Nothing but the truth” is the best policy for us; “nothing but *Pearline*” is the best policy for you; but perhaps you use *Pearline*. Millions do.

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, “this is as good as” or “the same as *Pearline*.” IT'S FALSE—*Pearline* is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of *Pearline*, JAMES PYLE, New York.

173

**BARRY'S** ESTABLISHED 1801  
**Tricopherous**  
FOR THE  
**HAIR & SKIN**

An elegant dressing exquisitely perfumed, removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents baldness and gray hair, and causes the hair to grow Thick, Soft and Beautiful. Infallible for curing eruptions, diseases of the skin, glands and muscles, and quickly healing cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, &c. Price, 50 Cts.—All Drug-gists. **BARCLAY & CO., New York.**



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**35**

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THESE FAMOUS MOUNTAIN RESORTS, situated at the summit of the Alleghanies and directly upon the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, have the advantage of its splendid vestibuled express train service, both east and west, and are therefore readily accessible from all parts of the country. All Baltimore and Ohio trains stop at Deer Park and Oakland during the season.

Electric lights have been introduced throughout the houses and grounds; Turkish and Russian Baths and large swimming pools provided for ladies and gentlemen; suitable grounds for lawn tennis; bowling alleys and billiard rooms are here; fine riding and driving horses, carriages, mountain wagons, tally-ho coaches, etc., are kept for hire; in short, all the necessary adjuncts for the comfort, health or pleasure of patrons.

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1000 Acres of this Famous Rancho have been subdivided into

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\* ————— AND ————— \*

Suburban Lots 90 x 200 Feet,

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## CHICO \* VECINO.

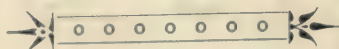


400 Acres of this Tract are now on the Market, and are meeting  
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Read the inducements we offer outside of the fact that we have the best  
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**COME AND BE CONVINCED.**

**5 ACRES** in a Choice Location in Chico Vecino will be given the Purchaser who buys Property therein and builds thereon the Handsomest Residence, to be completed on or before January 1st, 1891, said Residence to cost not less than \$3,000.



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The price on acre property will be from \$200 to \$300 per acre. Lots from \$150 to \$350 each, a few fronting on the Esplanade from \$400 to \$600. The lots contain 18,000 square feet, more than double the area of the ordinary town lot. Each block has an Alley 15 feet wide.

When you consider the size of these lots, and the distance from the State Normal School and Postoffice, you will readily see that these prices are extremely low, and cannot be duplicated within the same distance in any other direction.



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20 per cent. of the purchase price down on all sales, and \$10 per month per acre on acre property, and \$10 per month on lots, thereafter until paid. 6 per cent. interest on deferred payments and 5 per cent. discount for cash.

On these easy terms, there is no reason why every man of moderate means in the country cannot have a home.

A home in a favored locality like this, and on these easy terms, will not always remain open in this vicinity.

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The title to this land is absolutely perfect, it being direct from the Government of the U. S. to Gen. Bidwell.

There is no mortgage or claim of any description whatever against this valuable piece of Real Estate.

The shrewd purchaser will appreciate this. The state of the title is his first question, and a clean title his maxim.

A prohibitory clause against the manufacture or sale of intoxicants will be a condition precedent in every conveyance or certificate of sale.



#### CHICO VECINO.

The name implies "neighbor or vicinity," and it is a neighbor to Chico, being separated therefrom by Chico Creek and Gen. Bidwell's private residence and grounds.

Chico Vecino is bounded on the north by Lindo Channel and Lindo Avenue. This



## *Rancho del Arroyo Chico—Continued.*

Avenue is 100 feet wide, and conforms to the meanderings of this beautiful Channel, with its timbered banks gracefully festooned with wild grapevines.

Through the center of this tract is a main Alameda 165 ft. wide, known as the Esplanade,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles long, and divided into three drives, lined on either side with stately shade trees, some of which are 20 inches in diameter. All the other avenues are 80 feet wide, and surveyed in such shape that each tract is bounded on all sides by an avenue.

The soil, without exception, is equal if not superior to any in the State of California.

Olives, figs, pomegranates, English walnuts, almonds, pecans, grapes, apples, peaches, pears, plums, prunes, and apricots have been successfully cultivated here without irrigation.



### Read and Reflect.

Chico is the Queen City of the North.

Chico is the largest city in Butte county.

Chico is 95 miles from Sacramento, the capital of the State.

Chico is 186 miles north of San Francisco.

Chico has a railroad and a survey for another.

Chico has six daily trains.

Chico is on the through overland, via the Northern Pacific.

Chico has a State Normal School.

Chico has a High School.

Chico has 1000 pupils enrolled.

Chico has seven Churches.

Chico has two Banks.

Chico has a 225-bbl. Roller Flour Mill.

Chico has a Fruit Cannery, that employs 300 hands during the fruit season.

Chico has the finest city water in the State,

supplied by two pumps of 2,000,000 gallons capacity every 24 hours.

Chico has a V flume that taps a sugar pine timber belt of such vast magnitude that she could build a house on every 40 acres in the State and have much lumber left.

Chico has three Planing Mills.

Chico has a Furniture Factory.

Chico has a Match Factory.

Chico has a Foundry.

Chico makes Plows and Traction Engines.

Chico has a Steam Laundry.

Chico has fine Gas Works.

Chico has Street and Commercial Electric Lights.

Chico has an \$80,000 Hotel, fully equipped, the finest caravansary in the State north of Sacramento.

Chico has splendid Brick Business Blocks.

Chico has thousands of square feet of Cement Sidewalks.

Chico has expended a half million dollars in the last year on improvements.

Chico has Palm Trees 20 feet high.

Chico has a Board of Trade.



### SEVEN NEGATIVES.

Chico has no malaria.

Chico has no pest house.

Chico has no defaulters.

Chico has no debt.

Chico has no boodlers.

Chico has no barnacles.

Chico has no "hoodoos."



### NONE NEEDED

Chico wants no rings.

Chico wants no trusts.

## *Rancho del Arroyo Chico—Continued.*

Chico wants no idlers.

Chico wants no drones.

Chico wants no bummers.

Chico wants no hold-ups.



### **CHICO PROMISES MUCH.**

Chico promises to help men of push.

Chico promises sure returns for labor.

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Chico promises to elevate men of brains.

Chico promises competence to men of enterprise

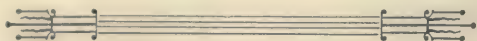
### **DID YOU INVEST?**

Did you invest in St. Paul, Minneapolis or Omaha fifteen years ago? CHICO VECINO offers the same opportunities now.

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Did you invest in Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane Falls or Los Angeles two years ago? CHICO VECINO offers the same opportunities now.

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S. S. S. is the remedy for Children, because it is a simple vegetable compound, prepared from the roots gathered from the forests, and contains no mineral at all, nor any poison of any kind. It cures by eliminating the impurities of the blood, thus assisting nature.



If there is or has been any consumption in your family, you should give your children S. S. S. It will gently stimulate the action of the lungs, and enable nature to properly develop the child.

If there is scrofula, you should not fail to give S. S. S. It is the only remedy which has ever cured this disease.

For boils, pimples, blotches, etc., on children, S. S. S. is superior to all other medicines. It acts gently, it forces out the impurities and builds up the child from the first dose.



We will mail a treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases to all who will send their address to us.

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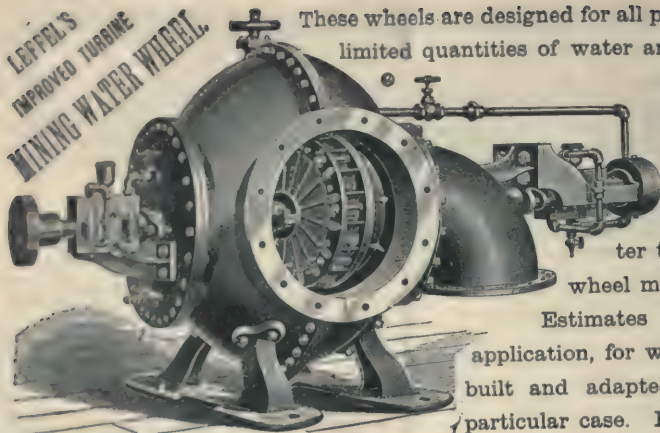
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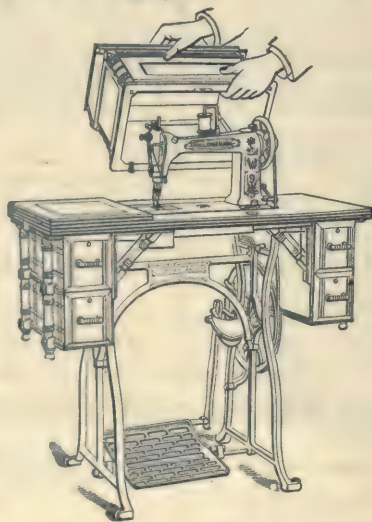
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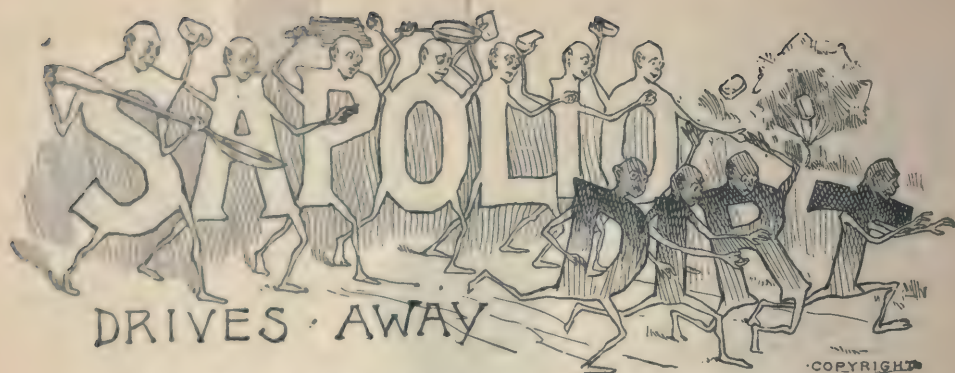
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